

MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS
UNEXPURGATED
COMMENTED

PART I

by ALEISTER CROWLEY

and

MARCELO MOTTA

being

THE ORIFLAMME

Volume VI Number 3

An LXXX Sol in 0° 0' 0" ♃

22 December 1983 e.v.

10h 30m Greenwich Mean Time

Second Edition done by David Bersson on:

22 December 2009 e.v.

CONTENTS

Introduction by David Bersson

Editorial (from first edition)

FORWARD

Letter A March 19, 1943 e.v.

Letter B April 20, 1943 e.v.

Letter C April 30, 1943 e.v.

Letter D June 8, 1943 e.v.

Letter E August 18, 1943 e.v.

Letter F August 20, 1943 e.v.

Letter G September 4

Letter H November 10 - 11

Letter I January 27, 1944 e.v.

LETTER 1: WHAT IS MAGICK?

LETTER 2: THE NECESSITY OF MAGICK FOR ALL

**LETTER 3: HIEROGLYPICS: LIFE AND LANGUAGE
NECESSARILY SYMBOLIC**

**LETTER 4: THE QABALAH: THE BEST TRAINING FOR
MEMORY**

LETTER 5: THE UNIVERSE: THE $0 = 2$ EQUATION

LETTER 6: The Three Schools of Magick (1)

LETTER 7: The Three Schools of Magick (2)

LETTER 8: The Three Schools of Magick (3)

LETTER 9 : The Secret Chiefs

LETTER 10: The Scolex School

LETTER 11: Woolly Pompositives of the Pious "Teacher"

LETTER 12: The Left-Hand Path—"The Black Brothers"

LETTER 13: System of the O.T.O.

LETTER 14: Noise

LETTER 15: Sex Morality (Includes Artemis Iota)

LETTER 16: On Concentration

**LETTER 17: Astral Journey, Example, How to do it: How to
Verify your Experiences**

**LETTER 18: The Importance of our Conventional Greetings,
etc.**

LETTER 19: The Act of Truth

LETTER 20: Talismans: The Lamens: the Pentacle

LETTER 21: My Theory of Astrology

LETTER 22: How To Learn the Practice of Astrology

LETTER 23: Improvising a Temple

LETTER 24: Necromancy and Spiritism

**LETTER 25: Fascinations, Invisibility, Levitation,
Transmutations, Kinks in Time**

LETTER 26: Mental Processes - Only Two Are Possible

**LETTER 27: Structure of Mind based on that of Body
(Haeckel and Bertrand Russell)**

LETTER 28: Need to Define "God," "Self," etc.

LETTER 29: What Is Certainty?
LETTER 30: Do You Believe in God?
LETTER 31: Is Θελημα a "New Religion?"
LETTER 32: How can a Yogi ever be Worried?
LETTER 33: The Golden Mean
LETTER 34: The Dao (I)
LETTER 35: The Dao (II)
LETTER 36: Quo Stet Olympus: Where the Gods, Angels, etc. Live
LETTER 37: Death - Fear - "Magical Memory"
LETTER 38: Woman - Her Magical Formula
LETTER 39: Prophecy
LETTER 40: Coincidence
LETTER 41: "Are we reincarnations of the ancient Egyptians?"
LETTER 42: This "Self" Introversion
EDITORIAL: Part 2
LETTER 43: The Holy Guardian Angel is not the 'Higher Self' but an objective individual
LETTER 44: "Serious" Style of A.C., or the Apparent Frivolity of some of my Remarks
LETTER 45: "Unserious" Conduct of a Pupil.
LETTER 46: Selfishness
LETTER 47: Reincarnation
LETTER 48: Morals of AL - Hard to Accept, and why we nevertheless must Concur
LETTER 49: Thelemic Morality
LETTER 50: A.C. and the "Masters:" Why they chose him, etc.
LETTER 51: How to Recognize Masters, Angels, etc., and how they Work
LETTER 52: Family: Public Enemy Number 1
LETTER 53: "Mother-Love"
LETTER 54: On "Meanness"
LETTER 55: Money
LETTER 56: Marriage - Property - War - Politics
LETTER 57: Beings I have seen with my physical Eye
LETTER 58: "Do Angels Ever Cut Themselves Shaving?"
LETTER 59: Geomancy
LETTER 60: Knack
LETTER 61: Power and Authority
LETTER 62: The Elastic Mind
LETTER 63: Fear, a bad Astral Vision
LETTER 64: Magical Power
LETTER 65: Man
LETTER 66: Vampires
LETTER 67: Faith
LETTER 68: The God-Letters
LETTER 69: Original Sin
LETTER 70: Morality (1)

LETTER 71: Morality (2)

LETTER 72: Education

LETTER 73: "Monsters," "Niggers," "Jews," etc.

LETTER 74: Obstacles on the Path

LETTER 75: The A.:A.: and the Planet

LETTER 76: The Gods: How and Why they Overlap

LETTER 77: Work Worth While: Why?

LETTER 78: Sore Spots

LETTER 79: Progress

LETTER 80: Life a Gamble

LETTER 81: Method of Training

LETTER 82: Epistola Penultima: The Two Ways to Reality

LETTER 83: Epistola Ultima

INTELLIGENCE SERVICES ARE NOT INTELLIGENT

**INTRODUCTION BY DAVID BERSSON
WRITTEN DECEMBER 6TH, AN CVI 2009
E.V.**



Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

While it is true that our planet has hallways of philosophy, flowers glittering in the sunlight, wisdom sublime, and glories unspeakable, so it is simultaneously true that garbage does rot the gutters of the ghetto and demonic insanity does occur in the process of the Path whereas the inertia of Path is simply too much for the low man.

How perfectly reflective all this is that the contents of this book should give such gardens of wisdom; and also expose the latter.

Such repulsive convulsions of failure such as Israel Regardie's deletions to the text of **MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS** have to be, after all, exposed; for it is a command in our Holy Law that we know and destroy the traitors. Yet it also true that we must balance the pairs of opposites so that **Liber Tzaddi** and its principles give those who are not supernal a glimpse of those Palaces ineffable. Call it an attempt to perceive both sides of the coin, and if the reverse side of the coin be clouded with a smiling demon, let us know that the sly smile of the Hierophant who has heard the Riddle of the Sphinx and is set in purest gold is being Tossed and Juggled by the Magus!

Yet, something more must be revealed. The basics of those who will to tread our Path must face the Instructor; and have those doors unlocked so that the Path might be made clear to those who would partake of the sacrament of Initiation.

Even further so, it is important that this second edition of **MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS** commented be given once again to the multitudes. Thereby, the wisdom of the Master Therion will be given to the aspirant, the cutting; sublime comments of Marcelo Motta might expose, reveal and expound insight into the reality of those who would awaken to Our Way.

The aspirant is startled by the way Marcelo Motta weaves in and out of any given letter and text — sometimes enlightening one with a new perspective, sometimes giving an insight on the history behind the sentence that might be lost in the sands of time, sometimes giving a surprise attack on the low man for good measure, or simply sharing the humor of a man whose education gives us that subtle wit that can only be admired in a cultured human being — and can only exist for someone who has tread the horrors of the Path knowing that Wisdom is Folly.

Simultaneously to this, the Comedy of Pan has once again

given us the Hierophant's sly smile – who incidentally is doing so from listening to the latest Oracle of the Sphinx, who has given Him still another Riddle to excite the next manifestation of the Current of the Aeon. (Cf. Liber Aleph ch. 151 - 159) It is otherwise a sublime paradox and relief to the Aspirant – with an image of himself as torn asunder by the ordeals – realizes with a moment of silent satisfaction, that after all, "leaping laughter" is also a command from our Holy Law.

Within the contents of this book you will surely be surprised and delighted that the reality of the Master's attempt to expound and enlighten is built with stones of true sincerity a tower arising unto the very heavens.

Love is the law, love under will

**COMMENTS BY DAVID BERSSON AKA
FRATER † AKA FRATER SPHINX
WRITTEN DECEMBER 10, AN CVI 2009
E.V. CONCERNING THE EDITORIAL OF
THE FIRST EDITION OF MAGICK
WITHOUT TEARS COMMENTED.**



Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

The following editorial was written by Marcelo Ramos Motta also known as Frater Parzival 11^o and clearly expounds the logic behind

exposing Israel Regardie as a traitor who deleted fifteen thousand words from **MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS**. I agree completely with this exposure and not only was it an honorable gesture for Θελημα to restore the body of the text deleted; it was in complete compliance with the Book of the Law to know and destroy the traitors.

The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!

(AL III vs. 42)

Israel Regardie was a Probationer of the A·A· and for a short period of time A.C.'s secretary. That he was a traitor to the man Crowley, to the Master Therion Himself, the system of the A·A·; and to my Superior who was the most devoted disciple of Karl Germer there can no doubt from the following facts you will be reading below.

Mr. Motta states that the purist will object to his changes in the text of Aleister Crowley; and this is no doubt a valid objection that what Aleister Crowley wrote, he wrote. It is historically dangerous to alter what he wrote for future scholars to actually be confused on what was originally written. Yet, this isn't necessarily why I leave the Aleister Crowley text the way it was — and do not include his edits with punctuation. Other purists object stating that in Liber OZ it states "man" is used in the sense of the word "humanity" and to be consistent with Mr. Motta's school of thought this would need to be changed — and therefore absolutely would be forbidden whereas this was given not only with Aleister Crowley's signature but the Seal of the Beast. An interesting point — with a valid objection. Yet I have no objections to the school of thought of My Superior, my motives are infinitely more sublime. I will state that the School of thought of every Exempt Adept $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ is unique; and even state further that the School of thought of every Master of the Temple $8^{\circ} = 3^{\circ}$ has its basis on what Instructions are given though the Path of 7. Let My writings be a testimony of My proof that this decision is based on Truth — and yet who but those who are approaching these planes and levels can be sure?

I will point out that the English language itself, in its further evolution will come from the style of how it is written in the Book of the Law. Confer AL III vs. 2.. When the words, "Spelling is defunct" was proclaimed this began a new manifestation of the English language that will evolve a grammar consistent with the style and manner from the Book of the Law.

Therefore, this second edition will be unique — what Marcelo Motta wrote remains completely intact except for some work with Greek and Hebrew that my Superior would have approved of. The publishing computer that was used was so low tech that such items were impossible to be included - and what Aleister Crowley wrote remains intact without the editing that was done.

The first edition was written without the italics of Mr. Motta's comments being inserted between the text — and this makes the edition very difficult at times to read. My Superior writes the following in the first edition.:

This text was composed under circumstances of great hardship, between trips to Maine over the Weiser lawsuit, search for documents, reading of depositions, and harassment by Immigration. A computer program was learned and used in the preparation of the camera ready material; the program is severely limited in many important points. For instance, it does not have a "print pause" command, nor sufficient flexibility for improvising one. It was thus impossible to use a different font for italics. Accordingly, Marcelo Motta's notes have been included within square brackets. Due to the typewheel used, these are often hard to find, and the reader should strive not to confuse Motta's notes with Crowley's original text. A review of the program used, and a discussion of computers, printers and word-processing software will be included in Part II.

As you note from the above, italics were clearly impossible for the low tech publishing computer — and the accounts were drained as a consequence of the court cases.

Marcelo Motta had lived in a time where such computer programs were not as user friendly as the wonderful desktop publishing that we take for granted today — I am able to restore, and return to the same formats that were used by previous editions.

Yet, I am restoring *more* than just this — Being Aware of certain

magical gestures that in the *experimental stage* have had to be altered to manifest Θελημα properly I have arisen from My Throne and thrust forth My Spear in a Magical Gesture of Adjustment.

Am I stating that I am not in agreement with my Superior, Marcelo Motta in the A:A: and the O.T.O. by not proceeding precisely like he did during his lifetime? Why, no, of course not! Yet, you must realize that My will is not his will — and I have to prepare my own magical gestures to manifest my own school of thought on all its subtle planes. Who but a slave would try to be the self same wax mold of his teacher?

Love is the law, love under will

Editorial

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

As our subscribers know, this number of The Oriflamme should have been dedicated to Book Four Commented Part III, subtitled "Thelemic Magick." We have had to alter our schedule due to a renewed publication of Mr. Francis "Israel" Regardie's piracy of Magick Without Tears.

Francis Regardie is a Jew. So far as Thelemites are concerned, this is not and has never been a label of infamy. Rather, from the testimony of history, it has often been a label of merit. Sadly, in Mr. Regardie's case, an exception proves the rule.

Some weak—minded correspondents of ours have, once in a while, complained that we denounced Francis Regardie in past Thelemic publications. Some were so advanced in weak-mindedness — or in hypocrisy — that they pretended to be unable to understand why we were so "hostile" to Mr. Regardie — implying that we are intolerant of an individual, on the whole, valuable to society.

We are not really concerned about the opinions of weak-minded people; they are usually weak—charactered, as Mr. Regardie is, although he certainly is not weak-minded. Another exception that proves the rule.

We will not, therefore, try to defend ourselves against the accusations, veiled or otherwise, of animosity towards Mr. Francis "Israel" Regardie. Our main concern is now, as it has always been, that, as long as his copyrights are protected by law, Aleister

Crowley should not be misrepresented in print by liars or by thieves. Mr. Regardie, as his record proves, is both. Unhappily, too many Jews these days are both, in some context or another. Some, like Mr. Menachem Begin, step further backwards, and become also terrorists and murderers. It may or may not be significant to the reader that such unworthy Jews are usually "Israelis." If there is a pun here, it is not of our making. Indeed, we doubt it is of the making of Mr. Francis "Israel" Regardie's parents.

In 1937 e.v. (significantly, again, just before the start of the Second World War) Mr. Regardie published, for the first time, his "The Golden Dawn" compilation. In his introduction to that book he stated he had felt compelled to publish it because Aleister Crowley had mangled much of the material in *The Equinox*. The implication was, all through the introduction, that what Aleister Crowley ever knew he had stolen from the Golden Dawn "secret manuscripts." This piece of misinformation has (still significantly) been methodically spread among publishing houses in many different countries by an Israeli double agent called Oskar Schlag, of whom you will learn more in an essay further in this *Oriflamme* number: an essay appropriately called "Intelligence Services are not intelligent."

So far so good; Mr. Regardie had total legal freedom to libel Aleister Crowley, because Crowley was dead by the time Mr. Regardie published the old Golden Dawn material. (By law, you cannot libel a dead person. You can say anything you want about the dead. Even the heirs can not sue. *De mortuis* but the good, ha ha.) But if, as Mr. Regardie implied and often explicitly stated, all that Crowley ever knew he stole from the Golden Dawn of "MacGregor" Mathers & Co., one would expect Mr. Regardie never to touch Crowley material. After all, what use is Crowley material if you can have — thanks to Mr. Regardie's generosity, altruism, and moral honesty — access to the fountainhead of wisdom in the four (two next, and now one) volumes of Mr. Regardie's "The Golden Dawn?"

Unfortunately for Regardie, however, Mr. Karl Germer kept publishing fresh Crowley material. Also unfortunately for Mr. Regardie, serious students of *The Equinox* were able to perceive that *Θελημα* went light years beyond all the cumbersome, baroque, verbose and imprecise "secret manuscripts" that Mr. Regardie so generously "gave" to the world — collecting the royalties for his own pockets. Much of the material in his "The Golden Dawn" edition was previously unpublished, mind you; therefore,

copyright protected. Did Mr. Regardie pay royalties to the authors, or the heirs of the authors, of that material? Not so you could notice.

Eventually, revenue from this first exercise stated to dry up: people lost interest in Regardie's "The Golden Dawn" once it became clear that it did not nearly match the material in The Equinox, or in the new Crowley material Mr. Germer helped his Master publish, and after Crowley's death kept publishing (under conditions of great hardship): The Equinox of the Gods, Eight Lectures on Yoga, The Heart of the Master, Little Essays Towards Truth, The Book of Thoth, The Gospel According to Saint Bernard Shaw, The Vision and the Voice Annotated, Magick Without Tears, 777 revised, The Book of Lies Commented and — with the help of yours truly — Liber Aleph. By the end of the Sixties, Francis "Israel" Regardie's disparagement of Crowley's genius was no longer credible. Therefore, since by then Mr. Germer was dead and Regardie thought a thief has nothing to fear from the dead, he started pirating again — this time Crowley material. He published something called "Gems from the Equinox."

So far, not too far: since Crowley had deliberately allowed the copyrights of the first Equinox volume to lapse, one could not accuse Mr. Regardie of blatant theft, although one might think he should have felt morally obliged to at least share royalties with the O.T.O. — had he any morals. Still, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Regardie should have felt compelled to edit "gems" from The Equinox if, as he had previously stated in print, all the material in it was cribbed from the ineffable mysteries of the "pure" Golden Dawn...

Having noticed a resurgence of interest in "his" writings with this publication, Mr. Regardie went further. He edited "The Vision and the Voice Commented" — and, since this book had been originally done in a very small edition and was totally out of print, this time he felt safe to take one step further in his intellectual, if not material, theft: he added his asinine comments to Aleister Crowley's comments, troubling himself not at all about making a difference between them — an "interpretation" of AL I 22 that would subsequently prove helpful to other thieves. I ordered this edition from Samuel Weiser, Inc.; upon its arrival in Brasil I noticed the mangling of the text and mailed it back with a note explaining why I was rejecting it. This was reported to Regardie, along with my pointed comments on his ethics; and did not predispose him to be one of my admirers. So much the better, for I

am sometimes weak enough to measure my worth by the worth of those who admire me; being admired by Francis "Israel" Regardie would leave me deeply worried about myself.

However, by the time my existence began to trouble Mr. Regardie, his presumption had already gone too far: he had published his gelded edition of *Magick Without Tears*. This time it was total legal theft. Mr. Regardie, upon becoming aware that finally someone had appeared on the scene who could legally claim to represent the O.T.O., began to try to extricate himself. In contradictory statements (which we have in writing) made over a period of several years he claimed to different inquirers, first that all the Crowley material, with the exception of his "edition" of *Magick Without Tears* (!), was in the public domain, and "Motta had nothing to say about it." After some years, being notified by Donald Weiser or James Wasserman or some other liar and thief like himself that I was still going strong, he stated that he had permission to publish Crowley from Joseph Metzger in Switzerland. Upon being politely requested to present evidence of Mr. Metzger's "permission," he sulked and went into the kind of Stainless Silence of which "maharishis," "paramanhansas" and other "holy masters" are so fond at such occasions. Finally, more recently, he stated that he had permission to publish from Grady McMurtry. Upon again being politely asked to clarify whether this "permission" dated back to the time when he first stated that the material was in the public domain, or at least back to the time when he claimed to have Metzger's permission, he again chose to withdraw into Inscrutable Silence. We strongly doubt that this plain, public unveiling of his lack of character will disturb the serenity of his Retirement.

The *Equinox* Volume One was in the public domain by the time Francis "Israel" Regardie picked his "gems" from it. In that instance, although Regardie was morally a thief, legally he was just a parasite. *The Vision and the Voice* Commented was not officially copyrighted, due to Mr. Germer's lack of familiarity with copyright law: he thought the book was in the public domain, having first been published in *The Equinox* Volume One; but the additional Crowley comments were not in the public domain, and may still be protected in the United States of America (they are certainly protected in many other countries, England included); this is one of the points the O.T.O. is now determining in the courts.

But in the case of *Magick Without Tears*, Regardie's position that he could publish this book because it was in the public domain

was a flagrant and malicious lie; as you can see from the photographic reproductions on the next page:

As already stated, when REGARDIE claimed "permission" from Metzger we requested to see it in writing; which we — and so far as we know, everybody else — never did. "Permission" from McMurtry ("given" years after the fact) we did not trouble to request proof of, because quite possibly REGARDIE could exhibit a scrap of paper to that effect: it is well known by now that if I point out that someone is a liar, a thief, or an incompetent, McMurtry will hastily "charter" him or her in something or another, and "grant" him or her unmerited or preposterous titles. But as neither Metzger nor McMurtry ever had sanction from Mr. Germer or from his executor to represent the Crowley copyrights (we are now in the process of proving this in court) their "permission" to REGARDIE is no better than the permissiveness he allows himself.

Although Mr. Germer, in many different letters, expressed to me his total lack of trust in REGARDIE's sincerity, I do not think he ever realized that when REGARDIE appeared and offered his "services" to Θελημα and Aleister Crowley he was already, as James Wasserman was when he offered his "services" to me, an agent of sinister and powerful interests. Mr. Germer's explanation of REGARDIE's "disenchantment" with Crowley was this: Crowley had told his secretary and "disciple" that the Master is selfish; and from that moment on REGARDIE had begun to fear Crowley was a "Black Brother," and decided to fight him for the rest of his life.

This explanation, nevertheless, does not sufficiently dovetail with the facts of REGARDIE's conduct in the years since Mr. Germer's death. As to the Master being selfish; we deny REGARDIE moral character or spiritual understanding, but we do not deny him plain old everyday Yiddish cunning and worldliness. It cannot fail to have occurred to REGARDIE that if Crowley really was a "Black Brother," the last thing he would do would be to warn a disciple against himself: the average "maharishi" is far, of course, from being a "Black Brother," but is astute enough to protest nothing but "endless love" to his dupes.

The selfishness of the Master is a fact; he or she cares for absolutely nothing but his or her Work; disciples are merely tools in the game of His or Her life, to be used (but not abused) or discarded as a child does to lead soldiers or to dolls. The Master is merely an instrument of the Gods; His or Her "personal" life is an illusion; the Work which he or she was sent to do is all that

matters. The Juggernaut of the Hindus is nothing but an image of this — to the profane — terrible reality. If the disciple cannot accept this fact, and live with it, he or she is at perfect liberty to stop being a disciple. But he or she should at least have the common decency to feel grateful for the Master's frank warning, and not try to rob His or Her instrument of its property.

I myself have often been accused — and from the point of view of the accusers, I admit sometimes with cause — of being unfeeling, overbearing, totally involved with myself, ruthlessly cold and, of course, always pitiless. I have been accused of not doing my Work, which from the point of view of the accusers should be that of "saving" and "consoling" them. After all, am I not supposed to be a Servant of Humanity?

But to be a Servant of Humanity is not to be babysitter to knaves or to fools; it is to cultivate the best, not the worst, in the soul of those who come to you for instruction; it is to make gold from lead. The operation is far from painless, either to the prima materia or to the Alchemist (although the prima materia may perhaps be forgiven for ignoring the problems of the latter — what can it know of the Pain of the Goat?) Our purpose, as Crowley himself inimitably stated, is twofold: to fortify the fit and to eliminate the unfit. If you want "consolation" and crave a safe haven, come not to the Master; go to the preacher or to the charlatan (is there truly a difference between the two?) You deserve each other. I am not here to please you or to love you: I am here to please Those who sent me, and to teach you to love Them more than you "love" yourselves. In short, I am a Servant, and would make Servants of you; meanwhile, I will make you into my servants. If the program does not please, it is useless to try to change it; get away from me and go play with your toys.

It would have been easier to believe in the sincerity of Francis "Israel" Regardie's "disenchantment" if he had gone away to play with his toys; but it has become progressively clearer in the last three decades that he wants to appropriate Crowley's toys to play with. This present publication is proof that he will not be allowed to do this.

This edition restores the original text of *Magick Without Tears*, from which Mr. Regardie cut over fifteen thousand words; it restores and increases the list of quoted books that appeared in the legitimate original edition; and enlarges the index. It restores Mr. Germer's original introduction. It includes notes that explain

obscure points, clarify certain terms, and indicate what parts of the text were excised by Mr. Regardie — sometimes explaining the motivation behind the cut. By and large, however, Mr. Regardie's cuts speak for themselves, and little by little build up an enlightening picture of his soul.

There are certain changes in the text. First, punctuation. Unfortunately, many of the letters were dictated to Kenneth Grant, who by this time was Crowley's new secretary (he never had much luck with secretaries, did he.) In letters to Mr. Germer, of which we have copies, Crowley complained that Grant was in the habit of changing his text without consulting him. The punctuation in the original edition is often irregular; this might also be due to who typed it; whatever the reasons, we have tried to make it more regular. Whenever it seemed to us, however, that the punctuation followed the rhythm of Crowley's speech rather than the rules of grammar, we left it intact.

Second, we have changed the term "Christianity" and its derivatives to the term "Christism," wherever it is clear in the text that Crowley is not speaking about legitimate Christianity, of which we are the heirs, but of the Roman-Alexandrine con—game and its later branches. The term "Christism" was invented by Fernando Pessoa, the great Portuguese poet who became Crowley's pupil, King of the O.T.O. in Portugal, and eventually the first Thelemically trained Master of the Temple in a Latin country. The term is useful, and we are sure that Crowley would have approved of this change. Fernando Pessoa dedicated his life to fighting for Θελημα in his country; he died young under the terrible burden of constant attack by the Roman Catholic Church; he died unknown. He is now recognized as one of the greatest and most original poets of his country; widely admired in Portugal and Brasil; translated into several languages; frequently, like Shakespeare, quoted unknowingly, mostly by young people. With its usual cynicism, the Roman Catholic Church in Portugal and Brasil is now pretending that it always admired him. He will eventually be recognized as one of the greatest poets of the world. There is a translation of his works in English; we have not read it, so cannot opine as to its merits; but for those who may be interested in the man, it might be a start. Of course, the essence of great poetry can usually be caught in all its beauty only in the original idiom. Happy are they who can read Homer in Greek, Goethe, Schiller and Helne in German, Vatsyayana in Sanskrit, Omar Kayyam in Persian, the Koran in Arabic, the Song of Songs in Hebrew, Lao Zi in Chinese... I envy them.

Third, and this will certainly raise some hackles among purists, we have changed terms that in these days of heightened feminine self-consciousness might be considered evidence of sexism. Such changes can only be made when the expression was merely a figure of speech, and not indicate an opinion (or, if you will, a prejudice) on Crowley's part. When it is clear that the references to the male or to the female were fully intended to express differences between the sexes, we left them intact. But the pronoun "he" and the term "man" have traditionally been used in English for centuries to express not the male half of the species only, but the species in general; and when such occasions happened along, we adopted the cumbersome device of "he or she" or "him or her" and its like; for it is better to be cumbersome than to be unclear. Crowley always spoke of the Initiate as a male, and of the Master of the Temple as "he." But since this was not an expression of prejudice (else, he would not have stated that Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was a Master of the Temple, as he did; or that Sappho was a Philosophus who eventually became a Dominus Liminis and in dying reached Adeptship), but merely a figure of style, we have changed the form in an attempt to preserve the thought. Crowley has been accused — by the Roman Catholic Church of course — of hating and despising women. You will notice that most of the letters in *Magick Without Tears* were written to women; and women should read them without being disturbed, in these days of feminist activism that we can but encourage and applaud, by conventions of speech. We are not sure that Mr. Karl Johannes Germer would have approved of this our initiative; but we have done it on our Authority.

These reservations expressed, you have here the original Crowley text, pure and as intact as using Israel Regardies and Kenneth Grants as secretaries could leave it.

One of the reasons why I am most unsympathetic towards Francis "Israel" Regardie is that, at the time *Magick Without Tears* was first published, he was enjoying good revenues from his "The Golden Dawn" compilation and creating for himself, among superficial thinkers, a reputation as a man of wisdom; yet, he contributed nothing to the Crowley book he later pirated; he lifted not one finger to help. *Magick Without Tears* was printed under conditions of the greatest hardship: the text was typed on an early electric typewriter (the same one on which Mr. Germer ordered me to type a list he had made of the books in the O.T.O. library; he also ordered me to keep a copy of the list, that is now being used in court to find out how much of the library was since criminally sold

by either Grady McMurtry, Helen Parsons-Smith, or Phyllis whatever); the result was mimeographed and bound. When I first talked of these things with Mr. Germer, I asked him how many copies had been printed; he told me two hundred. Seeing the expression on my face he asked if I thought the edition should have been larger. I said I thought it should have been at least a thousand, upon which he grew greatly indignant; for he had wanted to print at least a thousand, but the people — guess who — who had "helped" him put it out had protested this was not worth the trouble — they did not think even two hundred copies would sell. Who would want to read Aleister Crowley...?

The final reason why I am unsympathetic towards Francis "Israel" Regardie — indeed, the reason why I will never forgive him, and could never respect him, even as a fellow being; the reason why in my opinion he dishonors his religion and his culture (as most Zionists do), is that when he first published his *Magick Without Tears* piracy it went through two printings in a matter of months; he made good money from his theft; and he did not send one cent of this money to Mrs. Sascha Germer, who (in the absence of myself) was legally responsible for the Crowley copyrights; to whom he should have gone for permission to publish (the trouble was, she would never have given it to him); who had then less than three years to live, and who was slowly starving to death. Literally so. The reason why this conduct dishonors his religion and his culture is that Mrs. Germer was Jewish; and a good Jew will never allow another Jew to starve, particularly a woman. This was the grimmest survival rule the Jews learned, first from deprivation in the physical deserts of the Middle East, then from two thousand years of deprivation in the moral deserts of the Christist world. Francis "Israel" Regardie is a bad Jew in the Jewish sense; and in any human sense he is an unscrupulous, presumptuous and contemptible creep. As I stated in my last letter to Mr. Donald Weiser, people like him and Regardie are a good excuse for Nazis: the kind of example they give can only harm the Jews as a whole, for it can only harm humankind. We will go into this in more detail in the essay appended to this book called "Intelligence Services are not Intelligent."

Since this number of *The Oriflamme* was prompted by the unethical behavior of one Jew, perhaps a reminder to unintelligent readers is wanted. We have often been accused of anti-semitism because we criticize Jews who murder, exploit or rob members of other cultural groups and sometimes even their fellow Jews. Those

who thus libel us forget, out of malice or stupidity, that our criticism of such behavior extends to all other members of our species. Our remarks on people like Regardie, Weiser, Begin, Kahane, etc., should not be thought to automatically apply to all members of their faith. We think the average Jew is an outstanding asset to any society in which she or he may move and work. But since Jews excel, not only in our opinion but their own, the average homo saps of whatever sex, color, or faith, we also think it their duty to always exhibit in their conduct that excellence so hardly won.

Love is the law, love under will.

Marcelo Motta

FOREWORD

IN 1943 e.v. Aleister Crowley met a lady who, having heard of his wide knowledge and experience, asked his advice on occult, spiritual and practical matters

Actually, those letters were addressed to different people, most of them women. Many were addressed to Jane Wolfe, who Crowley had met years before.

This chance connection resulted in a stimulating exchange of letters. Crowley then asked others to put similiar questions to him. The result was this collection of over eighty letters which are now being issued over the title that he chose, "MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS".

This was a take—off on an arithmetic primer for children that was a bestseller for several decades.

Crowley did not copies of his early letters to the above-mentioned lady, so was unable to to include them in the collection that he planned to publish. Fortunately they have been preserved and are now included in the introduction to this book. Their original form has retained with the opening and closing formulae which Crowley used in all his letters. Crowley at first intended to call the book ALEISTER EXPLAINS EVERYTHING, and sent the following circular to his friends and disciples asking them to suggest subjects for inclusions:

ALEISTER EXPLAINS EVERYTHING

"Much gratified was the author of THE BOOK OF THOTH to have so many letters of appreciation, mostly from women, thanking him for not 'putting it in unintelligible language', for 'making it all so clear that even I with my limited intelligence can understand it, or think I do.'

It is interesting that women responded to the EQ. III 5 in greater numbers than men: the Roman Catholic Church had kept up an intensive campaign against Crowley since Mussolini's days, accusing him in the press, in private documents of Romish orders, and in confidential instructions to "priests" of being an enemy and despiser of womanhood. But the second World War had been very productive: with most young men on the front, bosses and managers had to hire women to positions women would usually not have occupied before the conflict, and even to promote them. An entire generation of females had a first taste of personal freedom, and after the war was over many of them resented having to give it up. Some never did, and the Feminist Revolution gathered momentum from them. Throughout this book, behind Crowley's jokes and gibes, his deep love and respect for the so-called "tender sex" will become very clear

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding! For many years the Master Therion has felt acutely the need of some groundwork teaching suited to those who have only just begun the study of Magick and its subsidiary sciences...

Such as physics, astronomy, mathematics, geology, biology, medicine, psychiatry... And sociology. Very specially this...

..., or are merely curious about it, or interested in it with intent to study. Always he has done his utmost to make his meaning clear to the average intelligent educated person...

Always an absolute minority in any country...

...but even those who understand him perfectly and are most sympathetic to his work, agree that it is in this respect he has often failed. "So much for the diagnosis -- now for the remedy!" One genius, inspired of the Gods, suggested recently that the riddle might be solved somewhat on the old and well - tried lines of 'Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science'; **id est** by having aspirants write to the Master asking questions, the kind of problem that naturally comes into the mind of any sensible enquirer...

Unfortunately, another absolute minority, at least on this planet...

"..., and getting his answer in the form of a letter. 'What is it?' 'Why should I bother my head about it?' 'What are its principles?' 'What use is it?' 'How do I begin?', and the like.

"This plan has been put into action; the idea has been to cover the

subjects from every possible angle. The style has been colloquial and fluent; technical terms have either been carefully avoided or most carefully explained; and the letter has not been admitted to the series until the querent has expressed satisfaction. Some seventy letters, up to the present have been written, but still there seem to be certain gaps in the demonstration, like those white patches on the map of the World, which looked so tempting fifty years ago.

This memorandum is to ask for your collaboration and support. A list, indicating briefly the subject of each letter already written, is appended. Should you think that any of those will help you in your own problems, a typed copy will be sent to you at once ... Should you want to know anything outside the scope, send in your question (stated as fully and clearly as possible) ... The answer should reach you, bar accidents, in less than a month ... It is proposed ultimately to issue the series in book form."

This has now been done.

EDITOR

This was, of course, the original Editor, Mr. Karl Johannes Germer, during whose lifetime Francis Israel Regardie would never have dared to proclaim himself qualified to edit Crowley, much less to speak for him!

LETTER NO. A

March 19, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I was very glad to gather from your conversation yesterday afternoon that you have a serious intention of taking up the Great Work in the proper spirit. Your criticisms of previous experience in the course of your adventures appeared to be singularly sane and just. As I promised I am writing this letter to cover a few practical points which we had not time to discuss and which in any case I think it better to arrange by correspondence.

1) It is of the first importance that you should understand my personal position. It is not actually wrong to regard me as a teacher, but it is certainly liable to mislead; fellow-student, or, if you like, fellow-sufferer, seems a more appropriate definition.

The purpose is to avoid, if possible, a devotional approach mingled with religious awe on the part of the disciples. The Thelemic Method is, after all, the Method of Science. Before I came to the United States to pick up

the pieces from the Gunther Gernon Cabiness III debacle of "Troll Publishing" I asked Soror K.A., who happened to be the woman — and the only man — on the spot at the time: "Make fun of me. Tell them little ridiculous things about me." Well, she did this great enthusiasm — perhaps too great, but then, she also resented the Teacher — who doesn't? As a result, when I arrived I was looked upon with suspicion and even with contempt; even so, it was necessary to beat them off to keep them from sitting at my feet with their tongues hanging out to listen to my Holy Discourses, instead of working their asses off and listening to the voice of their own souls. Where any. Crowley was specially adept at puncturing Holy Devotion Unto The Guru, and and is here being very tactful indeed. But this is one problem, as well as the solution, are incomparably discussed in Chapter M of Liber 333 Commented.

Note by David Bersson: The reference to Soror K.A. (Claudia Canuto de Menezes) as a man was a sly poke at her bisexuality with a stronger tendency for women than men. Mr. Motta's remark came true that she truly resented the Master; and she betrayed him by not arranging a vote — separating legally from the Declaration of Trust. She was a moron. I suspect at the time of her writing the notarized document to separate from the Declaration of Trust she was too stupid to realize that she was creating a situation where Mr. Motta's own writings would not be available in his native country in his native tongue without his own devoted having to pirate his books — a situation that he would of never approved of.)

The climax of my life was what is known as the Cairo Working, described in the minutest detail in *The Equinox of the Gods...*

Book Four Part IV, The Law, to be published in this Volume of the THE ORIFLAMME.

...At that time most of *The Book of the Law* was completely unintelligible to me, and a good deal of it—especially the third chapter—extremely antipathetic. I fought against this book for years; but it proved irresistible.

I do not think I am boasting unfairly when I say that my personal researches have been of the greatest value and importance to the study of the subject of Magick and Mysticism in general, especially my integration of the various thought-systems of the world, notably the identification of the system of the **Yi King** with that of the Qabalah. But I do assure you that the whole of my life's work, were it multiplied a thousand fold, would not be worth one tithe of the value of a single verse of **The Book of the Law**.

I think you should have a copy of **The Equinox of the Gods** and make **The Book of the Law** your constant study. Such value as my own work may possess for you should amount to no more than an aid to the

interpretation of this book.

2) It may be that later on you will want a copy of "Eight Lectures on Yoga"...

EQ. III No. 4, which will be re—issued, annotated, in due course.

...; so I am putting a copy aside for you in case you should want it.

3) With regard to the O.T.O., I believe I can find you a typescript of all the official documents. If so, I will let you have them to read, and you can make up your mind as to whether you wish to affiliate to the Third Degree of the Order. I should consequently, in the case of your deciding to affiliate, go with you though the script of the Rituals and explain the meaning of the whole thing; communicating, in addition, the real secret and significant knowledge of which ordinary Masonry is not possessed.

4) The horoscope; I do not like doing these at all, but it is part of the agreement with the Grand Treasurer of the O.T.O....

At that time, Karl Johannes Germer. Mr. Germer was an excellent astrologer, and it is interesting that he should insist on Crowley drawing the charts; it shows he considered Crowley a better astrologer than himself.

... that I should undertake them in worthy cases, if pressed. But I prefer to keep the figure to myself for future reference, in case any significant event makes consultation desirable.

Now there is one really important matter. The only thing besides The Book of the Law which is in the forefront of the battle. As I told you yesterday, the first essential is the dedication of all that one is and all that one has to the Great Work, without reservation of any sort...

The one thing that Messrs. Regardie, Grant, Metzger, McMurtry, Mudd, Smith, Neuberg, Stansfeld Jones, and Mesdames "Hirsig", Wolfe, Parsons Smith, Wade-Seckler-McMurtry and lots of less notorious people we could mention, prove constantly, with tiresome regularity, totally incapable to do.

This must be kept constantly in mind; the way to do this is to practice "Liber Resh vel Helios, sub figura CC". There is another version of these Adorations, slightly fuller; but those in the text are quite alright. The important thing is not to forget...

That is, not to forget the dedication of all that one is and all that one has, to the Great Work.

... I shall have to teach you the signs and gestures which go with the words.

It is also desirable before beginning a formal meal to go through the following dialogue: Knock 3—5—3: say, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." The person at the other end of the table replies: "What

is thy Will?" You: "It is my Will to eat and drink." He: "To what end?" You: "That my body may be fortified thereby." He: "To what end?" You: "That I may accomplish the Great Work. "...

It is customary, if you are a Probationer or a Member of the G.D., to add at this point: "The Knowledge and Conversation of my Holy Guardian Angel".

Note by David Bersson: It was never customary when I was Lodge Master of the Menthu Lodge or the 93 Lodge to do this; nor had Mr. Motta ever given me or any other student I know this "custom". I was, in fact, given an entire different instruction on the matter which I pass on to my students to this day.

...The other: "Love is the law, love under will." You, with a single knock: "Fall to." When alone make a monologue of it: thus, Knock 3-5-3. Do what, etc. It is my Will to, etc., that my body, **et Cetera.**, that I may, **et Cetera.**, Love is, **et Cetera.** Knock: and begin to eat.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of performing these small ceremonies regularly, and being as nearly accurate as possible with regard to the times. You must not mind stopping in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare—lorries or no lorries—and saying the Adorations...

Alas! Such counsels of perfection are for the future. You will attract not only attention to yourself, but the deadly enmity of Christists — to say nothing of other crapulous creeds — if you do something like this. I used to do it, when I was in college in the U.S.A., at a time when I was under special surveillance by order of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, and remember being approached by an agent who made no special effort to remain inconspicuous and asked why I stopped in the middle of the street and babbled words to myself. He knew perfectly well what I did, and why I did it, and was merely trying to fill his daily quota and earn his salary. You should say the Adorations fully whenever you can, but in public you may merely say them interiorly, putting either your forefinger or your thumb to your lips, depending on your Grade or your pleasure. The important detail is not to forget them — ever! Also, you must realize that the Stations of the Sun have absolutely nothing to do with normal clock time. They have to do with Local Time, and most specially the meridian that happens to be over your head. It is Noon when the Sun is crossing the local meridian, no matter what the clock says. And if you are on a mountaintop the Sun will set much later, and rise much earlier, than if you are in a valley. Skyscrapers also count. And south of the Equator, noon and midnight are reversed cardinal points. Either you keep these things in mind or you will end up with dead dogma such as "Christmas" and Holy Inquisitions in your hands. If you feel that it is better to have them in your hands than at your throat, you are becoming crapulous, friend. Or rather ex — friend.

...; and you must not mind snubbing your guest—or your host—if he or she should prove ignorant of his or her share of the dialogue...

Actually, social occasions are usually smoothly passed over by merely apologizing to your host or partner, stating that you are going to say your prayers, and doing it. There is nothing that shows more promptly whether a person deserves human company or not than their reaction to such a simple request.

*Christists, as a rule, will automatically assume that you are performing what **they** call prayers, but since the occasion is social you do not have to disillusion them unless they force you to. In this writer's experience, they often do. But then it is their fault, as usual, and not yours.*

... It is perhaps because these matters are so petty and trivial in appearance that they afford so excellent a training. They teach you concentration, mindfulness, moral and social courage, and a host of other virtues.

Like a perfect lady, I have kept the tit bit to the last. It is absolutely essential to begin a magical diary, and keep it up daily. You begin by an account of your life, going back even before your birth to your ancestry. In conformity with the practice which you may perhaps choose to adopt later, given in Liber Thisarb, sub figura CMXIII, paragraphs 27-28, **Magick**, pp. 420—422, you must find an answer to the question: "How did I come to be in this place at this time, engaged in this particular work?" As you will see from the book, this will start you on the discovery of who you really are, and eventually lead you to your recovering the memory of previous incarnations.

As it is difficult for you to come to Town except at rare and irregular intervals, may I suggest a plan which has previously proved very useful, and that is a weekly letter. Eliphas Lévi did this with the Baron Spedalieri, and the correspondence is one of the most interesting of his works. You ask such questions as you wish to have answered, and I answer them to the best of my ability. I, of course, add spontaneous remarks which may be elicited by my observations on your progress and the perusal of your magical diary. This, of course, should be written on one side of the paper only, so that the opposite page is free for comments, and an arrangement should be made for it to be inspected at regular intervals.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER NO. B

April 20, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

I was very glad to have your letter, and am very sorry to hear that you have been in affliction. About the delay, however, I think I ought to tell you that the original Rule of the Order of A·A· was that the introducer read over a short lection to the applicant, then left him alone for a quarter of an hour, and on coming back received a "yes" or "no." If there was any hesitation about it the applicant was barred for life.

The reason for the relaxation of the rule was that it was thought better to help people along in the early stages of the work, even if there was no hope of their turning out first—class...

That relaxation was a mistake which has seriously affected the progress of the Work, since it produced people like Regardie, Stanfeld Jones, Kenneth Grant, Grady McMurtry, Phyllis Wade-Seckler-McMurtry, Helen Parsons Smith, etc. etc. etc. If people are not going to turn out first class they should be ruthlessly discarded; we are not in the salvation business, we are in the teaching business. If a person is obviously unfit it is a mistake to encourage them in the delusion that they can make progress. This progress is usually at the expense of the energy of the instructor, that would be better applied teaching someone worthier. I myself was introduced to the Order according to the original rule. I had exactly five minutes to decide if I wanted to join or not. And every time I have relaxed this rule with one of my pupils that pupil has eventually proved unworthy, and the Work has been harmed by her or him.

... But I should like you to realize that sooner or later, whether in this incarnation or another, it is put up to you to show perfect courage in face of the completely unknown, and the power of rapid and irrevocable decision without without counting the cost.

I think that it is altogether wrong to allow yourself to be worried by "psychological, moral, and artistic problems." It is no good your starting anything of any kind unless you can see clearly into the simplicity of truth. All this humming and hawing about things is moral poison. What is the use of being a woman if you have not got an intuition, an instinct enabling you to distinguish between the genuine and the sham?

On the other hand, see his remarks on the Woman Formula in Letter 53, "Mother—Love". So-called "feminine intuition" can be found in both sexes, and was very rare in Western women in the Old Aeon: perceptive temperaments had been ruthlessly weeded out by the Christist denominations, women exhibiting it being accused of witchcraft, satanism, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Only the "comfortable" type of women, exhibiting the "virtues" that Romanism considered useful to its domination were allowed to thrive.

Intuition, so-called, is simply a well—developed Neschamic with the Ruach. If you were incarnated in a female body it was indeed easier for this link to form and endure; but the energies of the Aeon of Horus (Cf. LXV v 5-7, 44) provide both sexes with the opportunity of intuition now. Crowley knew perfectly well, but was talking down to the level of the disciple. The need to do this leads the Masters often to being accused of contradiction, silliness, or even dishonesty.

Your state of mind suggests to me that you must have been, in the past, under the influence of people who were always talking about things, and never doing any real work. They kept on arguing all sorts of obscure philosophical points; that is all very well, but when you have succeeded in analyzing your reactions you will understand that all this talk is just an excuse for not doing any serious work.

Does any of you recognize himself or herself in this description? Very likely not. Alas!

I am confirmed in this judgment by your saying: "I don't know if I want to enter into a great conflict. I need peace." Fortunately you save yourself by adding: "Real peace, that is living and not stagnant." All life is conflict. Every breath that you draw represents a victory in the struggle of the whole Universe. You can't have peace without perfect mastery of circumstance; and I take it that this is what you mean by "living, not stagnant."

Generous as always, loving as always. What she really meant was the legendary stork's device of sticking your head in a hole in the sand and leaving your bottom to the wind.

But it is of the first consequence for you to summon up the resolution to stamp on this sea of swirling thoughts by an act of will; you must say: "Peace be still." The moment you have understood these thoughts for what they are, tools of the enemy, invented by him with the idea of preventing you from undertaking the Great Work—the moment you dismiss all such considerations firmly and decisively, and say: "What must I do?" and having discovered that, set to work to do it, allowing of no interruption, you will find that living peace which (as you seem to see) is a dynamic and not a static condition. (There is quite a lot about this point in Little Essays Toward Truth, and also in "The Vision and the Voice".)

The Vision and the Voice will also be presently reprinted by us: this has been made necessary by more of Mr. Israel Regardie's meddling with things beyond his competence.

Your postscript made me smile. It is not a very good advertisement for the kind of people with whom you have been associated in the past. My own position is a very simple one. I obeyed the injunction to "buy a perfectly black hen, without haggling." I have spent over 100,000 pounds of my inherited money on this work: and if I had a thousand times that amount today it would all go in the same direction. It is only when one is

built in this way, to stand entirely aloof from all considerations of twopence halfpenny more or fourpence halfpenny less, that one obtains perfect freedom on this Plane of Disks.

Well, not quite; or rather, not in the least, if you are a Thelemite, for as the Lord of the Aeon Himself remarked, all must be done "with business way". This attitude of indifference to money only works insofar as no money is needed for the Work, and even then we are skeptical about its value. It is proper to Eastern Masters (real ones, not the millionaire "maharishis" and "gurujis" and whatever), but not to us. You cannot build Lodges without money, publish books without money, travel to faraway caves without money, etc., etc., etc. The error consists in valuing money in itself as a proof of achievement, rather than as a means to it.

*Crowley erred constantly by not observing the recommendations in the Third Chapter of **AL**, which he admittedly abhorred. He never, for instance, took the trouble to copyright **Equinox I 1 - 10**, declaring (as Mr. Germer told me upon asking) that he felt it should belong to Mankind. We all know how Mankind manifested its gratitude. His next attack of animadversion led him to sell Boleskine House, his last anchor to financial security, and give the money to the O.T.O.: the Grand Treasurer General he had chosen promptly stole it. By 1919 e.v. he had partly recovered his senses, and **Equinox III 1** was copyrighted in his name upon being published in the United States; but again the text of this book contained serious errors of doctrine that conflicted glaringly with the Third Chapter of the Book of the Law. This time, the Lord Himself intervened: the intended No. 2, which was even worse in this respect, never appeared. Subsequent numbers of **Equinox III** were published with extreme sacrifice and at great intervals. Without the abnegation of Karl Johannes Germer, the publication of of No. 3, **The Equinox of the Gods**, No. 4, **Eight Lectures on Yoga**, and No. 5, **The Book of Thoth**, would never have occurred.*

*Mr. Germer himself suffered of this ambivalence towards money. I remember his making my son's horoscope and describing it to me in a letter. He detected in the boy, among other things, a tendency to "acquisitiveness", and remarked in an aside "I do not like it". But without some degree of acquisitiveness you are liable to end up your life, as Crowley did, depending on the generosity of your disciples; and if you ponder on the average generosity of the average disciple you will do well to keep in mind Chapter 55 of **Liber 333**, which Crowley himself, unfortunately for him, for Mr. Germer, and for me, never did.*

Being a "Crowley disciple" is not, as I know to my regret, conducive to your getting and keeping good jobs, specially at a managerial level; being a Crowley thief, like Regardie, Grant, McMurtry and others, helps. This is reflexion on the society in which we live, not on Crowley. Future disciples may have it better, but they will do well to count their pennies meanwhile

and keep a wary eye for the intelligence services which, tools of the established cults that they are, keep hounding our feet and passing on the "confidential information" to our possible employers that we are satanists, or anarchists, or nazis, or drug dealers, or sex perverts, or whatever. If I sound overly indignant in this paragraph, it is because I am reliving three decades of such "attentions" from the F.B.I., the C.I.A., Shin Beth, the Brazilian Military Intelligence, and perhaps even the K.G.B.. It gets boring after a while, you know.

All the serious Orders of the world, or nearly all, begin by insisting that the aspirant should take a vow of poverty...

See what I mean? There he goes again. This is absolutely not Thelemic at all.

...; a Buddhist Bhikku, for example, can own only nine objects—his three robes, begging bowl, a fan, toothbrush, and so on. The Hindu and Mohammedan Orders have similar regulations; and so do all the important Orders of monkhood in Christianity...

*He means Christism. Yet, it was exactly the cults derived from those orders that the Lord of the Aeon decried as crapulous! It is quite obvious that even near the end of his life Crowley did not like the Third Chapter of **The Book of the Law** at all. Yet in the next paragraph his responsibilities as Prophet are again affirmed.*

Our own Order is the only exception of importance; and the reason for this is that it is much more difficult to retain one's purity if one is living in the world than if one simply cuts oneself off from it. It is far easier to achieve technical attainments if one is unhampered by any such considerations. These regulations operate as restrictions to one's usefulness in helping the world. There are terrible dangers, the worst dangers of all, associated with complete retirement. In my own personal judgment, moreover, I think that our own ideal of a natural life is much more wholesome.

When you have found out a little about your past incarnations, you should be able to understand this very clearly and simply.

What I have found about my past incarnations has confirmed my position, which is his own Position as Prophet: wealth and power should belong to those who will use such attributes to serve humankind, not to abuse it. If millionaires were initiates or heeded initiates, capitalism would neither oppress nor generate poverty; and if commissars were initiates or heeded initiates, communism would work as well in practice as it is supposed to work in theory.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

LETTER NO. C

April 30, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Thank you for your long letter of no date, but received two days ago...

This sloppiness can be very irritating; also, bad for keeping records and for keeping track of the surveillance of intelligence services, so-called.

... I am very sorry you are still feeling exhausted...

This, almost seventy years old, during the war between air raids, and suffering the kind of deadly persecution and boycott that hounded his last four decades of existence. If she had any sense she would not even mentioned her "troubles" to him; but if disciples had any sense they would not need to be disciples.

... I am not too good myself, for I find this weather very trying. I will answer your various points as best I can. I am arranging to send you the official papers connected with the O.T.O., but the idea that you should meet other members first is quite impossible. Even after affiliation, you would not meet anyone unless it were necessary for you to work in cooperation with them. I am afraid you have still got the idea that the Great Work is a tea-party. Contact with other students only means that you criticize their hats, and then their morals; and I am not going to encourage this. Your work is not anybody else's; and undirected chatter is the worst poisonous element in human society.

When you talk of the "actual record" of the "Being called Jesus Christ," I don't know what you mean. I am not aware of the existence of any such record. I know a great many legends, mostly borrowed from previous legends of a similar character.

It would be better for you to get a copy of "The Equinox of the Gods" and study it. The Great Work is the uniting of opposites. It may mean the uniting of the soul with God, of the microcosm with the macrocosm, of the female with the male, of the ego with the non-ego—or what not.

By "love under will" one refers to the fact that the method in every case is love, by which is meant the uniting of opposites as above stated, such as hydrogen and chlorine, sodium and oxygen, and so on. Any reaction whatever, any phenomenon, is a phenomenon of "love", as you will understand when I come to explain to you the meaning of the word "point—event". But love has to be "under will," if it is to be properly directed. You must find your True Will, and make all your actions subservient to the one great purpose.

Rahoor is the Sun God; Tahuti is the Egyptian Mercury; Kephra is the

Sun at midnight.

A true disciple. These were details that, in a civilized country like England, she could get information on in any local library; but she had to bother the Master rather than exert herself

About your problems; what I have to do is to try to teach you to think clearly. You will be immensely stimulated by having all the useless trimmings stripped from your thinking apparatus. For instance, I don't think you know the first principles of logic. You apparently take up a more or less Christist attitude...

Again, we will change the word 'Christian' and its derivatives to the word 'Christist' and its derivatives wherever it is clear in the text that Crowley is referring to the theology developed by the Roman-Alexandrines, rather than to the theurgy of the original Gnostics, followers of Dionysus. The neologism 'Christist' was invented by the great Portuguese poet and Brother, Fernando Pessoa, and its use has been spreading but surely since his demise. It is specially useful if you live in a country oppressed by Roman Catholicism in its most virulent form, as are most countries in South America, the Philippines, South Korea, Italy, France, Poland, and as were the United States under the Kennedys.

..., but at the same time you like very much the idea of Karma. You cannot have both.

They imply two totally different teleologies. The Christist concept is that you live only one life, in which you are doomed to hell from the start, unless you save your soul by the benevolent mediacy of whatever branch of the Romish heresy happens to vampirize your cultural group, in which case you go to purgatory or even heaven after you die. Karma implies that you live a series of lives, and learn what is "good" for you by trial and error. The need for "salvation" and the threat of "eternal damnation" are concepts totally alien to the concept of Karma.

The question about money does not arise. This old and very good rule (which I have always kept) was really pertinent to the time when there were actual secrets...

He is here referring to the rule that we do not accept money to pay for teaching or initiating.

...But I have published openly all the secrets. All I can do is to train you in a perfectly exoteric way. My suggestion about the weekly letter was intended to exclude this question, as you would be getting full commercial value for anything paid.

Your questions about the Spirit of the Sun, and so on, are to be answered by experience. Intellectual satisfaction is worthless. I have to bring you to a state of mind completely superior to the mechanism of the normal mind.

Meaning, he is going to try to teach her to think for herself. Normal

minds do not normally think for themselves: they have been trained to react to stimuli, like Pavlov's dogs. In order to think for oneself a person has to strip himself or herself from all prejudices of upbringing, cultural group and education. In this sense, a college education is a handicap rather than an advantage, since it simply means that mind was subjected to extra conditioning, unless the individual was fortunate enough to go to one of the first rate universities, where freshmen are taught to think rather than to learn by rote. Such universities are becoming fewer and fewer in these days of intellectual conflict between so-called capitalism and so-called marxism, for the "leaders" on both sides find it more profitable to themselves to foster political and social dogma than to encourage free inquiry and free spirits. The process of stripping oneself from one's acquired prejudices is extremely painful to the pupil, and most naturally give up and go back to the herd. This is splendidly put across in of Stephen Crane's poems, "The Wayfarer":

**The wayfarer
Perceiving the pathway to truth
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha," he said,
"I see that none has passed here
in a long time."
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
"Well," he mumbled at last,
"Doubtless there are other roads."**

A good deal of your letter is rather difficult to answer. You always seem to want to put the cart before the horse. Don't you see that, if I were trying to get you to do something or other, I should simply return you to the kind of answer which I thought would satisfy you, and make you happy? ...

*But of course it was this that she wanted him to do: it is the process by which the "maharishis" and "gurujis" acquire their enormous fortunes. People go to the Master for consolation, not for truth. But the Master **is** Truth, so what else can we teach?*

... And this would be very easy to do because you have got no clear ideas about anything. For one thing, you keep on using terms about whose significance we are not yet in agreement...

Meaning that she constantly uses terms in emotional connotation to her conditioning, rather than in their simple dictionary definition; so that when she says something he cannot be sure exactly what she means, and when he gives an answer she interprets it in terms of what she wants to hear, rather than of what he is trying to convey. This is one of the most

difficult problems in dealing with pupils.

... When you talk about the "Christian path," do you believe in vicarious atonement and eternal damnation—or don't you? A great deal of the confusion that arises in all these questions, and grows constantly worse as fellow—students talk them over—the blind leading the blind—is because they have no idea of the necessity of defining their terms.

Then again, you ask me questions like "What is purity?" that can be answered in a dozen different ways; and you must understand what is meant by a "universe of discourse." ...

A "universe of discourse" means the limits within which one is trying to communicate ideas through the use of words. If I (hopeless male chauvinist that I am) am talking about the beauty of a girl's breasts, you should be able to understand that I am expressing my personal tastes in the shape of breasts, not speaking of Beauty as an "eternal verity". Not unless I am a poet; poets have license to jump from a universe of discourse to another, which is perhaps why so many poets are licentious. This is a pun. A pun could be defined as a coupling of two or more universes of discourse in one word, usually in an attempt at humor.

... If you asked me—"Is this sample of chloride of gold a pure sample?" I can answer you. You must understand the value of precision in speech. I could go on rambling about purity and selflessness for years, and no one would be a penny the better.

Except he, of course. But to be a "maharishi" or Prime Minister or President or any other sort of charlatan was never one of his priorities.

P.S.—or rather, I did not want to dictate this bit...

Because the ape taking them down, who if was not Regardie by this time was Grant, would interpret them according to his own universe of discourse, and become even more simian thereby.

... -your ideas about the O.T.O. remind me of some women's idea of shopping. You want to maul about the stock and then walk out with a proud glad smile: NO. Do you really think that I should muster all the most distinguished people alive for your inspection and approval?

Well, here he was indulging in a little bit of salesmanship. Very few members of the O.T.O. were actually distinguished even then, and I am not talking about social or intellectual distinction: I am talking about character and aspiration. If you consider that both McMurtry and Grant were members, you will know what I mean. On the other hand, it would certainly have been outrageous to drag in a Karl Johannes Germer or a Rudolph Steiner or a J.B.S. Haldane or even an Arnold Krumm—Heller to subject them to the lady's scrutiny.

The affiliation clause in our Constitution is a privilege: a courtesy to a sympathetic body ...

This refers to a clause in the original O.T.O. Constitution granting members of Osirian Masonry an automatic right to become members of the III^o O.T.O. As the Constitution now stands, this privilege has been withdrawn. "Sympathetic" body, indeed!

...Were you not a Mason, or Co-Mason, you would have to be proposed and seconded, and then examined by savage Inquisitors; and then—probably—thrown out on to the garbage heap ...

Again, pure propaganda, alas: remember that Grady McMurtry was granted the IX^o on the strength of a fifty pound loan. But we can assure you that is not the way things are being done now, and hopefully will continue to be done in time to be.

... Well, no, it's not as bad as that; but we certainly don't want anybody who chooses to apply. Would you do it yourself, if you were on the Committee of a Club? The O.T.O. is a serious body, engaged on a work of Cosmic scope. You should question yourself: what can I contribute?

Secrets. There is one exception to what I have said about publishing everything: that is, the ultimate secret of the O.T.O. This is really too dangerous to disclose; but the safeguard is that you could not use it if you knew it, unless you were an advanced Adept; and you would not be allowed to go so far unless we were satisfied that you were sincerely devoted to the Great Work. (See "One Star in Sight"). True, the Black Brothers could use it; but they would only destroy themselves.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER NO. D

June 8, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Thanks for your letter. I couldn't find the O.T.O. typescript—and then it struck me that it would be useful to await your reactions. If I were expecting some presumably important papers by post, I should get anxious after 24 hours delay (at most) and start enquiries. Anyhow, I can't find them for the moment; but Mr. Bryant said he would lend you his "Blue Equinox": pages 195—270 give what you require.

But the real point of your affiliating is that it saves me from constantly

being on my guard lest I should mention something which I am sworn not to reveal. As in every serious society, members are pledged not to disclose what they may have learnt, whom they have met; it is so, even in Co-Masonry: isn't it: But one may mention the names of members who have died. (See Liber LII, par. 2.) Be happy then; the late X... Y... was one of us. I hope that he and Rudolph Steiner will (between them) satisfy your doubts ...

We must here introduce several observations. First, you will notice now seriously Crowley took the secrecy of the O.T.O. material, rituals inclusive. You will see later on that Mr. Israel Regardie, in his piracy, excised a long paragraph that makes it quite clear Crowley would never have either welcomed or allowed the publication of the secret rituals of the O.T.O. in book form. The reasons why Mr. Regardie excised that paragraph will become progressively clear as we go on. Second, Mr. Germer, when editing the letters, withdrew any reference to the name of Mr. X... Y..., although the man was then deceased. Mr. Germer did so to protect both the man's family and his friends from the kind of "attention" that was then being served on Thelemites by the F.B.I. of Messrs. Hoover and McCarthy. Do not forget that this book was first published, in its only legal edition before the present one - and the only intact edition before this one — in 1954 e.v. At Hoover's instigation the F.B.I. had hounded both Mr. and Mrs. Germer in such a manner that they were forced to leave New York and take residence in Hampton, New Jersey. To the agents' credit we must add that they were not willing to do this: the letters from Hoover to them actually threaten them with sanctions if they don't find something to the Germer's discredit. Apparently Hoover was in good faith about this: he had obviously received "confidential information" that led him to believe the Germers were guilty of horrible crimes. Since Hoover worked closely with the Vatican throughout (both he and McCarthy were Roman Catholics) the entire witch-hunt of the Fifties, one does not have to wonder where he got his prejudice. The agents finally got some lame accusations that Mr. Germer was a Nazi sympathizer from the owner of "an occult bookshop the subject patronizes," and Hoover seems to have become satisfied with that. It was enough to send agents to all of Mrs. Germer's pupils — she taught piano in private — and warn them against her. She lost the majority of them, and with the pupils went the income that supported them both in New York City. Hence the move to Hampton, where I first met the both of them.

The above quotations are from the F.B.I. archives, material that the bureau was forced to reveal under the Freedom of Information Act which some of Mr. Reagan's supporters in the Senate and the House have expressed a pious desire to have repealed. The names of some of the informers, however, have been blackened out in the records. Nevertheless, any reader of these lines will be able to guess what "occult bookshop" in

New York Mr. Germer patronized. It is interesting that he should be accused of Nazism, and Mrs. Germer be accused of Nazism, when not only were they both refugees from Nazism but also Mrs. Germer herself was Jewish. Mr. Germer was married three times: two of his wives were Jewish. One of the motives he was put in a concentration camp by the Nazis was that he was sympathetic towards Jews. He once wrote me that he would rather deal with a Jew than a Christist any time, a sentiment in which I heartily concur. I do not hold it against Jews that people like Donald Weiser, Israel Regardie and Oskar Schlag happen to dishonor their culture and their faith. "Mr. X... Y..." was an influential American.

The A·A· is totally different. "One Star in Sight" tells you everything that you need to know. (Perhaps some of these regulations are hard to grasp: personally, I can never understand all this By-Law stuff. So you must ask me what, and why, and so on.)

This is said in perfect sincerity. The man Crowley, the "scribe," is a totally different energy-structure from the adept who conceived and organized the structure of the A·A· system, or the Master who energized it. The only necessary link is that one is the instrument of the others. This should absolutely not be confused with the spiritualist concept of "mediumship," but it is understandable that a profane mind may be unable to perceive the difference. However, even the first and most elementary Trance of Union will show the novice that there are more planes to his or her consciousness than the ones in which featherless bipeds usually function.

There is really only one point for your judgment. "By their fruits ye shall know them." ...

Yes, but the author of this famous sentence seems not to have pondered that one person's fruit is another person's poison; to say nothing of hogs or monkeys. We each go to the tree of our own choosing, and find it excellent. Zionism and Romanism make me vomit, but doubtlessly taste sweet to Oskar Schlag and William Casey. My only objection is that they both would like to ram their food down my throat, and I find it unfit for human consumption.

... You have read Liber LXV and Liber VII; That shows you what states you can attain by this curriculum. Now read "A Master of the Temple" (Blue Equinox, pp. 127-170) for an account of the early stages of training, and their results. ...

*You will observe that he emphasized the early stages, and not Stansfeld Jones' attempt to cross the Abyss, which was unfortunately unsuccessful; however, this part of Jones' work was to have appeared in **Equinox III 2**; and Jones' failure was one of several motives why this number of **Equinox III** was never printed. By the time Crowley received the Record, Jones was already trying to unseat the Master - and what was worst, he*

was doing it unconsciously. (If you do it consciously, you have merely chosen the path of evil; you are a Black Magician, but not necessarily a Black Brother.)

... (Of course, your path might not coincide with, or even resemble, his path.)

But do get it into you head that "If the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch." If you had seen 1% of the mischief that I have seen, you would freeze to the marrow of your bones at the mere idea of seeing another member through the telescope! Well, I employ the figure of hyperbole, that I admit ...

Meaning that he is exaggerating a little to impress the importance of isolation upon her. It was too early in the day for him, in his Pure Fool's innocence, to perceive the disquiet this rigorous secrecy would provoke in benevolent governments everywhere. Services of "intelligence" — one really wonders at why they are given that name, when they are usually manned by the narrowest type of moral and intellectual homo saps - fret a lot at all this mystery: we must be trying to keep people apart from each other so we can manipulate them more easily, or teach them all kinds of unspeakable obscenities. Through the years, I have had pupils who are not really pupils at all, but relay all the advice they are given to a central panel of "psychologists" or computer scenario or whatnot that is trying to discover what makes us, or at least me, tick. I have learned to detect the type: they usually take at least a month to answer letters of advice or to react to orders, because they have to send it in and wait for instructions. Unfortunately, one's oath demands that one should put up with this kind of thing, at least until the time when these traitors either give up or are ordered off by their bosses. But it is impossible to stress the importance of working in isolation in the system of the A·A·, at least in the stages before you reach Zelator fully. Probationers are putrid, and Neophytes are naughty; they invariably interfere with each other, besides pestering you unceasingly, if you allow them to hold too much intercourse - of any kind - with each other or with you!

... but it really won't do to have a dozen cooks at the broth! If you're working with me, you'll have no time to waste on other people.

I fear your "Christianity" is like that of most other folk. You pick out one or two of the figures from which the Alexandrines concocted "Jesus" (too many cooks, again, with a vengeance!) and neglect the others. The Zionist Christ of Matthew can have no value for you; nor can the Asiatic "Dying-God"—compiled from Melcarth, Mithras, Adonis, Bacchus, Osiris, Attis, Krishna, and others—who supplied the miraculous and ritualistic elements of the fable.

Rightly you ask: "What can I contribute?" Answer: One Book. That is the idea of the weekly letter: 52 of yours and 52 of mine, competently

edited, would make a most useful volume. This would be your property: so that you get full material value, perhaps much more, for your outlay. ...

This is the kind of amazing generosity — some lawyers would call it stupidity - that was always getting him into trouble and made him end his life in complete poverty.

... I thought of the plan because one such arrangement has recently come to an end, with amazingly happy results: ...

*Here referring to **Equinox III No. 5**, "The Book of Thoth," the copyright of which originally he intended to let Frieda Harris have completely.*

... they should lie open to your admiring gaze in a few months from now. Incidentally, I personally get nothing out of it; secretarial work costs money these days. But there is another great advantage; it keeps both of us up to the mark. Also, in such letters a great deal of odds and ends of knowledge turn up automatically; valuable stuff, frequent enough; yes, but one doesn't want to lose the thread, once one starts. Possibly ten days might be best.

But please understand that this suggestion arose solely from your own statement of what you thought would help in your present circumstances. Anyway, as you say, decide! If it is yes, I should like to see you before June 15 when I expect to go away for a few days; better to give you some groundwork to keep you busy in my absence.

As Mejnour did to Glyndon, and with like results.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER NO. E

Aug. 18, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Much thought has gone into the construction of your Motto. "I will become" can be turned neatly enough as "Let there be;" by avoiding the First Pronoun one gets the idea of "the absorption of the Self in the Beloved," which is exactly what you want.

And which interestingly enough, by the way, is psychologically and anatomically a male, rather than female, impulse. Crowley should not,

however, have put a Motto in this lady's mouth in this way. It is true that her first idea, "I will become," was basically egoic, but that is none of the instructor's business. He used to play around like this, and the result was that the pupils often played around as well instead of doing real work. He was, true, aware of the lady's egocentricity and tried in vain, with this device, to give her a more mystic motivation; but it is better to watch the deeds, rather than the words. Usually the Probationer has no real idea of his or her Will in joining the Order; very often they have no idea whatsoever of what the Order really is: the sublimity of the A.:A.: is beyond the conception of any but the highest type of Aspirant. This is why the Probationer is granted the privilege of changing his or her Motto on becoming a Neophyte, something that one can normally do only when passing from the G.D. to the R.R. et A.C. and hence to the S.S. The act of suggesting to a Probationer a Motto less stupid, and maybe even closer to his or her true Aspiration than the one they chose themselves, often leads the personality into surly rebellion. It is going to rebel all the way in any case!

"The creative Force of the Universe" is quite ready-made. Πυραμς, a Mr. Germer's original note reads: "In the original in Greek"

... pyramid, is that Force in its geometrical form; in its biological form it is Φαλλος, ...

Mr. Germer's note: "In the original in Greek"

..., the Yang or Lingam. Both words have the same numerical value, 831. These two words can therefore serve you as the secret object of your Work. How than can you construct the number 831?

The Letter ς,...

Ibidem: "In the original in Hebrew."

..., Jupiter (Jehovah), the Wheel of Fortune in the Tarot—the Atu X is a picture of the Universe built up and revolving by virtue of those Three Principles: Sulphur, Mercury, Salt; or Gunas: Sattvas, Rajas, Tamas—has the value 20. So also has the letter ך spelt in full. (ךי)

Ibidem: "In the original in Hebrew."

One Gnostic secret way of spelling and pronouncing Jehovah is IAΩ ...

Ibidem: "In the original in Greek."

... and this has the value 811. So has "Let there be," Fiat, transliterating into Greek. (ΦΙΑΤ)

Resuming all these ideas, it seems that you can express your aspiration very neatly, very fully, by choosing for your motto the words FIAT YOD.

Which, in simple English, would be: "Let the penis manifest in me," or "May I develop the male aspect of my nature." Feminists would do well to pay attention here. All this was probably Greek, to say nothing of Hebrew,

*to the lady, who may even have interpreted the proposed motto as meaning that Crowley wanted to stick his penis in her; this would put her at the same level of mentality of Kenneth Grant, Grady McMurtry and Israel Regardie, but this level of mentality is about the level of the average low man, therefore the average low woman as well. Nevertheless, it was a good try, and shows Crowley, the relentless promoter of true feminism, which is to say true femininity or masculinity, which is to say **balanced humanhood**, still at work, tireless in spite of age, disease, persecution and the "friendship" of Gerald Yorke, to say nothing of the chelaship of the aforementioned featherless bipeds.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. Please study this letter, and these explanatory figures (the author, BAPHOMET X^o O.T.O., in the original spells each word, giving the numerical equivalent of each letter in pyramis, etc. This is here not copied.) and meditate upon them until you have fully assimilate not only the matter under immediate consideration, but the general method of Qabalistic research and construction. Note how new cognate ideas arise to enrich the formula.

666

LETTER NO. F

Aug. 20, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Let me begin by referring to my letter about the motto and make clear to you the working of this letter.

In this motto you have really got several ideas combined, and yet they are really, of course, one idea. Fiat, being 811, is identical with IAO, and therefore FIAT YOD might be read not only as "let there be" (or "Let me become"), the secret source of all creative energy, but as "the secret source of the energy of Jehovah." The two words together, having the value of 831, they contain the secret meanings Pyramis and Phallos, which is the same idea in different forms; thus you have three ways of expressing the creative form, in its geometrical aspect, its human aspect, and its divine aspect. I am making a point of this, because the working out of this motto should give you a very clear idea of the sort of way in which Qabalah should be

used. I think it is rather useful to remember what the essence of the Qabalah is in principle; thus, in your correspondence for Malkuth, Yesod, and Hod you are simply writing down some of the ideas which pertain to the numbers 10, 9, and 8 respectively. Naturally, there is a great deal of redundancy and overloading as soon as you get to ideas important enough to be comprehensive; as is mentioned in the article on the Qabalah in "Equinox" Vol. I, No. 5, it is quite easy to prove $1 = 2 = 3 = 4$, etc.

Within the "universe of discourse" of the Qabalah, of course. But even in some forms of Higher Mathematics the proposition can be proven - again, within a determined "universe of discourse." Please keep in mind that although a universe of discourse may include several other universes of discourse, the reasoning in the included ones should be strictly limited to their own boundaries; this is another form of stating that the planes must not be mixed.

On the other hand, you must be careful to avoid taking the correspondences given in the books of reference without thinking out **why** they are so given. Thus, you find a camel in the number which refers to the Moon, but the Tarot card "the Moon" refers not to the letter \daleth which means camel, but to the letter \beth , and the sign \aleph which means fish, while the letter itself refers to the back of the head; and you also find fish has the meaning of the letter \daleth . You must not go on from this, and say that the back of your head is like a camel—the connection between them is simply that they all refer to the same thing.

In studying the Qabalah you mention six months; I think after that time you should be able to realize that, after six incarnations of uninterrupted study, you may realize that you can never know it; as Confucius said about the Yi King. "If a few more years were added to my life, I would devote a hundred of them to the study of the Yi."

If, however, you work at the Qabalah in the same way as I did myself, in season and out of season, you ought to get a very fair grasp of it in six months. I will now tell you what this method is: as I walked about, I made a point of attributing everything I saw to its appropriate idea. I would walk out of the door of my house and reflect that door is \daleth , and house \beth ; now the word "dob" ...

Daleth + Beth

... is Hebrew for bear, and has the number 6, which refers to the Sun. Then you come to the fence of your property and that is \daleth —number 8, number of Tarot Trump VII, which is the Chariot: so you begin to look about for your car. Then you come to the street and the first house you see is number 86, and that is Elohim, and it is built of red brick which reminds you of \daleth and the Blasted Tower, and so on. As soon as this sort of work, which can be done in a quite lighthearted spirit, becomes habitual, you will find your mind running naturally in this direction, and will be surprised at

your progress. Never let your mind wander from the fact that your Qabalah is not my Qabalah; a good many of the things which I have noted may be useful to you, but you must construct your own system so that it is a living weapon in your hand.

I think I am fair if I say that the first step on the Qabalah which may be called success, is when you make an actual discovery which throws light on some problem which has been troubling you. A quarter of a century ago I was in New Orleans, and was very puzzled about my immediate course of action; in fact I may say I was very much distressed. There seemed literally nothing that I could do, so I bethought myself that I had better invoke Mercury. As soon as I got into the appropriate frame of mind, it naturally occurred to me, with a sort of joy, "But **I am** Mercury." I put it into Latin—Mercurius sum, and suddenly something struck me, a sort of nameless reaction which said: "That's not quite right." Like a flash it came to me to put it into Greek, which gave me "Ερμης Εμυ" and adding that up rapidly, I got the number 418, with all the marvellous correspondences which had been so abundantly useful to me in the past (See Equ. of the Gods, p. 138). My troubles disappeared like a flash of lightning.

Now to answer your questions seriatum; it is quite all right to put questions to me about The Book of the Law; a very extended commentary has been written, but it is not yet published. I shall probably be able to answer any of your questions from the manuscript, but you cannot go on after that when it would become a discussion; as they say in the law-courts, "You must take the witness's answer."

II. The Qabalah, both Greek and Hebrew, also very likely Arabic, was used by the author of The Book of the Law. I have explained above the proper use of the Qabalah. I cannot tell you how the early Rosicrucians used it, but I think one may assume that their methods were not dissimilar to our own. Incidentally, it is not very safe to talk about Rosicrucians, because their name has become a signal for letting loose the most devastating floods of nonsense. What is really known about the original Rosicrucians is practically confined to the three documents which they issued. The eighteenth century Rosicrucians may, or may not, have been legitimate successors of the original brotherhood—I don't know. But from them the O.T.O. derived its authority; The late O.H.O. Theodor Reuss possessed a certain number of documents which demonstrated the validity of his claim according to him; but I only saw two or three of them, and they were not of very great importance. Unfortunately he died shortly after the last War, and he had got out of touch with some of the other Grand Masters. The documents did not come to me as they should have done ...

*This remark should be clarified: before dying, Reuss appointed Crowley his Successor as O.H.O.; and the O.H.O. is curator of all the property of the Order. The O.H.O. is not "elected," as Grady McMurtry slyly tried to make believe in one of his "epistles" to his faithful: he is **always** appointed by*

his or her predecessor. Only in the case the O.H.O. should die without appointing a successor are the National Grand Masters General to hold an election to appoint one. Crowley appointed Karl Johannes Germer his Successor as O.H.O. unequivocally, in letters to many pupils, Mr. McMurtry included; and Mr. Germer, also unequivocally, appointed me as his Successor on his deathbed, as reported by his wife. The only reason why I have not assumed the title is that I have never wanted it; my interest has always been the A.:A.:, not in the O.T.O., and I should like very much to do what many of my Brethren and Sisters have done before me, and Parsifal Krumm-Heller was fortunate enough to be able to do two decades ago, to wit: to vanish from public view and lead my own magickal and spiritual life. But I am obligated by my Oath, and will stick around until I can find a replacement. I am beginning to think that I will die before this happens, considering the astounding rate at which all my pupils fail to qualify for any sort of responsible position. Character, alas, has never been an abundant commodity, and in these days of "democracy" versus the "godless" it seems to become rarer every day. I have met people of character in the course of my adventures, but none stupid enough to want to take my place. Fools, of course, are always rushing in, the pests.

...; they were seized by his wife who had an idea that she could sell them for a fantastic price; and we did not feel inclined to meet her views. I don't think the matter is of very great importance, the work being done by members of the Order all over the place is to me quite sufficient.

One can see that Theodor Reuss, albeit O.H.O., was not competent enough to choose a proper mate for a man of his responsibilities; but the German O.T.O., with very few exceptions, notably Karl Johannes Germer, were mostly ego-inflated masons with no dedication or higher capacity of any sort; about on the level of the Grady McMurtrys, Israel Regardies and the average Grand Blah-Blah in the average "masonic lodge" in the U.S.A. and everywhere else in the "free world."

III. The Ruach contains both the moral and intellectual worlds, which is really all that we mean by the conscious mind; perhaps it even includes certain portions of the subconscious.

The average reader may ask here, "But don't you know for sure?" Of course he did not know for sure: Crowley invented parapsychology single-handedly; he was the first Master to openly apply the Method of Science to the Aim of Religion. Only future generations of researchers will be able to establish quantitative analysis of the Ruach, as of other parts of the human being not as yet identified in the physical body. Brain research will help, but unless the researchers have mystical or magickal training they will miss much of the utmost importance.

IV. In initiation from the grade of Neophyte to that of Zelator, one passes by this way. The main work is to obtain admission to, and control of, the

astral plane.

He is referring to the Path of n , but in a sense totally beyond the average pupil's capacity or experience.

Your expressions about "purifying the feelings" and so on are rather vague to enter into a scientific system like ours. The result which you doubtless refer to is attained automatically in the course of your experiments. You very soon discover the sort of state of mind which is favourable or unfavourable to the work, and you also discover what is helpful and harmful to these states in your way of life. For instance, the practice like the non-receiving of gifts is all right for a Hindu whose mind is branded for ten thousand incarnations by the shock of accepting a cigarette or a cup of tea. Incidentally, most of the Eastern cults fall down when they come West, simply because they make no allowance for our different temperaments. Also they set tasks which are completely unsuitable to Europeans—an immense amount of disappointment has been caused by failure to recognize these facts.

*One of the many reasons why the "gurujis" and "maharishis" are so "successful" is that they are not even genuine followers of their own oriental systems. Their cynicism is very similar to that of the Romish Popes, who have always been fully aware that "Jesus" is nothing but a useful fiction. Useful to **them!***

Your sub-questions a, b, and c are really answered by the above. All the terms you use are very indefinite. I hope it will not take too long to get you out of the way of thinking in these terms. For instance, the word "initiation" includes the whole process, and how to distinguish between it and enlightenment I cannot tell you. "Probation," moreover, if it means "proving," continues throughout the entire process. Nothing is worse for the student than to indulge in these wild speculations about ambiguous terms.

V. You can, if you like, try to work out a progress of Osiris through Amennti on the Tree of Life, but I doubt whether you will get any satisfactory result.

Because at her stage of "advancement" she not only would fail to recognize landmarks, she did not even realize exactly what the Osiris is, or Amennti is, or the Tree of Life itself is...

It seems to me that you should confine yourself very closely to the actual work in front of you. At the present moment, of course, this includes a good deal of general study; but my point is that the terms employed in that study should always be capable of precise definition. I am not sure whether you have my "Little Essays Toward Truth" ...

*This slim volume of essays is essential to anyone who would study the O.T.O. as reformulated by Crowley to follow the philosophy of $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$. A new edition shall be duly issued as part of this **Oriflamme** volume.*

... The first essay in the book entitled "Man" gives a full account of the five principles which go to make up Man according to the Qabalistic system. I have tried to define these terms as accurately as possible, and I think you will find them, in any case, clearer than those to which you have become accustomed with the Eastern systems. ...

He is here talking about the translations of those terms, especially the grandiloquent idiocy of the Leadbeaters and the Besants.

... In India, by the way, no attempt is ever made to use these vague terms. They always have a very clear idea of what is meant by words like "Buddhi," "Manas" and the like. Attempts at translation are very unsatisfactory. I find that even with such a simple matter as the "Eight limbs of Yoga," as you will see when you come to read my "Eight Lectures".

*This book, also, will soon be reprinted by us with annotations. It complements **Book Four Part One** fully.*

I am very pleased with your illustrations; that is excellent practice for you. Presently you have to make talismans, and a Lamen for yourself, and even to devise a seal to serve as what you might call a magical coat-of-arms, and all this sort of thing is very helpful.

It occurs to me that so far we have done nothing about the astral plane and this path of Tau of which you speak. Have you had any experience of travelling in the astral? If not, do you think that you can begin by yourself on the lines laid down in Liber O, sections 5 and 6? (See Magick, pp. 387-9). If not you had better let me take you through the first gates. The question of noise instantly arises; I think we should have to do it not earlier than nine o'clock at night, and I don't know whether you can manage this.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER NO. G

September 4, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"shall be" (instead of "Do what thou wilt is ...") not "is." See Liber AL, I, 36, 54, and II, 54. Not "Master Perdurabo": see **BOOK FOUR PART III** p. XXIX. "Care Frater" is enough.

All this is normal, tiresomely normal instruction. I must have given it myself one thousand times at least - I don't think it would so often bore me shitless otherwise. "shall Be," not "is," is used in **Liber AL**, for multiple motives, the foremost of which are: it makes the statement of the Law a "Becoming," not a "Being" proposition, a dynamic - Theurgic - not dogmatic proposition; and it warns you to be wary lest you become as self-satisfied as the "Popes" or Jerry Falwell, Or Phyllis Schlafly, or Menachem Begin, or Ronald Reagan. We want Theurgy, not Dogma, and if you can't understand "why" we so arbitrarily restrict your choice of theology you should go apply for membership in the F.B.I., or the C.I.A., or Shin Beth, or the K.G.B., or the "College of Cardinals," or anywhere else you may wish to, except the O.T.O., or the A.:A.:, or any other Thelemic Order. "Care Frater," not "Master Perdurabo" for several motives. One, because Perdurabo was not even an adept: this was Crowley's Motto in the Outer Order, the G.D.; another, because even if Perdurabo was a Master, only an Exempt Adept would be able to address him as such, and this address would be done an altogether different level of discourse... To make it short, and before you accuse me of nit-picking, please try to keep in mind that our rules were not laid out in the manner of the average crapulous creed or government bureaucracy: they were deeply thought out and established for very serious purposes which, if you follow our rules to the letter and thereby come to perceive their intent, might even seem agreeable to you. What is extremely annoying is to have people come to us pretending that they want to join us but showing total disregard for our rules and regulations, to say nothing of our aims. It makes for waste of time and energy all around. You may have time and energy to waste, but we don't. "Care Frater" is Latin for "Dear Brother," and if the instructor be female the address is "Cara Soror," which means "Dear Sister." Now, try to be honest in this address, and don't do like Grady McMurry, who can open a letter with "Most Illustrious, Excellent, etc., etc., Brother" and proceed to show that he intends to treat you in a very unbrotherly manner. Again, this kind of thing is good for the Popes, American Presidents and Politsburo members, but it is not for us. We number fools, Fools, grouches and babes among us; but we number neither flatterers nor hypocrites.

777 is practically unpurchaseable: copies fetch £10 or so...

Much more now for the original edition. **777 Revised**, which included material not in the original edition, has been pirated by Samuel Weiser, Inc. - naturally, with an "introduction" by Mr. Israel Regardie, who condescendingly praises a book from which he extracted the little of the Qabalah he knows. The O.T.O. plans a new edition, to be called **777 Revised Two**, including new important tables of correspondences produced by A.:A.: researchers in the last thirty years. It is to be hoped that it will not be pirated by Donald Weiser, or introduced by Mr.

Regardie.

... Nearly all important correspondences are in Book 4 Part III Table I...

Important for the beginner, that is.

... The other 2 books are being sent at once. "Working out games with numbers." I am sorry you should see no more than this. When you are better equipped, you will see that the Qabalah is the best (and almost the only) means by which an intelligence can identify itself. And Gematria methods serve to discover spiritual truths. Numbers are the network of the structure of the Universe, and their relations the form of expression of our Understanding of it...

A note by Mr. Germer reads: "He gives the numerical value of the letters of the Greek alphabet - not copied here."

... In Greek and Hebrew there is no other way of writing numbers; our 1, 2, 3 etc. comes from the Phoenicians through the Arabs. You need no more of Greek and Hebrew than these values, some sacred words—knowledge grows by use—and books of reference.

One cannot set a pupil definite tasks beyond the groundwork I am giving you, and we should find this correspondence taking clear shape of its own accord. You have really more than you can do already. And I can only tell you what the right tasks—out of hundreds—are by your own reactions to your own study and practice.

"Osiris in Amennti"—see the Book of the Dead. I meant you might try to trace a parallelism between his journeyings and the Path of Initiation.

Astral travel—development of the Astral Body is essential to research; and, above all, to the attainment of "the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel."

You ought to demonstrate your performance of the Pentagram Ritual to me; you are probably making any number of mistakes. I will, of course, take you carefully through the O.T.O. rituals to III^o as soon as you are fairly familiar with them. The **plan** of the grades is this:—

o^o Attraction to the Solar System

I^o Birth

II^o Life

III^o
o Death

IV^o "Exaltation"

P.I. "Annihilation"

V Progressive comment on II^o with
o— very special reference to the
IX^o central secret of practical
Magick.

We know that the prurience of thieves like Regardie, Grant, Symonds and Francis King has led everybody to believe that sex is the central secret of practical Magick, but the subject is a little more extensive than that. After all, if the "central secret" were sex, Messrs. Regardie, McMurtry and Grant, and Mesdames Parsons-Smith and Wade-Seckler-McMurtry must have been practicing it for years. And since they achieved no more by it than the distinctions of being liars, thieves, hypocrites or all three at once, there must be something missing in this "central secret." Perhaps they should go and consult Masters & Johnson to find out what they are doing that isn't quite right!

There is thus no connection with the A.:A.: system and the Tree of Life. Of course, there are certain analogies.

Your suggested method of study: you have got my idea quite well. But nobody can "take you through" the Grades of A.:A.:. The Grades **confirm** your attainments as you make them; then, the new tasks appear. See "One Star in Sight".

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER NO. H

November 10–11. 11 pm–2 am

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Yours of yestere'en came to gladden me just when the whole evening lay blank before me: the one job such a big job that I simply can't get down to it until I get help: How annoying! Still, yours the gain!

1. That verse (AL I 44) condenses the whole magical technique. It makes clear — when you have understood it—the secret of success in the Great Work. Of course at first it appears a paradox. You must have an aim, and one aim only: yet on no account must you want to achieve it!!!

Those chapters of The Book of Lies quoted in my last letter ...

A note by Mr. Germer reads: "A letter dated Oct. 12, '43 e.v., constituted No. 48 in

Magick Without Tears, and the following chapters from the Book of Lies: - Peaches, Pilgrim-Talk, Buttons and Rosettes, The Gun-Barrel and the Mountaineer." In his "edition" of this book, Regardie cut out any reference to the chapters quoted. Yet, they are essential to an understanding of what

Crowley means in both this letter and Letter no. 48, q.v.

... do throw some light onto this Abyss of self-contradiction; and there is meaning much deeper than the contrast between the Will with a capital W, and desire, want, or velleity ...

The dictionary definition of velleity is "A mere wish, unaccompanied by the effort of action necessary to accomplish it."

... The main point seems to be that in aspiring to Power one is limited by the True Will. If you use force, violating your own nature either from lack of understanding or from petulant whim, one is merely wasting energy; things go back to normal as soon as the stress is removed. This is one small case of the big Equation "Free Will = Necessity" (Fate, Destiny, or Karma: it's all much the same idea). One is most rigidly bound by the causal chain that has dragged one to where one is; but it is one's own self that has forged the links.

The point is that unless the individual develops knowledge of that part of the self which forges the links, he or she may either be totally impotent in life or deviate completely from the path of his or her own soul. This is an ad for parapsycho-analysis, that is to say, initiation.

Please refrain from the obvious retort: "Then, in the long run, you can't possibly go wrong: so it doesn't matter what you do." Perfectly true, of course! (There is no single grain of dust that shall not attain to Buddhahood:" with some such words did the debauched old reprobate seek to console himself when Time began to take its revenge.) ...

He is referring to Gautama Buddha, who must already have been in the throes of indigestion when he uttered this "consoling" phrase. If he ever did utter it.

... But the answer is simple enough: you happen to be the kind of being that thinks it does matter what course you steer; or, still more haughtily, you enjoy the pleasure of sailing.

No, there is this factor in all success: self-confidence. If we analyze this, we find that it means that one is aware that all one's mental and physical faculties are working harmoniously. The deadliest and subtlest enemy of that feeling is anxiety about the result; the finest gauze of doubt is enough to dim one's vision, to throw the entire field out of focus. Hence, even to be aware that there is a result in prospect must militate against that serenity of spirit which is the essence of self-confidence. As you will know, all our automatic physiological functions are deranged if one is aware of This then, is the difficulty, to enjoy consciously while not disturbing the process involved. The obvious physical case is the sexual act: perhaps its chief importance is just that it is a type of this exceptional spiritual-mental condition. I hope, however, that you will remember what I have said on the subject in paragraphs 15–17 of my Third Lecture on "Yoga for Yellowbellies" ...

*A reference to the second part of **Equinox III Number Four**, Eight Lectures on Yoga. The first part is called "Yoga for Yahoos," a reference to Swift's satire "Gulliver's Travels."*

...; there is a way of obtaining ecstasy from the most insignificant physiological function...

Please understand that the word 'ecstasy' is not necessarily connected with physical sexual activity.

... Observe that in transferring the whole consciousness to (say) one's little finger or big toe is not trying to interfere with the normal exercise of its activities, but only to realize what is going on in the organism, the exquisite pleasure of a function in its normal activity...

*If the essence of organized matter's smallest movements were not pleasure, life would not exist in the Universe as we know it. In a very real sense this is what is meant by the apparently high-sounding phrase, "The essence of Existence is joy;" or, as it is even better put by the author of **The Book of the Law**, "Remember all ye that existence is pure joy."*

... With a little imagination one can conceive the analogical case of the Universe itself; and, still less fettered by even the mildest limitation which material symbols necessarily (however little) suggest, "Remember all ye that existence is pure joy." (AL II 9)

It is important to understand that this is a scientifically ascertainable fact, not an empty theological promise. Even cancerous cells have joy in organizing themselves; the fact that the body undergoing the process does not as a whole enjoy it is just a part of the Universal Joke. But unless complicated by external factors, cancer is a psychosomatic disease. Cancer in the body usually reflects a conflict in the soul, which is perhaps the reason why cancer is quickly becoming the most common disease of our times.

Is it too bold to suggest that the gradual merging of all these Ways into an interwoven unity may be taken as one mode of presentation of the Accomplishment of the Great Work itself?

At least, I feel fairly satisfied the meditation of them severally and jointly may help you to an answer to your first question.

2. Most people in my experience either cook up a hell-broth of self-induced obstacles to success in Astral traveling, or else shoot forth on the wings of romantic imagination and fool themselves for the rest of their lives in the manner of the Village Idiot. Yours, luckily, is the former trouble.

But—is it plain obstinacy?—you do not exercise the sublime Art of Guru-bullying. You should have made one frenzied leap to my dying bed, thrust aside the cohorts of Mourning Archimandrites, and wrung my nose until I made you do it.

*This is a reference to an eastern apologue about a dying master with the "Secret" yet untold. You can find the secret clearly revealed in the poem called "The Disciples" in **Eq. I, 10** and "The Secret" in **Olla**. However, the Art of Guru-bullying is indeed a noble art. I wish I had practiced it more often.*

And you repeatedly insist that it is difficult. It isn't. Is there, however, some deep-seated inhibition—a (Freudian) fear of success? Is there some connection with that sense of guilt which is born in all but the very few?

The innate sense of guilt is a result of extended pruning of the population of Europe during the religious persecutions and relentless genocide practiced by the Christists. A child born unashamed and happy was immediately suspected and "humbled," and watched carefully to see how it would grow. If you look around you, or think back to your own childhood, you will see that this method of child-rearing is still widely practiced. I know it was practiced with me.

But you don't give it a fair chance. There is, I admit, some trick, or knack, about getting properly across; a faculty which one acquires (as a rule) quite suddenly and unexpectedly. Rather like mastering some shots at billiards. Practice has taught me how to communicate this to students; only in rare cases does one fail. (It's incredible: one man simply could not be persuaded that intense physical exertion was the wrong way to to it. There he sat, with the veins on his forehead almost on the point of bursting, and the arms of my favourite chair visibly trembling beneath his powerful grip!) In your case, I notice that you have got this practice mixed up with Dharana: you write of "Emptying my mind of everything except the one idea, etc." Then you go on: "The invoking of a supersensible Being is impossible to me as yet." The impudence! The arrogance! How do you know, pray madam? (Dial numbers at random: the results are often surprisingly delightful!) Besides, I didn't ask you to invoke a supersensible (what a word! Meaning?) Being right away, or at any time: that supersensible is getting on my nerves: do you mean "not in normal circumstances to be apprehended by the senses?" I suppose so.

In a word: do fix a convenient season for going on the Astral Plane under my eye: half an hour (with a bit of luck) on not more than four evenings would put you in a very different frame of mind. You will soon "feel your feet" and then "get your sea-legs" and then, much sooner than you think

"Afloat in the aethyr, O my God! my God!" "White swan, bear thou ever me up between thy wings!"

3. Now then to your old Pons Asinorum about the names of the Gods!...

"Pons Asinorum" is Latin for "asses' bridge." The reference is actually to the first theorem of Euclid: it was believed that if a student were able to understand its demonstration he or she would be able to follow the demonstrations of geometry and mathematics without too great difficulty.

This was perhaps optimistic on the part of teachers. The expression came to mean "something not particularly difficult except for absolute beginners." It is in this sense that Crowley uses it here.

... Stand in the corner for half an hour with your face to the wall! Stay in after school and write Malka be-Tharshishim v-Ruachoth b-Schehalim 999 times!

My dear, dear, dear sister, a name is a **formula of power**. How can you talk of "anachronism" when the Being is eternal? For the type of energy is eternal.

Every name is a number: and "Every number is infinite; there is no difference." (AL I 4). But one Name, or system of Names, may be more convenient either (a) to you personally or (b) to the work you are at. For example, I have very little sympathy with Jewish Theology or ritual; but the Qabalah is so handy and congenial that I use it more than almost any—or all the others together—for daily use and work. The Egyptian Theogony is the noblest, the most truly magical, the most bound to me (or rather I to it) by some inmost instinct ...

Because the Egyptian Theogony was democratic, rather than autocratic as the Jewish Theology is. In the Jewish pantheon there is only one God — Jehovah. (That Jehovah happens to be merely Amon-Ra "without-teared" by Moses down to the mentality of the slaves he was experimenting on is too long a story for this note; it would take a whole book, and would have to involve the politics of the Egyptian priesthood into the bargain.) In the Egyptian Theogony, the Gods — include Goddesses — succeed each other as leaders. This is what is called the Succession of the Aeons. The "Throne of Ra" is successively occupied by different deities, and the Throne of Ra is called the "Throne of the Unknown God" precisely to leave open the options. This means freedom, variety and opportunity. The tyranny of Jehovah, of course, is comfortable for those who do not wish to think for themselves or branch out into unknown, therefore terrible, territory; but just as not every Jew is a bourgeois or an admirer of Menachem Begin, not every human being yearns for safety in life above all things.

... and by the memory of my incarnation as Ankh-f-n-Khonsu, that I use it (with its Græco-Phoenician child) for all work of supreme import. Why stamp my vitals, madam! The Abramelin Operation itself turned into this form before I could so much as set to work on it! Like the Duchess' baby (excuse this enthusiasm; but you have aroused the British Lion-Serpent.)

*"Stamp my vitals" is an old English oath, and is probably related, as most such oaths, to archetypical myths. Cf. "the Woman who bruises the Head of the Serpent." "The Duchess's baby" is a character in Lewis Carroll's **Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**; but here is a Crowley pun and a joke on the morals - and sexual technique - and the ideas of education - of the aristocracy.*

Note, please, that the equivalents given in 777 are not always exact. Tahuti is not quite Thoth, still less Hermes; Mercury is a very much more comprehensive idea, but not nearly so exalted: Hanuman hardly at all. Nor is Tetragrammaton IAO, though even etymology asserts the identity.

This is related to the fact that different cultural groups evolve different interpretations of the "Archetypes;" quite often, through the dynamism provided to the group-mind by the life and passion of some particular individual, of either - or any - sex. The "Archetypes," of course, are not "eternal verities" except for the human species; at least, not until we have enough wisdom and humility to check, for instance, the opinion of the cetaceans. But since the cetaceans and we stem from the same source, and indeed are very closely related, we may have to wait for the opinion of aliens from outer space - meaning beyond our solar system - before formulating a system of truly cosmic significance. Meanwhile, our pantheons work well enough - for us. As long as we do not mix up our universes of discourse, that is.

In these matters you must be catholic, eclectic, even syncretic ...

Now, come on! Go to your dictionary. It will do you good to learn the meaning of a few words on your own. And perhaps you will be able to ponder how the Roman "Catholic" Church has entirely lost the definition of the word "catholic," to say nothing of the words "syncretic" and "eclectic." Or of the word "Church."

And you must consider the nature of your work. If I wanted to evoke Taphthartharath, there would be little help indeed from any but the Qabalistic system; for that spirit's precise forms and numbers are not to be found in any other.

The converse, however, is not so true. The Qabalah, properly understood, properly treated, is so universal that one can vamp up a ritual to suit almost "any name and form." ...

This will become even more so with our publication of our researches on the Shih Yi Jien.

... But in such a case one may expect to have to reinforce it by a certain amount of historical, literary, or philosophic study—and research.

4. Quite right, dear lady, about your incarnation memories acting as a "Guide to the Way Back." Of course, if you "missed an Egyptian Incarnation," you would not be so likely to be a little Martha, worried "about much serving." Don't get surfeited with knowledge, above all things; it is so very fascinating, so dreadfully easy; and the danger of becoming a pedant—"Deuce take all your pedants! say I." Don't "dry-rot at ease 'till the Judgment Day."

Both quotations are from Shakespeare. Pedants become pedants because they are totally self-satisfied. This does not mean that a pedant

may not know a lot. You may learn from a pedant - but you will stop learning from the pedant as soon as you reach his or her limits. Furthermore, you will be wise to conceal the fact that you have reached that particular mind's limits from that mind; for pedants are vindictive. They are perfectly aware of the fact that they don't know all, but they are afraid to learn more, and they do not welcome being reminded of their cowardice. Pedants put Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich in the asylum, Crowley in infamy, and Regardie in the "Literary Who's Who." They always know their own.

No, I will NOT recommend a book. It should not hurt you too much to browse on condensed hay (or thistles) ...

He is calling her an ass, with good reason; but it is the ass of the fable.

... such as articles in Encyclopedias. Take Roget's Thesaurus or Smith's Smaller Classical Dictionary (and the like) to read yourself to sleep on. But don't stultify yourself by taking up such study too seriously. You only make yourself ridiculous by trying to do at 50 what you ought to have done at 15. As you didn't—tant pis! ...

French: the equivalent of "Too bad."

... You can't possibly get the **spirit**; if you could, it would mean merely mental indigestion. We have all read how Cato started to learn Greek at 90: **but the story stops there**. We have never been told what good it did to himself or anyone else.

This is not necessarily true in all cases, especially nowadays when we know much more about nutrition and the brain; but it was certainly true of that particular lady at that particular time; and of poor Cato in his time.

5. God-forms. See Book Four Part III. Quite clear: quite adequate: no use at all without continual practice. No one can join with you - off you go again! ...

Meaning, wanting him to hold her hand while she works.

... No, no, a thousand times no: this is the practice par excellence where you have to do it all yourself. ...

"Par excellence" = especially. Crowley's continuous insertion of French expressions in his speech to this lady is not particularly "learned" and certainly not pedantic. England is just across the Channel from France, the two countries have been friendly enemies for centuries, and it is but two or three hours nowadays by sea and ten minutes by air from one to the other. Expressions in each other's language are quite familiar on both sides. In 1943 e.v. this was especially so, since the Free French were quartered in England under De Gaulle.

... The Vibration of God-names: that perhaps, I can at least test you in. But don't you dare come up for a test until you've been at it—and **hard**—for

at least 100 exercises.

The next three paragraphs are missing in Mr. Regardie's "edition" of this book, perhaps because they state unequivocally that the work of the pupil is more important than the learning of the teacher. Either he remembered his own laziness or was trying to shield his self-importance.

I think this is your trouble about being "left in the air." When I "present many new things" to you, the sting is in the tail—the practice that vitalizes it. Doctrinal stuff is fine "Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily, in the noo-on-dye shaun!" ...

Allusion to one of "Uncle Remus's" tales and imitating Southern American Negro dialect.

... An ounce of your practice is worth a ton of my teaching. GET THAT. It's all your hatred of hard work:

"Go to the ant thou sluggard!
Consider her ways and be—."

I am sure that Solomon was too good a poet, and too experienced a Guru, to tail off with the anticlimax "wise."

In the original letter, Crowley finished off the quotation with the word "buggered." In the prurient, witch-hunting American Fifties Mr. Germer thought it prudent not to include the word. Regardie did away with the quotation altogether.

6. Minerval. What is the matter? All you have to do is understand it: just a dramatization of the process of incarnation. Better run through it with me: I'll make it clear, and you can make notes of your troubles and their solution for the use of future members.

7. The Book of Thoth Surely all terms not in a good dictionary are explained in the text. I don't see what I can do about it, in any case; the same criticism would apply to (say) Bertrand Russell's Introduction to Mathematical Physics, wouldn't it?

Next he quotes from the very book:

Is x an R-ancestor of y if y has every R-hereditary that x has, provided x is a term which has the relation R to something or to which something has the relation R? (Enthusiastic cries of "Yes, it is!") He says "A number is anything which has the number of some class." Feel better now?

His innate kindness then asserts itself.

Still, it would be kind of you to go through a page or so with me, and tell me where the shoe pinches. Of course I have realized the difficulty long ago; but I don't know the solution—or if there is a solution. I **did** think of calling *Magick* "Magick Without Tears"; and I **did** try having my work cross-examined as I went on by minds of very inferior education or capacity. In fact, Parts I and II of *Book 4* were thus tested.

But not, obviously, Part III. Part IV is much more accessible to the average American Ph.D. in these days of "progressive education." The next paragraph was omitted in Mr. Regardie's "edition".

What about applying the Dedekindian cut to this letter? I am sure you would not wish it to develop into a Goclenian Sorites, especially as I fear that I may already have deviated from the $\delta\iota\alpha\ \pi\alpha\nu\tau\omicron\varsigma$ Hapaxlegomenon.

*The references are to the Greek text of Aristotle's Logic, and Mr. Germer added a note that the Greek words were written in Greek in the original. It must all have been Greek to her. One wonders if she realized he was pulling her lower extremity or extremities, and if she took advantage of the monumental offer of going through some pages of **The Book of Thoth** with him. Apparently she bought a copy. Only two hundred were printed, and they now sell - when they sell - for over a thousand dollars each.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER NO. I

January 27, 1944 e.v.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

It is very good hearing that these letters do good, but rather sad to reflect that it is going to make you so unpopular. Your friends will notice at once that glib vacuities fail to impress, and hate you, and tell lies about you. It's worth it.

As Mark Twain would say, "He had had some."

Yes, your brain is quite all right; what is wanted is to acquire the habit of pinning things down instantly. (He says 're-incarnation'—now what **exactly** does he mean by that? He says "it is natural to suppose . . .": what is "natural", and what is implied by supposition?) Practice this style of criticism; write down what happens. Within a week or two you will be astounded to discover that you have got what is apparently little less than a new brain! You must make this a habit, not letting anything get by the sentries.

Indeed, I want you to go even further; make sure of what is meant by even the simplest words. Trace the history of the word with the help of Skeat's Etymological Dictionary. E.g. "pretty" means tricky, deceitful; on

the other hand, "hussy" is only "housewife." It's amusing, too, this "tabby" refers to Prince Attab, the grandson of Ommeya—the silk quarter of Baghdad where utabi, a rich watered silk was sold. This will soon give you the power of discerning instantly when words are being used to hide meaning or lack of it.

This paragraph and the postscript were cut out by Mr. Regardie, presumably because he did not want to give offense to some of his friends:

About A.'A.', etc.: your resolution is noble, but there is a letter ready for you which deals with what is really a legitimate enquiry; necessary, too, with so many hordes of "Hidden Masters" and "Mahatmas" and so on scurrying all over the floor in the hope of distracting attention from the inanities of their trusted henchmen.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. I must write at length about the Higher Self or "God within us," too easy to get muddled about it, and the subject requires careful preparation.

Actually, he had to write several. See Letters 28, 36, 42, and 43.

LETTER ONE: WHAT IS MAGICK?

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

What is Magick? Why should anyone study and practice it? Very natural; the obvious preliminary questions of any subject soever. We must certainly get all this crystal clear; fear not that I shall fail to set forth the whole business as concisely as possible yet as fully, as cogently yet as lucidly, as may prove within my power to do.

At least I need not waste any time on telling you what Magick is not; or to go into the story of how the word came to be misapplied to conjuring tricks, and to sham miracles such as are to this day foisted by charlatan swindlers, either within or without the Roman Communion, upon a gaping crew of pious imbeciles.

First let me go all Euclidean, and rub your nose in the Definition, Postulate and Theorems given in my comprehensive (but, alas! too advanced and too technical) Treatise on the subject

*Here he refers to **Book Four Part III.***

Here we are!

I. DEFINITION:

MAGICK

is the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will.

(Illustration: It is my Will to inform the World of certain facts within my knowledge. I therefore take "magical weapons," pen, ink, and paper; I write "incantations"—these sentences—in the "magical language" i.e. that which is understood by people I wish to instruct. I call forth "spirits" such as printers, publishers, booksellers, and so forth, and constrain them to convey my message to those people. The composition and distribution is thus an act of

MAGICK -

by which I cause Changes to take place in conformity with my Will. In one sense, Magick may be defined as the name given to Science by the vulgar.)

The difference is mainly one of purpose, not of matter. Science is the observation and study of Nature. Applied Science is, on one level, technology; on several other levels, Magick.

II. POSTULATE:

ANY required Change may be effected by application of the proper kind and degree of Force in the proper manner through the proper medium to the proper object.

(Illustration: I wish to prepare an ounce of Chloride of Gold. I must take the right kind of acid, nitro-hydrochloric and no other, in sufficient quantity and of adequate strength, and place it, in a vessel which will not break, leak or corrode, in such a manner as will not produce undesirable results, with the necessary quantity of Gold, and so forth. Every Change has its own conditions.

In the present state of our knowledge and power some changes are not possible in practice; we cannot cause eclipses, for instance, or transform lead into tin, or create men from mushrooms. But it is theoretically possible to cause in any object any change of which that object is capable by nature; and the conditions are covered by the above postulate.)

III. THEOREMS:

1. Every intentional act is a Magical Act.

In the original edition a footnote to this was switched by mistake for the previous remark on Magick being the name given to Science by the vulgar. The footnote reads: "By intentional I mean 'willed'. But even unintentional acts so-seeming are not truly so. Thus, breathing is an act of the Will-to-Live." And developing a disease may be an act of the Will-to-Die.

Illustration: See "Definition" above.)

2. Every successful act has conformed to the postulate.

3. Every failure proves that one or more requirements of the postulate have not been fulfilled.

(Illustrations: There may be failure to understand the case; as when a doctor makes a wrong diagnosis, and his treatment injures his patient. There may be failure to apply the right kind of force, as when a rustic tries to blow out an electric light. There may be failure to apply the right degree of force, as when a wrestler has his hold broken. There may be failure to apply the force in the right manner, as when one presents a cheque at the wrong window of the Bank. There may be failure to employ the correct medium, as when Leonardo da Vinci found his masterpiece fade away. The force may be applied to an unsuitable object, as when one tries to crack a stone, thinking it a nut.)

4. The first requisite for causing any change is thorough qualitative and quantitative understanding of the condition.

(Illustration: The most common cause of failure in life is ignorance of one's own True Will, or of the means by which to fulfill that Will. A man may fancy himself a painter, and waste his life trying to become one; or he may be really a painter, and yet fail to understand and to measure the difficulties peculiar to that career.)

5. The second requisite of causing any change is the practical ability to set in right motion the necessary forces.

(Illustration: A banker may have a perfect grasp of a given situation, yet lack the quality of decision, or the assets, necessary to take advantage of it.)

6. "Every man and every woman is a star." That is to say, every human being is intrinsically an independent individual with his own proper character and proper motion.

7. Every man and every woman has a course, depending partly on

the self, and partly on the environment which is natural and necessary for each. Anyone who is forced from his own course, either through not understanding himself, or through external opposition, comes into conflict with the order of the Universe, and suffers accordingly.

(Illustration: A man may think it his duty to act in a certain way, through having made a fancy picture of himself, instead of investigating his actual nature. For example, a woman may make herself miserable for life by thinking that she prefers love to social consideration, or vice versa. One woman may stay with an unsympathetic husband when she would really be happy in an attic with a lover, while another may fool herself into a romantic elopement when her only true pleasures are those of presiding at fashionable functions.

Again, a boy's instinct may tell him to go to sea, while his parents insist on his becoming a doctor. In such a case, he will be both unsuccessful and unhappy in medicine.

8. A man whose conscious will is at odds with his True Will is wasting his strength. He cannot hope to influence his environment efficiently.

(Illustration: When Civil War rages in a nation, it is in no condition to undertake the invasion of other countries. A man with cancer employs his nourishment alike to his own use and to that of the enemy which is part of himself. He soon fails to resist the pressure of his environment. In practical life, a man who is doing what his conscience tells him to be wrong will do it very clumsily. At first!)

Mr. Regardie, for instance, "improved" with practice.

9. A man who is doing his True Will has the inertia of the Universe to assist him.

(Illustration: The first principle of success in evolution is that the individual should be true to his own nature, and at the same time adapt himself to his environment.)

But if the environment is decidedly hostile to the individual's True Will, then it is necessary to change the environment or be restricted by it. This is the entire point of technology or of Magick.

10. Nature is a continuous phenomenon, though we do not know in all cases how things are connected.

(Illustration: Human consciousness depends on the properties of protoplasm, the existence of which depends on innumerable physical conditions peculiar to this planet; and this planet is

determined by the mechanical balance of the whole universe of matter. We may then say that our consciousness is causally connected with the remotest galaxies; yet we do not know even how it arises from—or with—the molecular changes in the brain.)

11. Science enables us to take advantage of the continuity of Nature by the empirical application of certain principles whose interplay involves different orders of idea, connected with each other in a way beyond our present comprehension.

(Illustration: We are able to light cities by rule-of-thumb methods. We do not know what consciousness is, or how it is connected with muscular action; what electricity is or how it is connected with the machines that generate it; and our methods depend on calculations involving mathematical ideas which have no correspondence in the Universe as we know it.

Here he added the footnote: "For instance, 'irrational,' 'unreal,' and 'infinite' expressions." These are all types of advanced mathematic operations without which the study of physics, specially nuclear physics, would be still at eighteenth century level.

12. Man is ignorant of the nature of his own being and powers. Even his idea of his limitations is based on experience of the past. and every step in his progress extends his empire. There is, therefore, no reason to assign theoretical limits to what he may be, or to what he may do.

Here he added another footnote: "i.e. except - possibly - in the case of logically absurd questions, such as the schoolmen discussed in connection with 'God'".

(Illustration: Two generations ago it was supposed theoretically impossible that man should ever know the chemical composition of the fixed stars. It is known that our senses are adapted to receive only an infinitesimal fraction of the possible rates of vibration. Modern instruments have enabled us to detect some of these suprasensibles by indirect methods, and even to use their peculiar qualities in the service of man, as in the case of the rays of Hertz and Roentgen ...

Respectively, radio waves and x-rays.

As Tyndall said, man might at any moment learn to perceive and utilize vibrations of all conceivable and inconceivable kinds. The question of Magick is a question of discovering and employing hitherto unknown forces in nature. We know that they exist, and we cannot doubt the possibility of mental or physical instruments capable of bringing us in relation with

them.)

13. Every man is more or less aware that his individuality comprises several orders of existence, even when he maintains that his subtler principles are merely symptomatic of the changes in his gross vehicle. A similar order may be assumed to extend throughout nature.

(Illustration: One does not confuse the pain of toothache with the decay which causes it. Inanimate objects are sensitive to certain physical forces, such as electrical and thermal conductivity; but neither in us nor in them—so far as we know—is there any direct conscious perception of these forces. Imperceptible influences are therefore associated with all material phenomena; and there is no reason why we should not work upon matter through those subtle energies as we do through their material bases. In fact, we use magnetic force to move iron, and solar radiation to reproduce images.)

14. Man is capable of being, and using, anything which he perceives; for everything that he perceives is in a certain sense a part of his being. He may thus subjugate the whole Universe of which he is conscious to his individual Will.

(Illustration: Man has used the idea of God to dictate his personal conduct, to obtain power over his fellows, to excuse his crimes, and for innumerable other purposes, including that of realizing himself as God. He has used the irrational and unreal conceptions of mathematics to help him in the construction of mechanical devices. He has used his moral force to influence the actions even of wild animals. He has employed poetic genius for political purposes.)

15. Every force in the Universe is capable of being transformed into any other kind of force by using suitable means. There is thus an inexhaustible supply of any particular kind of force that we may need.

(Illustration: Heat may be transformed into light and power by using it to drive dynamos. The vibrations of the air may be used to kill men by so ordering them in speech as to inflame war-like passions. The hallucinations connected with the mysterious energies of sex result in the perpetuation of the species.)

16. The application of any given force affects all the orders of being which exist in the object to which it is applied, whichever of those orders is directly affected.

(Illustration: If I strike a man with a dagger, his consciousness, not his body only, is affected by my act; although the dagger, as such, has no direct relation therewith. Similarly, the power of

my thought may so work on the mind of another person as to produce far-reaching physical changes in him *or her*, or in others through him *or her*.)

17. A man (*human being*) may learn to use any force so as to serve any purpose, by taking advantage of the above theorems.

Note by David Bersson: Note that Marcelo Motta replaces "man" with "human being" throughout this text to clarify the equality of sexes; that every man & women is a star. In the above comment I have included both — and yet now that the point is made We leave the rest as a testimony and lesson on how a expression can be so misleading. Yet, knowing this still does not alter the fact that this is not how Aleister Crowley wrote it — and therefore all future text will be the way Aleister Crowley wrote it. Other Masters in time will arise and comment, no doubt, and other schools of thought will give new insight. Yet, what Aleister Crowley wrote must not be confused with "another," "Sphinx," or any successor He might manifest to Initiation to as a Magical Child. In the Book of the Law it is written: Every man and every woman is a star. Yet, this is not a statement of equality, necessarily, yet it most certainly is on the plane of philosophy. Philosophy aside, there are stars and stars. Some brighter than others; and some not even from Our system. Yet, all we can immediately deduce that the star is man and women, or both as metaphor suddenly awakens a insight of Neshemah.. In my commentary called Gold Coins I give an even more unique insight on the subject of man & women being a star. That is, "a star". An insight never before given with any other Master in the past; and an insight that sheds light on the perception of "day of be with us", "of us", origin of species from the point of view of the galaxy and cosmos — and of giving hints of an entirely new perspective on the difference between those who are "of us" as a star & what is meant by a profane not being of us.

(Illustration: A man may use a razor to make himself vigilant over his speech, by using it to cut himself whenever he unguardedly utters a chosen word. He may serve the same purpose by resolving that every incident of his life shall remind him of a particular thing, Making every impression the starting point of a connected series of thoughts ending in that thing. He might also devote his whole energies to some particular object, by

resolving to do nothing at variance therewith, and to make every act turn to the advantage of that object.)

18. He may attract to himself any force of the Universe by making himself a fit receptacle for it, establishing a connection with it, and arranging conditions so that its nature compels it to flow toward him.

(Illustration: If I want pure water to drink, I dig a well in a place where there is underground water; I prevent it from leaking away; and I arrange to take advantage of water's accordance with the laws of Hydrostatics to fill it.)

19. Man's sense of himself as separate from, and opposed to, the Universe is a bar to his conducting its currents. It insulates him.

This is another and most important argument against any kind of religious dogma that considers anything in the Universe as intrinsically "evil" or "hostile" to the progress of the human being or the "welfare" of our souls. The progress of science in the West, for instance, was only possible after the decay of Christism. Attempts to reinstitute medieval religion, such as that of the "Moral Majority" nowadays in the U.S.A., are invariably accompanied by attempts to deny or weaken science or true humanism, which derives from science.

(Illustration: A popular leader is most successful when he forgets himself, and remembers only "The Cause." Self-seeking engenders jealousies and schism. When the organs of the body assert their presence otherwise than by silent satisfaction, it is a sign that they are diseased. The single exception is the organ of reproduction ...

Not so: All the organs of elimination, of which the organ of reproduction is just one particular case. If defecation and urination, for instance, were not pleasurable acts in any living organism, it would not survive for long the accumulation of catabolic products in itself.

... Yet even in this case self-assertion bears witness to its dissatisfaction with itself, since it cannot fulfill its function until completed by its counterpart in another organism.)

20. Man can only attract and employ the forces for which he is really fitted.

(Illustration: You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. A true man of science learns from every phenomenon. But Nature is dumb to the hypocrite; for in her there is nothing false.

Here he added the following footnote: "It is no objection that the hypocrite is himself part of Nature. He is an 'endothermic'

*product, divided against himself, with a tendency to break up. He will see his own qualities everywhere, and thus obtain a radical misconception of phenomena. Most religions of the past have failed by expecting Nature to conform with their ideals of proper conduct." But here Crowley was being idealistic rather than objective. If such religions had "failed," he would not have become so dissatisfied with his times and environment as to set himself up as the new Christ. The dangerous point is, that it is much easier to assert a limited Will, based on a limited perception of the Universe, than to assert an ampler will that takes as much of the Universe into account as the instrument of that Will may be conscious of. In practice, the scientist is always diffident; the fanatic is always loud and positive. Crowley's assertion above is tantamount to saying that the Will of a hypocrite cannot prevail upon Nature and his or her fellow beings. This is only correct in the long run — and sometimes in the very, very long run. Humankind, as a whole, cannot be enslaved by the false Will of a hypocrite; but human beings frequently are. Human life is brief. Christism is slowly dissolving at last its miasma of sickness and hatred, but it took over a thousand years for brave human beings, patiently working, to achieve this dissolution with the relentless help of Nature. Jerry Falwell is extremely wrong, and I am extremely right; but Jerry Falwell made fifty million dollars last year and I made nothing. So let us put it that the hypocrite is deaf to Nature but not, unfortunately, dumb to his or her fellows. On the contrary, the more hypocritical they are, the more articulate they become and the easier they are to understand, for what they have to say is always very simple. Unfortunately for the unthinking masses, it is not the simplicity of synthesis, such as we find in **Liber AL**, but the simplicity of Restriction, such as we find in the Ten Commandments, or in the Creed of Nicea, or in *The Communist Manifesto*.*

21. There is no limit to the extent of the relations of any man with the Universe in essence; for as soon as man makes himself one with any idea, the means of measurement cease to exist. But his power to utilize that force is limited by his mental power and capacity, and by the circumstances of his human environment.

(Illustration: When a man falls in love, the whole world becomes, to him, nothing but love boundless and immanent; but his mystical state is not contagious; his fellow—men are either amused or annoyed. He can only extend to others the effect which his love has had upon himself by means of his mental and physical qualities. Thus, Catullus, Dante, and Swinburne made

their love a mighty mover of mankind by virtue of their power to put their thoughts on the subject in musical and eloquent language. Again, Cleopatra and other people in authority moulded the fortunes of many other people by allowing love to influence their political actions. The Magician, however well he succeeds in making contact with the secret sources of energy in nature, can only use them to the extent permitted by his intellectual and moral qualities. Mohammed's intercourse with Gabriel was only effective because of his statesmanship, soldiership, and the sublimity of his command of Arabic. Hertz's discovery of the rays which we now use for wireless telegraphy was sterile until reflected through the minds and wills of the people who could take his truth, and transmit it to the world of action by means of mechanical and economic instruments.)

22. Every individual is essentially sufficient to himself. But he is unsatisfactory to himself until he has established himself in his right relation with the Universe.

(Illustration: A microscope, however perfect, is useless in the hands of savages. A poet, however sublime, must impose himself upon his generation if he is to enjoy (and even to understand) himself, as theoretically should be the case.)

23. Magick is the Science of understanding oneself and one's conditions. It is the Art of applying that understanding in action.

(Illustration: A golf club is intended to move a special ball in a special way in special circumstances. A Niblick should rarely be used on the tee, or a Brassie under the bank of a bunker. But, also, the use of any club demands skill and experience.)

24. Every man has an indefeasible right to be what he is.

(Illustration: To insist that anyone else shall comply with one's own standards is to outrage, not only him, but oneself, since both parties are equally born of necessity.)

*Unless, of course, the other person has stated, apparently of his or her own free will, that he or she **wants** to conform to your standards, and then proceeds to disprove this Will through his or her deeds. Then you must tell them to either prove their words by their actions or go peddle their schizophrenia, true or assumed, elsewhere.*

25. Every man must do Magick each time that he acts or even thinks, since a thought is an internal act whose influence ultimately affects action, though it may not do so at the time.

(Illustration: The least gesture causes a change in a man's own body and in the air around him: it disturbs the balance of the entire universe and its effects continue eternally throughout all space. Every thought, however swiftly suppressed, has its effect on the mind. It stands as one of the causes of every subsequent thought, and tends to influence every subsequent action. A golfer may lose a few yards on his drive, a few more with his second and third, he may lie on the green six bare inches too far from the hole; but the net result of these trifling mishaps is the difference of a whole stroke, and so probably between having and losing the hole.)

26. Every man has a right, the right of self-preservation, to fulfill himself to the utmost.

Here he added the following footnote: "Men of 'criminal nature' are simply at issue with their true Wills. The murderer has the Will-to-live; and his will to murder is a false will at variance with his true Will, since he risks death at the hands of Society by obeying his criminal impulse." This is, of course, an oversimplification of the issue, and supposes, first of all, that the "Society" lives by Thelemic principles, not by Christist, or Moslem, or Zionist, or Brahmin, or Marxist, or whatever. Mr. Menachem Begin is a model to "Israelis;" he is also a terrorist and murderer to the British, the Arabs and, incidentally, myself. The laws of any "Society" that does not conform with the Law of Θελημα will unfailing be restrictive, inecological and unjust. Galileo broke the law, and so did Crowley; did not the tribunals of their times condemn both men? United States Law sent Wilhelm Reich and Timothy Leary to prisons for the insane where both underwent "treatment;" Nixon was elected and Kissinger stated publicly that there is no aphrodisiac like power, both in that same period of time. One's exercise of one's right to self-preservation in a society of slaves makes one a criminal at some time or another, and an "enemy of the people." Keep that in mind.

(Illustration: A function imperfectly performed injures, not only itself, but everything associated with it. If the heart is afraid to beat for fear of disturbing the liver, the liver is starved for blood, and avenges itself on the heart by upsetting digestion, which disorders respiration, on which cardiac welfare depends.)

27. Every man should make Magick the keynote of his life. He should learn its laws and live by them.

(Illustration: The Banker should discover the real meaning of his existence, the real motive which led him to choose that

profession. He should understand banking as a necessary factor in the economic existence of mankind, instead of as merely a business whose objects are independent of the general welfare. He should learn to distinguish false values from real, and to act not on accidental fluctuations but on considerations of essential importance. Such a banker will prove himself superior to others; because he will not be an individual limited by transitory things, but a force of Nature, as impersonal, impartial and eternal as gravitation, as patient and irresistible as the tides. His system will not be subject to panic, any more than the law of Inverse Squares is disturbed by Elections. He will not be anxious about his affairs because they will not be his; and for that reason he will be able to direct them with the calm, clear-headed confidence of an onlooker, with intelligence unclouded by self-interest and power unimpaired by passion.)

28. Every man has a right to fulfill his own will without being afraid that it may interfere with that of others; for if he is in his proper path, it is the fault of others if they interfere with him.

(Illustration: If a man like Napoleon were actually appointed by destiny to control Europe, he should not be blamed for exercising his rights. To oppose him would be an error. Anyone so doing would have made a mistake as to his own destiny, except in so far as it might be necessary for him to learn the lessons of defeat. " The sun moves in space without interference. The order of Nature provides a orbit for each star. A clash proves that one or the other has strayed from its course. But as to each man that keeps his true course, the more firmly he acts, the less likely are others to get in his way. His example will help them to find their own paths and pursue them. Every man that becomes a Magician helps others to do likewise. The more firmly and surely men move, and the more such action is accepted as the standard of morality, the less will conflict and confusion hamper humanity.)

Well, here endeth the First Lesson.

That seems to me to cover the ground fairly well; at least, that is what I have to say when serious analysis is on the agenda.

But there is a restricted and conventional sense in which the word may be used without straying too far from the above philosophical position. One might say:—

"Magick is the study and use of those forms of energy which are (a) subtler than the ordinary physical-mechanical types, (b) accessible only to those who are (in one sense or another) 'Initiates'." I fear that this may sound rather **obscurum per**

obscurius; but this is one of these cases— we are likely to encounter many such in the course of our researches—in which we understand, quite well enough for all practical purposes, what we mean, but which elude us more and more successfully the more accurately we struggle to define their import.

We might fare even worse if we tried to clear things up by making lists of events in history, tradition, or experience and classifying this as being, and that as not being, true Magick. The borderland cases would confuse and mislead us.

But—since I have mentioned history—I think it might help, if I went straight on to the latter part of your question, and gave you a brief sketch of Magick past, present and future as it is seen from the inside.

What are the principles of the "Masters"? What are They trying to do? What have They done in the past? What means do They employ?

As it happens, I have by me a sketch written by M. Gerard Aumont of Tunis some twenty years ago, which covers this subject with reasonable adequacy.

I have been at the pains of translating it from his French, I hope not too much reminiscent of the old **traduttore, traditore**. I will revise it, divide it (like Gaul) into Three Parts and send it along.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

The essay on the Three Schools of Magick is reproduced as Letters 6, 7, and 8. "Traduttore, traditore" is an Italian pun meaning, 'translator, traitor.' But in this case if Crowley betrayed anyone it was himself, for the essay, although signed by Mr. Gerard Aumont, was written by Crowley himself. Aumont was not a pseudonym of Crowley's; he was a pupil for a while in Tunis. We have written extensive notes to this essay, for reasons that will be obvious to the serious reader when he or she gets to it.

LETTER TWO: THE NECESSITY OF MAGICK FOR ALL

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Right glad am I to hear that you have been so thoroughly satisfied with my explanation of what Magick is, and on what its theories rest. It is good, too, hearing how much you were interested in the glimpse that you have had of some of its work in the world; more, that you grasped the fact that this apparently recondite and irrelevant information has an immediate bearing on your personal life of today. Still, I was not surprised that you should add: "But why should I make a special study of, and devote my time and energy to acquiring proficiency in, the Science and Art of Magick?"

Obviously, this letter was written or re-written already having in mind its publication as part of a series; it deviates from Crowley's normal colloquial and joking manner.

Ah, well then, perhaps you have not understood my remarks at one of our earliest interviews as perfectly as you suppose! For the crucial point of my exposition was that Magick is not a matter extraneous to the main current of your life, as music, gardening, or collection jade might be. No, every act of your life is a magical act; whenever from ignorance, carelessness, clumsiness or what not, you come short of perfect artistic success, you inevitably register failure, discomfort, frustration. Luckily for all of us, most of the acts essential to continued life are involuntary; the "unconscious" has become so used to doing its "True Will" that there is no need of interference; when such need arises, we call it disease, and seek to restore the machine to free spontaneous fulfillment of its function.

But this is only part of the story. As things are, we have all adventured into an Universe of immeasurable, of incalculable, possibilities, of situations never contemplated by the trend of Evolution. Man is a marine monster; when he decided that it would be better for him somehow to live on land, he had to grow lungs instead of gills. When we want to travel over soft snow, we have to invent ski; when we wish to exchange thoughts, we must arrange a conventional code of sounds, of knots in string, of carved or written characters—in a word—embark upon the boundless ocean of hieroglyphics or symbols of one sort or another. (Presently I shall have to explain the supreme importance of such systems; in fact, the Universe itself is not, and cannot be, anything but an arrangement of symbolic characters!)

Here we are, then, caught in a net of circumstances; if we are to do

anything at all beyond automatic vegetative living, we must consciously apply ourselves to Magick, "the Science and Art" (let me remind you!) "of causing change to occur in conformity with the Will." Observe that the least slackness or error means that things happen which do not thus conform; when this is so despite our efforts, we are (temporarily) baffled; when it is our own ignorance of what we ought to will, or lack of skill in adapting our means to the right end, then we set up a conflict in our own Nature: our act is suicidal. Such interior struggle is at the base of nearly all neuroses, as Freud recently "discovered"—as if this had not been taught, and taught without his massed errors, by the great teachers of the past! The Taoist doctrine, in particular, is most precise and most emphatic on this point; indeed, it may seem to some of us to overshoot the mark; for nothing is permissible in that scheme but frictionless adjustment and adaptation to circumstance. "Benevolence and righteousness" are actually deprecated! That any such ideas should ever have existed (says Lao-tse) is merely evidence of the universal disorder.

Taoist sectaries appear to assume that Perfection consists in the absence of any disturbance of the Stream of Nescience; and this is very much like the Buddhist idea of Nibbana.

We who accept the Law of $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$, even should we concur in this doctrine theoretically, cannot admit that in practice the plan would work out; our aim is that our Nothing, ideally perfect as it is in itself, should enjoy itself through realizing itself in the fulfillment of all possibilities. All such phenomena or "point-events" are equally "illusion"; Nothing is always Nothing; but the projection of Nothing on this screen of the phenomenal does not only explain, but constitutes, the Universe. It is the only system which reconciles all the contradictions inherent in Thought, and in Experience; for in it "Reality" **is** "Illusion", "Free-will" **is** "Destiny", the "Self" is the "Not-Self"; and so for every puzzle of Philosophy.

Not too bad an analogy is an endless piece of string. Like a driving band, you cannot tie a knot in it; all the complexities you can contrive are "Tom Fool" knots, and unravel at the proper touch. Always either Naught or Two! But every new re-arrangement throws further light on the possible tangles, that is, on the Nature of the String itself. It is always "Nothing" when you pull it out; but becomes "Everything" as you play about with it, since there is no limit to the combinations that you can form from it, save only in your imagination (where the whole thing belongs!) and that grows mightily with Experience. It is accordingly well

worth while to fulfill oneself in every conceivable manner.

The above proposition, which sounded so simple to him as he wrote it, will demand the deepest meditation and years of verification from the average student.

It is then (you will say) impossible to "do wrong", since all phenomena are equally "Illusion" and the answer is always "Nothing." In theory one can hardly deny this proposition; but in practice—how shall I put it? "The state of Illusion which for convenience I call my present consciousness is such that the course of action A is more natural to me than the course of action B?"

Or: A is a shorter cut to Nothing; A is less likely to create internal conflict.

Will that serve?

Offer a dog a juicy bone, and a bundle of hay; he will *naturally* take the bone, whereas a horse would choose the hay. So, while you happen to imagine yourself to be a Fair Lady seeking the Hidden Wisdom, you come to me; if you thought you were a Nigger Minstrel, you would play the banjo, and sing songs calculated to attract current coin of the Realm from a discerning Public! ...

The word "nigger" did not have at the time and in England the heavy emotional connotations it was later to acquire in the U.S.A. Nor should the reader think that Crowley had color prejudice; remember that several of his male lovers were black, and that he wrote a poem (under the pseudonym of 'Hilda Norfolk,' to emphasize both his passivity in the affair and the whiteness of his own skin — "Norfolk" — Nordic) of sexual rapture dedicated to at least one of them. Furthermore, "nigger minstrels" were all the rage of musical halls at the time, white performers blackening themselves with burnt cork to sing and dance in disguise, in the manner made famous in the movies by Al Jolson.

... The two actions are ultimately identical—see AL I, 22—and your perception of that fact would make you an Initiate of very high standing; but in the work-a-day world, you are "really" the Fair Lady, and leave the minstrel to grow infirm and old and hire an orphan boy to carry his banjo!

Now then, what bothers me in this: Have I or have I not explained this matter of "Magick"—"Why should I (who have only just heard of it, at least as a serious subject of study) acquire a knowledge of its principles, and of the powers conferred by its mastery?" Must I bribe you with promises of health, wealth,

power over others, knowledge, thaumaturgical skill, success in every worldly ambition—as I could quite honestly do? I hope there is no such need—and yet, shall I confess it?—it was only because all the good things of life were suddenly seen of me to be worthless, that I took the first steps towards the attainment of that Wisdom which, while enjoying to the full the "Feast of Life," guarantees me against surfeit, poison or interruption by the knowledge that it is all a Dream, and gives me the Power to turn that dream at will into any form that happens to appeal to my Inclination.

I would rather be awake

Let me sum up, very succinctly; as usual, my enthusiasm has lured me into embroidering my sage discourse with Poets' Imagery!

Why should you study and practice Magick? Because you can't help doing it, and you had better do it well than badly. You are on the links, whether you like it or not; why go on topping your drive, and slicing your brassie, and fluffing your niblick, and pulling your iron, and socketing your mashie and not being up with your putt—that's 6, and you are not allowed to pick up. It's a far cry to the Nineteenth, and the sky threatens storm before the imminent night.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER THREE: HIEROGLYPICS: LIFE AND LANGUAGE NECESSARILY SYMBOLIC

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Very natural, the irritation in your last! You write:—

"But why? Why all this elaborate symbolism? Why not say straight out what you mean? Surely the subject is difficult enough in any case—must you put on a mask to make it clear? I know you well enough by now to be sure that you will not fob me off with any Holy-Willie nonsense about the ineffable, about human language being inadequate to reveal such Mysteries,

about the necessity of constructing a new language to explain a new system of thought; of course I know that this had to be done in the case of chemistry, of higher mathematics, indeed of almost all technical subjects; but I feel that you have some other, deeper explanation in reserve.

"After all, most of what I am seeking to learn from you has been familiar to many of the great minds of humanity for many centuries. Indeed, the Qabalah **is** a special language, and that is old enough; there is not much new material to fit into that structure. But why did they, in the first place, resort to this symbolic jargon?"

You put it very well ...

Too well, indeed; he rewrote it for the purposes of his discourse. This occasionally will happen with his longer quotations from her and other pupil's letters in this book. Pupils are seldom able to write so cogently on such matters, and when they do write long letters like this they are to be discouraged; for asking long questions is usually merely an excuse for doing short work. If any.

...; and when I think it over, I feel far from sure that the explanation which I am about to inflict upon you will satisfy you, or even whether it will hold water! In the last resort, I shall have to maintain that we are justified by experience, by the empirical success in communicating thought which has attended, and continues to attend, our endeavors.

But to give a complete answer, I shall have to go back to the beginning, and restate the original problem; and I beg that you will not suppose that I am evading the question, or adopting the Irish method of answering it by another, though I know it may sound as if I were.

Let me set out by restating our original problem; what we want is Truth; we want an even closer approach to Reality; and we want to discover and discuss the proper means of achieving this object.

Very good; let us start by the simplest of all possible enquiries—and the most difficult—"What is anything?" "What do we know?" and other questions that spring naturally from these.

I see a tree.
I hear it—rustling or creaking in the wind.
I touch it—hard.
I smell it—acid.
I taste it—bitter.

The last two sensations depend on the type of tree, of course.

Now all the information given by these five senses has to be put together, although no two agree in any sort of way. The logic by which we build up our complex idea of a tree has more holes than a sponge ...

The following paragraphs should be, and have been, most attentively read by scientists, for Crowley is analysing the very process of observation by which scientific research is possible; and he is analysing it in order to show the process through which our minds perceive anything outside themselves — or recreate from memory or imagination. What he is describing is one of the first discoveries of Pratyahara. It is deeply disturbing at first for the mind to perceive the flimsiness, the irreality one might say, of the process by which it "accesses reality." But how else can you study the instrument of consciousness? And unless you know the instrument as deeply as you can, how can you use it efficiently?

But this is to jump far ahead: we must first analyze the single, simple impression. "I see a tree." This phenomenon is what is called a "point-event." It is the coming together of the two, the seer and the seen. It is single and simple; yet we cannot conceive of either of them as anything but complex. And the Point-Event tells us nothing whatever about either; both, as Herbert Spencer and God knows how many others have shown, unknowable; it stands by itself, alone and aloof. It has happened; it is undeniably Reality. Yet we cannot confirm it; for it can never happen again precisely the same. What is even more bewildering is that since it takes time for the eye to convey an impression to the consciousness (it may alter in 1,000 ways in the process!) all that really exists is a memory of the Point-Event. not the Point-Event itself. What then **is** this Reality of which we are so sure? Obviously, it has not got a name, since it never happened before, or can happen again! To discuss it at all we must **invent** a name, and this name (like all names) cannot possibly be anything more than a symbol.

Even so, as so often pointed out, all we do is to "record the behaviour of our instruments." Nor are we much better off when we've done it; for our symbol, referring as it does to a phenomenon unique in itself, and not to be apprehended by another, can mean nothing to one's neighbors. What happens, of course, is that similar, though not identical, Point-Events happen to many of us, and so we are able to construct a symbolic language. My memory of the mysterious Reality resembles yours sufficiently to induce us to agree that both

belong to the same class.

But let me furthermore ask you to reflect on the formation of language itself. Except in the case of onomatopoeic words ...

Words that describe things by imitating the sound of such things, like 'meow' for a cat's meow or 'bang' for an explosion. We apologize for introducing such explanations from time to time, but the cultured reader is a rarity these days, and should ponder the wonderful effects of modern 'socialistic' or 'progressive' education on the mind of the average person. To reach for a dictionary may affect such a person's attention span more than he or she can stand without missing the point of what is being read. This long apology is likely to have the same effect, but it is being made only once.

... and a few others, there is no logical connection between a thing and the sound of our name for it. "Bow-wow" is a more rational name than "dog", which is a mere convention agreed on by the English, while other nations prefer **chien, hund, cane, kalb, kutta** and so on. All symbols, you see, my dear child, and it's no good your kicking!

But it doesn't stop there. When we try to convey thought by writing, we are bound to sit down solidly, and construct a holy Qabalah out of nothing. Why would a curve open to the right, sound like the ocean, open at the top, like you? And all these arbitrary symbolic letters are combined by just as symbolic and arbitrary devices to take on conventional meanings, these words again combined into phrases by no less high-handed a procedure.

And then folk wonder how it is that there should be error and misunderstanding in the transmission of thought from one person to another! Rather regard it as a miraculous intervention of Providence when even one of even the simplest ideas "gets across." Now then, this being so, it is evidently good sense to construct one's own alphabet, with one's own very precise definitions, in order to handle an abstruse and technical subject like Magick. The "ordinary" words such as God, self, soul, spirit and the rest have been used so many thousand times in so many thousand ways, usually by writers who knew not, or cared not for the necessity of definition that to use them to-day in any scientific essay is almost ludicrous.

That is all, just now, sister; no more of your cavilling, please; sit down quietly with your 777, and get it by heart!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

LETTER FOUR: THE QABALAH: THE BEST TRAINING FOR MEMORY

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Now you must learn Qabalah. Learn this Alphabet of Magick. You must take it on trust, as a child does his own alphabet. No one has ever found out why the order of the letters is what it is. Probably there isn't any answer.

The answer is simply that from the beginning the letters were associated with numbers, and an entire system of intertwined symbolic logic came out of it. Any other system, provided it were coherent in itself, would serve — cf. Russell & Whitehead on this in Principia Mathematica. The advantage of the Qabalah is that it has been in use for so long that an entire system of archetypes has become associated with it. Those archetypes have their counterparts in other cultures, as it was only to be expected: the general principles of medicine can be used to cure any variant of the human species; and no matter how much a human being may differ from another — some almost looking like monkeys, and some almost behaving like monkeys even if they do not look simian — they all belong to the same species. The Qabalah was not, of course, invented by the Jews themselves. They had it partly from the Babylonians, partly from the Assyrians, partly from the Egyptians. But the practical Qabalah that Crowley is specifically talking about was developed in the Middle Ages of Europe by a great Jewish genius, Maimonides, in an effort to prove to the Christists that they and the Israelites had a common heritage of spiritual insights with the so-called barbaric tribes of Europe and the wisdom of Islam and the Far East. Maimonides had help, of course, in doing this, but deserves all the credit for giving momentum to this effort to counteract the horror and the hatred hidden behind Christism's false message of "love." Like all things that have value for humankind beyond the life of a generation, the Qabalah has changed and grown with the centuries. The so-called "Qabalah of Aleister Crowley" is not, of course, Aleister Crowley's any more than modern physics

belongs to Einstein. Without Newton's work, and the work of all those that went before him, where would Einstein be? And where would we be without Einstein and Aleister Crowley?

*The following paragraph was cut out by Mr. Regardie from his "edition," for reasons connected with pure greed. The paragraph calls attention to Crowley's efforts at deciphering the mysteries of the **Yi Jing**, and Helen Parsons-Smith had just put out her own "edition" of this Book. In view of the fact that Mr. Regardie claims that he had Crowley's best interests at heart when he started pirating Crowley's work, and in view of the fact that Mrs. Parsons-Smith, although not authorized to publish O.T.O. material, was at least an O.T.O. member (something that Mr. Regardie has never been and never will be), it is interesting that he should try to hinder, rather than to help, her effort. But the Magus works in subtle ways His wonders to perform, and greed and pettiness in thieves may eventually contribute to the benefit of true followers. See **Equinox V, No. 3**, published by the O.T.O., advertised at the end of this volume.*

If you only knew what I am grappling with in the Yi King! The order of the sixty-four hexagrams. I am convinced that it is extremely significant, that it implies a sublime system of philosophy. I've got far enough to be absolutely sure that there is a necessary rhythm; and it's killing me by millimetres, finding out why each pair succeeds the last. Forgive these tears!

But our Magical Alphabet is primarily not letters, but figures, not sounds but mathematical ideas. Sir Humphrey Davy, coming out of his famous illumination (with some help from Nitrous Oxide he got in) exclaimed: The Universe is composed solely of ideas. We, analyzing this a little, say: The Universe is a mathematical expression.

Of course, the Universe is nothing necessarily of the sort. It would be better to express both insights in this way: "A certain region of the human mind can apprehend the Universe solely as ideas," and "The constitution of the human mind tends to the investigation of the Universe through mathematical processes." This, by the way, is in accordance with Crowley's own advice. We are in extreme need of communication with other intelligent forms of life at this stage; there is no other way to enrich our experiences. We might start by trying the cetaceans, although they are so close to us genetically. They are extremely intelligent, yet have never attempted to develop a technology, have adapted to their environment rather than tried to change it; have been persistently harmed by us, and

yet persist in remaining friendly towards bothersome bipeds. An explanation of their motivations might enlarge our conception of the Universe in a way to transcend all philosophies and scientific speculations so far.

Sir James Jeans might have said this, only his banker advised him to cash in on God ...

Sir James Jeans was a physicist and a teacher, a contemporary of Eddington, and wrote some very clear books explaining physics to the lay person. Eddington's literary work was, however, far superior in content.

... The simplest form of this expression is $0 = 2$, elsewhere expounded at great length ...

See letter 5. But it is also in practically every other letter of this book, and is the basis of Crowley's ontology.

... This 2 might itself be expressed in an indefinitely great number of ways. Every prime number, including some not in the series of "natural numbers", is an individual. The other numbers with perhaps a few exceptions (for instance 418) are composed of their primes.

Each of these ideas may be explained, investigated, understood, by means very various. Firstly, the Hebrew, Greek and Arabic numbers are also letters. Then, each of these letters is further described by one of the (arbitrarily composed) "elements of Nature; the Four (or Five) Elements, the Seven (or Ten) Planets, and the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

As he says himself, the composition of those ideas is arbitrary, although very likely it was the product of "astral investigation" on the part of Maimonides and his collaborators. Among other things, we may consider "Seven Elements," following the Hindu-Tibetan esoteric tradition, or, as he says himself, Ten Planets (including the Moon) rather than just seven. The point is that attempts to introduce these thoughts on the Tree seem to be successful. In a way, the Qabalistic Tree of Life proves itself by such additions, which complicate but further harmonize the whole. There is in this a parallel with the Table of Elements; but it has, so far, proved extremely useful to mystics and magicians. One should not, however, exaggerate this usefulness to the point of falling into the delusion that the Qabalah is "divinely ordained." I remember a conversation in Brasil with Oskar Schlag (who had come to feel me out for either Shin Beth or the Vatican or the C.I.A. or more likely all three at once) in which he protested against Crowley's inversion of the Emperor and the Star on the Tree, implying it

was "unorthodox." I suggested to him that the Masters manipulate the Tree for their own purposes from time to time, especially when the Aeons succeed each other, and he became very indignant about this. Apparently he was under the delusion that there is still one more Commandment from Moses or whoever: "Thou shalt not diddle with the Tree." Dogmatism for its own sake is always the mark of the pendant, the superficial thinker, the hypocrite or the theologian. Robert Frost's famous wall is often built in one's mind.

All these are arranged in a geometrical design composed of ten "Sephiroth" (numbers) and twenty-two "paths" joining them; this is called the Tree of Life...

The reference, of course, is to Genesis; and it is interesting to see Adam, after so many supposed centuries, still trying to wrestle Jehovah's secrets from Heaven's guard, following the advice of the Serpent. Or are they going to blame it on Eve again? At any rate, it is no wonder the Christist inquisitors burned so many Qabalist Jews alive. One imagines these martyrs were often denounced by their own people; for if not heretics, they were certainly "satanists." One wonders if any of them raised the objection that the law was made for man, and not man for the law, and what good it did them if they did.

Every idea soever can be, and should be, attributed to one or more of these primary symbols; thus green, in different shades, is a quality or function of Venus, the Earth, the Sea, Libra, and others. So also abstract ideas; dishonesty means "an afflicted Mercury," ...

One imagines that Mercury was in dire need of heavy doses of Valium in Mr. Regardie's horoscope!

... generosity a good, though not always strong, Jupiter; and so on.

The Tree of Life has got to be learnt by heart; you must know it backwards, forwards, sideways, and upside down; it must become the automatic background of all your thinking. You must keep on hanging everything that comes your way upon its proper bough.

At first, of course, all this is dreadfully confusing; but persist, and a time will come when all the odd bits fit into the jig-saw, and you behold—with what adoring wonder!—the marvellous beauty and symmetry of the Qabalistic system.

And then—what a weapon you will have forged!

What power to analyze, to order, to manipulate your thinking!

The following six Crowley paragraphs were excised by Mr.

Regardie, only he - and perhaps Jehovah - knows why. Too colloquial about "sacred" things?

And please remember when people compliment you on your memory or the clarity of your thought, to give credit to the Qabalah!

That's fine, I seem to hear you purr; that looks a lovely machine. The Design is just elegant; that scarf-pin of yours is perfectly sweet.

There's only one point: how to make the damn thing work?

Ah yes, like the one in the Apocalypse, the sting is in your tail.

Honest, you needn't worry; it works on ball-bearings, and there's always those "Thirteen Fountains of Magnificent Oil flowing down the Beard of Macroprosopus" in case it creaks a little at first. But seriously, all the mathematics you need is simple Addition and Multiplication.

"Yeah!" you rudely reply. "That's what **you** think; but you haven't got very far in the Qabalah!"

Too true, sister.

The **Book of the Law** itself insists upon the fact that it contains a Qabalah which was beyond me at the time of its dictation, is beyond me now, and always will be beyond me in this incarnation. Let me direct your spiritual attention to AL I, 54; I, 56; II, 54-55; III, 47.

Now there was enough comprehensible at the time to assure me that the Author of the Book knew at least as much Qabalah as I did: I discovered subsequently more than enough to make it certain without error that he knew a very great deal more, and that of an altogether higher order, than I knew; finally, such glimmerings of light as time and desperate study have thrown on many other obscure passages, to leave no doubt whatever in my mind that he is indeed the supreme Qabalist of all time

But please do not infer from this that Aiwass is "God," and that the Qabalah - specially the Thelemic - is a direct gift from "God" to Adam (oh, not to Eve, no!), or you will follow Messrs. Schlag and Begin into the garbage heap of idolatry. Mr. Regardie seems so far to have avoided at least this mistake, which may give rise to a maxim. Better a thief than a fanatic...? Either way, the following eight paragraphs were again excised by Mr. Regardie, perhaps because they teach the reader how to work out his or her own Qabalah, and so not to depend on "Qabalists" of Mr. Regardie's level for "guidance." They also show too well where, how, and under whose counsel he learned

the little Qabalah he knew.

"I asked you how to work it."

Don't be so peevish, querulous, and impatient; your zeal is laudable, but it's wasting your own time to hurry me.

Well, when you've got this Alphabet of Numbers (in its proper shape) absolutely by heart, with as many sets of attributions as you can commit to memory without getting confused, you may try a few easy exercises, beginning with the past.

("How many sets of attributions?"—Well, certainly, the Hebrew and Greek Alphabets with the names and numbers of each letter, and its meaning: a couple of lists of God-names, with a clear idea of the character, qualities, functions, and importance of each; the "King-scale" of colour, all the Tarot attributions, of course; then animals, plants, drugs, perfumes, a list or two of archangels, angels, intelligences and spirits—that ought to be enough for a start.)

Now you are armed! Ask yourself: why is the influence of Tiphareth transmitted to Yesod by the Path of Samekh, a fence, 60, Sagittarius, the Archer, Art, blue—and so on; but to Hod by the Path of Ayin, an eye, 70, Capricornus, the Goat, the Devil, Indigo, etc.?

Either Crowley or a secretary apparently slipped here, for Samkeh is a "prop," not a "fence." True, there are certain important analogies between the two letters; however, those are beyond discussion in this public work.

Thirteen is the number of Achad, Unity, and Ahebah, Love; then what word should arise when you expand it by the Creative Dyad, and get 26; what when you multiply it by 4, and get 52? Then, suppose the Pentagram gets busy, $13 \times 5 = 65$, what then?

Now don't you dare to come round crawling to me for the answers; work it out yourself what sort of words they **ought** to be, and then check your result by looking up those numbers in the *Sepher Sephiroth*: Equinox Vol. I, No. 8, Supplement.

When you are a real adept at all these well-known calculations "prepare to enter the Immeasurable Region" and dig out the Unknown.

You must construct your own Qabalah!

He does not mean that you must construct a new Tree of Life: he means that you must build up your own dictionary of words and numbers that make the Tree of Life especially significant to you, and the Qabalistic correspondences especially useful to you. The following paragraphs elucidate this point.

Nobody can do it for you. What is your own true Number? You must find it and prove it to be correct. In the course of a few years, you should have built yourself a Palace of Ineffable Glory, a Garden of Indescribable Delight. ...

All these were terms applied to Qabalistic or philosophical tracts and to collections of poetry by the Arabs and the Hebrews in the Middle Ages.

... Nor time nor Fate can tame those tranquil towers, those Minarets of Music, or fade one blossom in those avenues of Perfume!

Humph! Nasty of me: but it has just stuck me that it might be just as well if you made a Sepher Sephiroth of your own! What a positively beastly thing to suggest! However, I do suggest it.

After all, it's simple enough. Every word you come across, add it up, stick it down against that number in a book kept for the purpose. That may seem tedious and silly; why should you do all over again the work that I have already done for you? Reason: simple. Doing it will teach you Qabalah as nothing else could. Besides, you won't be all cluttered up with words that mean nothing to you; and if it should happen that you want a word to explain some particular number, you can look it up in my Sepher Sephiroth.

By this method, too, you may strike a rich vein of words of your own that I have altogether missed.

No doubt, a Really Great Teacher would have said: "Beware! Use my Dictionary, and mine alone! All others are spurious!" But then I'm not a R.G.T. of that kind.

Indubitably one of the reasons why he died poor, which will not be the case with Mr. Regardie.

For a start, of course, you should put down the words that are bound to come in your way in any case: numbers like 11, 13, 31, 37, and their multiples; the names of God and the principal angels; the planetary and geomantic names; and your own private and particular name with its branches. After that, let your work on the Astral Plane guide you.

When investigating the name and other words communicated to you by such beings as you meet there, or invoke, many more will come up in their proper connections. Very soon you will have quite a nice little *Sepher Sephiroth* of your very own. Remember to aim, above all things, at coherence.

It is excellent practice, but the way, to do some mental arithmetic on your walks; acquire the habit of adding up any names that

you have come across in your morning's reading. Nietzsche has well observed that the best thoughts come by walking; and it has happened to me, more than once or twice, that really important correspondences have come, as by a flashlight, when I was padding the old hoof.

You will have noticed that in this curt exposition I have confined myself to Gematria, the direct relation of number and word, omitting any reference to Notariqon, the accursed art of making words out of initials, like (in profane life) Wren and Gestapo and their horrid brood, or to Temurah, the art of altering the position of the letters in a word, a sort of cipher; for these are almost always frivolous. To base any serious calculations on them would be absurd.

Yet, these are the favorite entertainment of "orthodox" Jewish Qabalists.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. You should study the Equinox Vol. I, No. 5, "The Temple of Solomon the King" for a more elaborate exposition of the Qabalah.

LETTER FIVE: THE UNIVERSE: THE 0 = 2 EQUATION

Cara Soror,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Yes, I admit everything! It is **all** my fault. Looking over my past writings, I do see that my only one-pointed attempt to set forth a sound ontology was my early fumbling letter brochure. Since then, I seem to have kept assuming that everybody knew all about it; referring to it, quoting it, but never sitting down seriously to demonstrate the thesis, or even to state it in set terms. Chapter 0 of **Magick in Theory and Practice** skates gently over it; the "Naples Arrangement" in **The Book of Thoth** dodges it with really diabolical ingenuity. I ask myself why. It is exceedingly strange, because every time I think of the Equation, I am thrilled with a keen glow of satisfaction that this sempiternal Riddle of the Sphinx should have been answered at

last.

So then let me now give myself the delight, and you the comfort, of stating the problem from its beginning, and proving the soundness of the solution—of showing that the contradiction of this Equation is **unthinkable**. — — Are you ready? Forward! Paddle!

Readers seriously interested in Thelemic philosophy — by which I mean those who want to live by it — should pay close attention to this demonstration. The entire concept of Θελημα springs from it. The following is a sort of extended commentary on AL I, 28-30, 45-46; II, 66, III 19-20.

1. We are aware.
2. We cannot doubt the existence (whether "real" or "illusory" makes no difference) of something, because doubt itself is a form of awareness.
3. We lump together all that of which we are aware under the convenient name of "Existence", or "The Universe". Cosmos is not so good for this purpose; that word implies "order", which in the present stage of our argument, is a mere assumption.
4. We also tend to think of the Universe as containing things of which we are not aware; but this is altogether unjustifiable, although it is difficult to think at all without making some such assumption. For instance, one may come upon a new branch of knowledge—say, histology or Hammurabi or the language of the Iroquois or the poems of the Hermaphrodite of Panormita. It seems to be there all ready waiting for us; we simply cannot believe that we are making it all up as we go along. For all that, it is sheer sophistry; we may merely be unfolding the contents of our own minds. Then again, does a thing cease to exist if we forget it? The answer is that one cannot be sure.

The reader is reminded that many states of insanity - among which we definitely must include religious fanaticism - revolve precisely around such points.

Personally, I feel convinced of the existence of an Universe outside my own immediate awareness; but it is true, even so, that it does not exist **for me** unless and until it takes its place as part of my consciousness.

This is added argument for trying to expand one's consciousness, and for not being too self-satisfied. I may not be aware that a supersonic airplane is coming towards me from the back; it may not exist for me until the moment that it reduces me to a shower of disrupted colloid bits - but it then proves its

existence in a very thorough manner, and I will be even more idiotic than the average fool if I call it "evil" or "satanic" as I die, or call it "The Will of God," which is simply another way of expressing my idiocy that kept me in the path of the airplane in the first place.

5. All this paragraph 4 is in the nature of a digression, for what you may think of it does not at all touch the argument of this letter. But it had to be put in, just to prevent your mind from raising irrelevant objections. Let me continue, then, from 3.

6. Something is. (You must read the "Soldier and The Hunchback" in **Equinox I 1**. This something appears incalculably vast and complex. How did it come to be?

This, briefly, is the "Riddle of the Universe," which has been always the first preoccupation of all serious philosophers since men began to think at all.

7. The orthodox idiot answer, usually wrapped up in obscure terms in the hope of concealing from the enquirer the fact that it is not an answer at all, but an evasion, is: God created it.

Then, obviously, who created God? Sometimes we have a Demiurge, a creative God behind whom is an eternal formless Greatness—anything to confuse the issue!

Sometimes the Universe is supported by an elephant; he, in turn, stands on a tortoise . . . by that time it is hoped that the enquirer is too tired and muddled to ask what holds up the tortoise.

Sometimes, a great Father and Mother crystallize out of some huge cloudy confusion of "Elements" and so on. But nobody answers the question; at least, none of these God-inventing mules, with their incurably commonplace minds.

8. Serious philosophy has always begun by discarding all these puerilities. It has of necessity been divided into these schools: the Nihilist, the Monist, and the Dualist.

9. The last of these is, on the surface, the most plausible; for almost the first thing that we notice on inspecting the Universe is what the Hindu schools call "the Pairs of Opposites."

This too, is very convenient, because it lends itself so readily to orthodox theology; so we have Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Devas and the Asuras, Osiris and Set, et cetera and da capo, personifications of "Good" and "Evil." The foes may be fairly matched; but more often the tale tells of a revolt in heaven. In this case, "Evil" is temporary; soon, especially with the financial help of the devout, the "devil" will be "cast into the Bottomless

Pit" and "the Saints will reign with Christ in glory for ever and ever, Amen!" Often a "redeemer," a "dying God," is needed to secure victory to Omnipotence; and this is usually what little vulgar boys might call a "touching story!"

10. The Monist (or Advaitist) school, is at once subtler and more refined; it seems to approach the **ultimate** reality (as opposed to the superficial examination of the Dualists) more closely.

It seems to me that this doctrine is based upon a sorites of doubtful validity. ...

"Sorites" is a word from formal logic: it means a chain of arguments in which each depends on the other to reach a conclusion.

... To tell you the hideously shameful truth, I hate this doctrine so rabidly that I can hardly trust myself to present it fairly! But I will try. Meanwhile, you can study it in the Upanishads, in the Bhagavad-Gita, in Ernst Haeckel's The Riddle of the Universe, and dozens of other classics. The dogma appears to excite its dupes to dithyrambs. I have to admit the "poetry" of the idea; but there is something in me which vehemently rejects it with excruciating and vindictive violence. Possibly, this is because part of our own system runs parallel with the first equations of theirs.

11. The Monists perceive quite clearly and correctly that it is absurd to answer the question "How came these Many things (of which we are aware) to be?" by saying that they came from Many; and "Many" in this connection includes Two. The Universe must therefore be a single phenomenon: make it eternal and all the rest of it— i.e. remove all **limit** of any kind— and the Universe explains itself. How then can Opposites exist, as we observe them to do? Is it not the very essence of our original Sorites that the Many must be reducible to the One? They see how awkward this is; so the "devil" of the Dualist is emulsified and evaporated into "illusion;" what they call "Maya" or some equivalent term.

"Reality" for them consists solely of Brahman, the supreme Being "without quantity or quality." They are compelled to deny him all attributes, even that of Existence; for to do so would instantly **limit** them, and so hurl them headlong back in to Dualism. All that of which we are aware must obviously possess limits, or it could have no intelligible meaning for us; if we want "pork," we must specify its qualities and quantities; at the very least, we must be able to distinguish it from "that-which-is-not-pork."

But—one moment, please!

12. There is in Advaitism a most fascinating danger; that is that, up to a certain point, "Religious Experience" tends to support this theory.

A word on this. Vulgar minds, such as are happy with a personal God, Vishnu, Jesus, Melcarth, Mithras, or another, often excite themselves—call it "Energized Enthusiasm" if you want to be sarcastic!—to the point of experiencing actual Visions of the objects of their devotion.

But these people have not so much as asked themselves the original question of "How come?" which is our present subject. Sweep them into the discard!

13. Beyond Vishvarupadarshana, the vision of the Form of Vishnu, beyond that yet loftier vision which corresponds in Hindu classification to our "Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel", is that called Atmadarshana, the vision (**or apprehension**, a much better word) of the Universe as a **single** phenomenon, outside all limitations, whether of time, space, causality, or what not.

Very good, then! Here we are with direct realization of the Advaitist theory of the Universe. Everything fits perfectly. Also, when I say "realization," I want you to understand that I mean what I say in a sense so intense and so absolute that it is impossible to convey my meaning to anyone who has not undergone that experience. (I have discussed this and the following points very fully in **Book Four Part I.**)

See *Yoga and Magick*, pp. 47-66.

How do we judge the "reality" of an ordinary impression upon consciousness? Chiefly by its intensity, by its persistence, by the fact that nobody can argue us out of our belief in it. As people said of Berkeley's 'Idealism'—"his arguments are irrefutable but they fail to carry conviction." No sceptical, no idealist queries can persuade us that a kick in the pants is not 'real' in any reasonable sense of the word. Moreover memory reassures us. However vivid a dream may be at the time, however it may persist throughout the years (though it is rare for any dream, unless frequently repeated, or linked to waking impressions by some happy conjunction of circumstances, to remain long in the mind with any clear-cut vision) it is hardly ever mistaken for an event of actual life. Good: then, as waking life is to dream, so—yes, more so!—is Religious Experience as above described to that life common to all of us. It is not merely easy, it is natural, not merely natural, but inevitable, for anyone who has

experienced "Samadhi" (this word conveniently groups the higher types of vision. "Vision" is a **dreadfully** bad word for it; 'trance' is better, but idiots always mix it up with hypnotism.) to regard normal life as "illusion" by comparison with this state in which all problems are resolved, all doubts driven out, all limitations abolished.

But even beyond Atmadarshana comes the experience called Shivadarshana, (possibly almost identical with the Buddhist Neroda - Samapati) ...

It is identical. The supposed differences are merely the result of cultural or religious conditioning.

... in which this Atman (or Brahman), this limit—destroying Universe, is itself abolished and annihilated.

(And, with this experience, smash goes the whole of the Advaitist theory!)

It is a commonplace to say that no words can describe this final destruction. Such is the fact; and there is nothing one can do about it but put it down boldly as I have done above. It does not matter to our present purpose; all that we need to know is that the strongest prop of the Monist structure has broken off short.

Moreover, is it really adequate to postulate an origin of the Universe, as they inevitably do? Merely to deny that there ever was a beginning by saying that this "One" is eternal fails to satisfy me.

What is very much worse, I cannot see that to call Evil "illusion" helps us at all. When the Christian Scientist hears that his wife has been savagely mauled by her Peke, he has to smile, and say that "there is a claim of error." Not good enough.

14. It has taken a long while to clear the ground. That I did not expect; the above propositions are so familiar to me, they run so cleanly through my mind, that, until I came to set them down in order, I had no idea what a long and difficult business it all was.

Still, it's a long lane, etc. We have seen that "Two" (or "Many") are unsatisfactory as origin, if only because they can always be reduced to "One"; and "One" itself is no better, because, among other things, it finds itself forced to deny the very premises on which it was founded.

Shall we be any better off if we assume that "Ex nihilo nihil fit" is a falsehood, that the origin of All Things is Nothing? Let us see!

15. Shall we first glance at the mathematical aspect of Nothing? (Including its identical equation in Logic.) This I worked out so long ago as 1902 e.v. in Berashith, which you will find reprinted

in *The Sword of Song*, and in my *Collected Works*, Vol. I.

The argument may be summarized as follows.

When, in the ordinary way of business, we write o , we should really write o^n . For o implies that the subject is not extended in any dimension under discussion. Thus a line may be two feet in length, but in breadth and depth the coefficient is Zero. We could describe it as $2f \times ob \times od$, or $n^{2f + ob + od}$.

/*I'm sure that's x not + as in the Motta commentary. I'll have to check this*/

What I proposed in considering "What do we mean by Nothing?" was to consider every possible quality of any object as a dimension.

For instance, one might describe this page as being $nf + n'b + n'd + o \text{ redness} + o \text{ amiability} + o \text{ velocity} + o \text{ potential}$ and so on, until you had noted and measured all the qualities it possesses, and excluded all that it does not. For convenience, we may write this expression as $X^{f+b+d+r+a+v+p}$ —using the initials of the qualities which we call dimensions.

Just one further explanation in pure mathematics. To interpret X^1 , X^{1+1} or X^2 , and so on, we assume the reference to be to spatial dimensions. Thus suppose X^1 to be a line a foot long, X^2 will be a plane a foot square, and X^3 a cube measuring a foot in each dimension. But what about X^4 ? There are no more spatial dimensions. Modern mathematics has (unfortunately, I think) agreed to consider this fourth dimension as time. Well, and X^5 ? To interpret this expression, we may begin to consider other qualities, such as electric capacity, colour, moral attributes, and so on.³

But this remark, although necessary, leads us rather away from our main thesis instead of toward it.

16. What happens when we put a minus sign before the index (that small letter up on the right) instead of a plus? Quite simple. $x^2 = X^{1+1} = X^1 + X^1$. With a minus, we divide instead of multiplying. Thus, $X^{3-2} = X^3 \div X^2 = X^1$, just as if you had merely subtracted the 2 from the 3 in the index.

Now, at last, we come to the point of real importance to our thesis: how shall we interpret X^0 ? We may write it, obviously, as X^{1-1} or X^{n-n} . Good, divide. Then $X^1 \div X^1 = 1$. This is the same, clearly enough, whatever X may be.

17. Ah, but what we started to do was discover the meaning of *Nothing*. It is not correct to write it simply as o ; for that o implies an index o^1 , or $o^{\{2\}}$, or o^n . And if our *Nothing* is to be absolute *Nothing*, then there is not only no figure, but no index either. So we must write it as o^0 .

What is the value of this expression? We proceed as before; divide.

$o^0 = o^{n-n} = o^n \div o^n = (o^n \div 1) \times (1 \div o^n)$. Of course $o^n \div 1$ remains o ; but $1 \div o^{\{n\}} = \infty$.

That is, we have a clash of the "infinitely great" with the "infinitely small;" that knocks out the "infinity" (and Advaitism with it!) and leaves us with an indeterminate but finite number of utter variety. That is: o^0 can only be interpreted as "The Universe that we know."

18. So much for our demonstration. Some people have found fault with the algebra; but the logical Equivalent is precisely parallel. Suppose I wish to describe my study in one respect: I can say "No dogs are in my study," or "Dogs are not in my study." I can make a little diagram: D is the world of dogs; S is my study. Here it is:

Diagram 1

/*These two diagrams still have to be inserted. Also, I'll double check the equations above..*\

The squares are quite separate. The whole world outside the square D is the world of no dogs: outside the square S, the world of no-study. But suppose now that I want to make the Zero absolute, like our o^0 , I must say "No dogs are not in my study."

Or, "There is no absence-of-dog in my study." That is the same as saying: "Some doge *are* in my study;" diagram again:

Diagram 2

In Diagram 1, "the world where no dogs are" included the whole of my study; in Diagram 2 that absence-of-dog is no longer there; so one or more of them must have got in somehow.

That's that; I know it may be a little difficult at first; fortunately there is a different way—the Chinese way—of stating the theorem in very much simpler terms.

19. The Chinese, like ourselves, begin with the idea of "Absolute Nothing." They "make an effort, and call it the Tao;" but that is exactly what the Tao comes to mean, when we examine it. They see quite well, as we have done above, that merely to assert

Nothing is not to explain the Universe; and they proceed to do so by means of a mathematical equation even simpler than ours, involving as it does no operations beyond simple addition and subtraction. They say "Nothing obviously means Nothing; it has no qualities nor quantities." (The Advaitists said the same, and then stultified themselves completely by calling it One!) "But," continue the sages of the Middle Kingdom, "it is always possible to reduce any expression to Nothing by taking any two equal and opposite terms."

(Thus $n+ = (-n) = 0$.) "We ought therefore to be able to get any expression that we want **from** Nothing; we merely have to be careful that the terms shall be precisely opposite and equal." ($0 = n + (-n)$). This then they did, and began to diagrammatize the Universe as the Yi—a pair of opposites, the Yang or active male, and the Yin or passive Female, principles. They represented the Yang by an unbroken (—), the Yin by a broken (— —), line. (The first manifestation in Nature of these two is Tai Yang, the Sun, and the Tai Yin, the Moon.) This being a little large and loose, they doubled these lines, and obtained the four Xiang. They then took them three at a time, and got the eight Kwa. These represent the development from the original Yi to the Natural Order of the Elements.

*The serious student will find this whole subject amply developed in **The Chinese Texts of Magick and Mysticism**, Equinox V, 3.*

I shall call the male principle M, the Female F.

M.1. ☰		Qian	"Heaven-Father".	F.1. ☷	Kun	"Earth-Mother"	
M.2. ☲	Li	The Sun	F.2. ☱	Kan	The Moon		
M.3. ☳		Zhen	Fire	F.3. ☶		Dui	Water
M.4. ☴		Sun	Air	F.4. ☵		Gen	Earth

Note how admirably they have preserved the idea of balance. M.1. and F.1. are perfection. M.2. and F.2. still keep balance in their lines. The four "elements" show imperfection; yet they are all balanced as against each other. Note, too, how apt are the

ideograms. M.3. shows the flames flickering on the hearth, F.3., the wave on the solid bottom of the sea; M.4., the mutable air, with impenetrable space above, and finally F.4., the thin crust of the earth masking the interior energies of the planet. They go in to double these Kwâ, thus reaching the sixty-four Hexagrams of the *Yi King*, which is not only a Map, but a History of the Order of Nature.

It is pure enthusiastic delight in the Harmony and Beauty of the System that has led me thus far afield; my one essential purpose is to show how the Universe was derived by these Wise Men from Nothing.

When you have assimilated these two sets of Equations, when you have understood how $0 = 2$ is the unique, the simple, and the necessary solution of the Riddle of the Universe, there will be, in a sense, little more for you to learn about the Theory of Magick.

You should, however, remember most constantly that the equation of the Universe, however complex it may seem, inevitably reels out to Zero; for to accomplish this is the formula of your Work as a Mystic. To remind you, and to amplify certain points of the above, let me quote from **Book Four Part III:**

Pages 152-153, footnote 2, in the original edition. Book Four Part III Commented, subtitled Thelemic Magick, will be issued soon.

All elements must at one time have been separate—that would be the case with great heat. Now when atoms get to the sun, we get that immense extreme heat, and all the elements are themselves again. Imagine that each atom of each element possesses the memory of all his adventures in combination. By the way, that atom (fortified with that memory) would not be the same atom; yet it is, because it has gained nothing from anywhere except this memory. Therefore, by the lapse of time, and by virtue of memory, a thing could become something more than itself; thus a real development is possible. One can then see a reason for any element deciding to go through this series of incarnations, because so, and only so, can he go; and he suffers the lapse of memory which he has during these incarnations, because he knows he will come through un- changed.

Therefore you can have an infinite number of gods, individual and equal though diverse, each one

supreme and utterly indestructible. This is also the only explanation of how a "Perfect Being" could create a world in which war, evil, etc., exist. God is only an appearance, because (like "good") it cannot affect the substance itself, but only multiply its combinations. This is something the same as mystic monotheism; but all parts of himself, so that their interplay is false. If we presuppose many elements, their interplay is natural.

It is no objection to this theory to ask who made the elements—the elements are at least there, and God, when you look for him, is not there. Theism is **obscurum per obscurius**. A male star is built up from the centre outwards; a female from the circumference inwards. This is what is meant when we say that woman has no soul. It explains fully the difference between the sexes.

*The reader will understand that all this is pure speculative thinking, although on a much higher level than that of theologians. Theurgists have what we call "religious experiences" and some of them, very imprudently, deduce from such experiences an idea of "God." From that moment on the theologian, that vermin of religion, is on "safe" ground. A theologian does not criticize his or her religion's idea of "God;" all their "reasoning" is a manipulation of dogma. As to the speculation about how male stars and female stars are built, it is sheer nonsense. The star itself is omnisexual; it is the instrument that becomes "limited" in this regard at birth. This subject is thoroughly treated in **Equinox V 4**, subtitled "Sex and Religion." The idea that a woman has no "soul" is a purely Semitic idea; it springs from the cultural attitude of Arabs and Jews towards women. However, when one considers the utter docility with which Arabic women and Jewish women have for centuries acquiesced in theologies that insult and denigrate their sex, one wonders if woman does have, if not a soul, at least a brain. "Obscurum per obscuris" means, roughly, a false argument based on a false premise, leading to more confusion than there was at the start. Crowley's final paragraph dispels any doubt that he had progressed beyond speculations about woman's "soul" by the*

time of this writing:

Every "act of love under will" has the dual result

- (1) the creation of a child combining the qualities of its parents,
- (2) the withdrawal by ecstasy into Nothingness.

Please consult what I have elsewhere written on "The Formula of Tetagrammaton;" the importance of this at the moment is to show how 0 and 2 appear constantly in Nature as the common Order of Events.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER SIX: THE THREE SCHOOLS OF MAGICK (1)

Cara Soror,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Here is the first section of M. Gerard Aumont's promised essay; it was originally called "The Three Schools of Magick." (Don't be cross, please, because it is not in the form of a personal letter!)

As previously stated, although Gerard Aumont did exist and was a Crowley pupil for a while, this essay was written by Crowley himself as part of his campaign against Besant and Leadbeater. The White School and the Yellow are brilliantly described and commented upon; the Black School, however, is not touched at all. The Black School of Magick is, of course, connected with the black peoples of the Earth: Africans and Australasians. Direct reference to it is made in AL I, 37, under African terminology. The reader will notice that in all three letters devoted to this long essay Crowley does not treat of the real Black School at all. Instead, he does one of those manipulation jobs very common among Adepts, to take advantage of the connotation of "Black" with "Evil" in the mind of followers of the more debased cults of humankind, and of the color prejudice against black people on the part of the average vulgar white - and yellow! — person. He was not here concerned with "truth" in the normal sense. As he himself stated in his Commentary to

Chapter 45 of **Liber 333**:

The Master (*in technical language, the Magus*) does not concern himself with facts; he does not care whether a thing is true or not: he uses truth and falsehood indiscriminately, to serve his ends. Slaves consider him immoral, and preach against him in Hyde Park.

This statement is neither true nor false. The point the reader must keep in mind is that all references to the "Black School" here made are highly imaginative, to put it mildly. Crowley was in fact referring specifically to a sub-branch of the White School, for the Hindus - the true Aryans! - are members of the White School, for all that their skin often looks blacker than that of a Negro. The confusion is made more confused by adding the Buddha to the story, for the Buddha was actually a Yellow School member. But since the Theosophical Society, after falling in the clutches of two unworthy disciples of the dead Master, was trying to use religion to further the alleged political interests of India and the actual financial interests of maharajas and "maharishis" and "gurujis" etc., etc., ad nauseam. Crowley, indignant that they dared step on his turf and were actually playing dirty, played dirty as well — and much more successfully.

You must not feel sympathy towards Annie Besant and her accomplice: she did not really care for India itself at all: what she had in mind was power. She wanted India to become independent of the British Empire, but to fall under her domination. Her dream was to be the "grey eminence" behind the throne, or the republic, or whatnot. And from an independent India, how powerful would the Theosophical Society become! Why, as powerful as the Vatican, nay more! Think of it: Annie Besant, the White Popess of the Orient! ...In a sense, almost a feminist dream. But very far from the Master, Blavatsky, a true feminist by the way.

The Hindus, if you discount propaganda, are one of the most callous, stupid, selfish and cruel peoples in the world. In their way, they are exactly as callous and selfish as that sub-cultural group called the Christists. Misery in India is terrible; the absolute scorn for the rights in individuals who do not belong to the ruling gang and for the sufferings of the poor is dreadful. Here is a nation that has one of the biggest cattle herds in the entire world but where daily children die of starvation because the parents are vegetarians, and Hindus neither plant enough

nor control (surprise, surprise!) their sexual appetites. One could go on for hours speaking of the peoples of the Bengal peninsula and detailing their psychology, politics, and material reality, but it is useless to do so. The serious reader will find more than enough testimony about them in works by intelligent Western visitors of that region; even Ms. Shirley McLaine, in her first autobiographical book of travels (not the silly one about China) managed to draw an accurate portrait of what is wrong with that zone. It should be interesting to ponder that Christist countries, without the influence of the so-called "Rosicrucians," of the Qabalist Jews of Maimonides, and of the Moors, would be exactly under the same plight.

Yet, the influence of Besant and Leadbeater was sufficiently strong in the West to provide the "maharishis" and "secret Hindu masters" with enough of an entry, at least in the United States of America, that they not only became millionaires with the greatest of ease, but are favorably received where a Thelemite would be shunned and feared. In part this is due to the relentless campaign of vengeance that the Theosophical Society, or at least that section of it under Besant and Leadbeater's influence, moved against Crowley (and continue moving against Crowley) ever since. Interestingly enough, the Vatican has taken enormous advantage of the Theosophists' as Crowley called them, hatred for $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$. It is not only the Magus who uses truth or falsehood indiscriminately for his own purposes!

This statement about the Magus, however, must be clearly understood. Some things that seem to the average human being to be eternal verities are actually quite false: they are dreams of the untrained mind, often derived from subconscious impulses of fear or greed. It is of this kind of thing that Crowley said that the Magus takes advantage to put his Law across. However, to go deeply into this matter would but confuse the reader, who not only would be unable to understand us, but very likely would, which is worse, completely misinterpret what we said. Crowley was very right when he stated that true secrets cannot be revealed (that's why they are secrets.) Unless you yourself have experience of the states of consciousness of which it is being spoken, you will not understand what is being spoken, no matter how clearly it is stated, or by whom.

One last remark before we go into the Essay itself: precisely as readers should be careful of the emotional connotations of "Black" that may exist in their minds when reading what follows, they should also be careful of the connotations of

*"White." What is "white" is not necessarily "good" or "beautiful" or "just," it is merely **white**; and in the sense meant by the essay, the word White refers to that racial group of humankind that falls under the name of the "white races." This includes not only Nordic and Caucasian, but also Semite and Aryan groups, as well as the ancient Egyptians, who looked copper-skinned rather than white. If you do not keep this firmly in mind, it is unlikely that you will profit much from the reading of what follows; and what follows, to a mind that keeps its guard, is truly profitable reading. It will teach you a lot about the White and Yellow Schools of Magick - although very little about the Black!*

There is today much misunderstanding of the meaning of the term "Magick." Many attempts have been made to define it, but perhaps the best for our present purpose of historical-ideological exposition will be this—Magick is the Science of the Incommensurables.

This is one of the many restricted uses of the word; one suited to the present purpose.

It is particularly to be noted that Magick, so often mixed up in the popular idea of a religion, has nothing to do with it. It is, in fact, the exact opposite of religion; it is, even more than Physical Science, its irreconcilable enemy.

Which is why all religions attack us.

Let us define this difference clearly. Magick investigates the laws of Nature with the idea of making use of them. It only differs from "profane" science by always keeping ahead of it. As Fraser has shown, Magick is science in the tentative stage; but it may be, and often is, more than this. It is science which, for one reason or another, cannot be declared to the profane.

This does not mean that those willing and able to do so cannot reproduce the experiments of the teacher, and verify his or her own conclusions for their own benefit. However, the stages of consciousness which compose spiritual progress are unintelligible and incommunicable to those who have not undergone the training necessary to experience them, or who are constitutionally incapable of undergoing them.

Religion, on the contrary, seeks to ignore the laws of Nature, or to escape them by appeal to a postulated power which is assumed to have laid them down. The religious man is, as such, incapable of understanding what the laws of Nature really are. (They are generalizations from the order of observed fact.)

The History of Magick has never been seriously attempted. ...

All those "histories of Magic" written so far, including Levi's, are either sketchy, misleading, downright false, or sectarian.

... For one reason, only initiates pledged to secrecy know much about it; for another, every historian has been talking about some more or less conventional idea of Magick, not of the thing itself. But Magick has led the world from before the beginning of history, if only for the reason that Magick has always been the mother of Science. It is, therefore, of extreme importance that some effort should be made to understand something of the subject; and there is, therefore, no apology necessary for essaying this brief outline of its historical aspects.

There have always been, at least in nucleus, three main Schools of Philosophical practice. (We use the word "philosophical" in the old good broad sense, as in the phrase "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Knowledge.")

The word "philosophy" is from the Greek, and actually means "love of wisdom."

It is customary to describe these three Schools as Yellow, Black, and White. The first thing necessary is to warn the reader that they must by no means be confounded with racial distinctions of colour...

In this you find Crowley's true attitude towards the black race: he is about to embark upon an Operation that might result to their harm, and he is defusing that possibility at the start, while having every intention to use racial prejudice if he can to neutralize the efforts of Besant and Leadbeater.

...; and they correspond still less with conventional symbols such as yellow caps, yellow robes, black magick, white witchcraft, and the like. The danger is only the greater that these analogies are often as alluring as the prove on examination to be misleading.

These Schools represent three perfectly distinct and contrary theories of the Universe, and, therefore, practices of spiritual science. ...

This statement, is, of course, incorrect, and we will call the attention of readers to this fact when it becomes apparent. Keeping in mind the purpose for which the essay was written, however, you will immensely profit from its purely initiatic aspects.

... The magical formula of each is as precise as a theorem of trigonometry. Each assumes as fundamental a certain law of Nature, and the subject is complicated by the fact that each

School, in a certain sense, admits the formulæ of the other two.

...

This is actually Thelemically incorrect. Cf. AL. III 49-56. But since he was trying to awaken irritation against and opposition to the 'Toshosophists,' it would have been impolitical on his part to let escape that he despised the people he intended to use just as much as he despised the people he intended to use them against - or perhaps just a little less.

This kind of operation, by the way, has never been known to be successful in the long run. It is much better to take the stand that the Lord of the Aeon took from the start. it may bring you centuries of suffering and persecution, but you will succeed — and your success will be much purer than it would have been with the "help" of all those troglodytes.

Think of making a "deal" with the likes of Jerry Falwell and Menachem Begin and the Popes to "destroy the Red Menace." It has been tried repeatedly by corrupt American "presidents" like John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon and now Ronald Reagan. Can you see any historical evidence of "success" in the present, or foresee any in the future?!?

... It merely regards them as in some way incomplete, secondary, or illusory. Now, as will be seen later, the Yellow School stand aloof from the other two by the nature of its postulates. But the Black School and the White are always more or less in active conflict; and it is because just at this moment that conflict is approaching a climax that it is necessary to write this essay. The adepts of the White School consider the present danger to mankind so great that they are prepared to abandon their traditional policy of silence, in order to enlist in their ranks the profane of every nation.

Fat use they would be!

We are in possession of a certain mystical document ...

Here Crowley added the note: "Liber CDXVIII, The Vision and the Voice." Mr. Germer added the following to this note: "New edition with Introduction and Commentary by 666. Thelema Publishing Co., Barstow, California." This is another book that Mr. Israel Regardie pirated and adulterated, falsifying Crowley's annotations with misleading insertions of his own, without taking the trouble to distinguish between Crowley's material and his. This book, also, will be reprinted by us in its unadulterated form. Readers interested in it who are not yet on our mailing list have only to write us requesting to be added to it, and will be able to subscribe to it at pre-publications prices

before it is publically issued.

... which we may describe briefly, for convenience sake, as an Apocalypse of which we hold the keys, thanks to the intervention of the Master who has appeared at this grave conjuncture of Fate. This document consists of a series of visions, in which we hear the various Intelligences whose nature it would be hard to define, but who are at the very least endowed with knowledge and power far beyond anything that we are accustomed to regard as proper to the human race.

We must quote a passage from one of the most important of these documents. The doctrine is conveyed, as is customary among Initiates, in the form of a parable. Those who have attained even a mediocre degree of enlightenment are aware that the crude belief of the faithful, and the crude infidelity of the scoffer, with regard to matters of fact, are merely childish. Every incident in Nature, true or false, possesses a spiritual significance. It is this significance, and only this significance, that possesses any philosophical value to the Initiate.

The orthodox need not be shocked, and the enlightened need not be contemptuous, to learn that the passage which we are about to quote, is a parable based on the least decorous of the Biblical legends which refer to Noah. It simply captures for its own purposes the convenience of Scripture...

Not so: this is the true legend, or rather initiatic fable, of which the Bible version is a corruption and falsification, perhaps unintended; for each of us can only see or hear or understand as far as we are capable. Notice the reference to the "indecorous" nature of the fable: he is apologizing beforehand to the prejudice of the people who forbade the reading of the Bible lest its franker passages corrupt or disillusion the faithful. From the point of view of a modern teenager, the whole story is quite innocent; but it was not innocent to orthodox Jews, who to this day copulate in darkness, since the sight of the naked human body is wicked! Those, incidentally, are the kind of people who trained the adolescent Menachem Begin to murder women, children, and fellow Jews — and as "reward" for his murders elected him "Prime Minister of Israel" in his old age.

(Here follows the excerpt from the Vision.)

And a voice cries: Cursed be he that shall uncover the nakedness of the Most High, for he is drunken upon the wine that is the blood of the adepts. ...

That is, he is a Magus, although not necessarily the Magus of the Aeon in which he lives.

"... And BABALON hath lulled him to sleep upon her breast, and she hath fled away, and left him naked, and she hath called her children together saying: Come up with me, and let us make a mock of the nakedness of the Most High..."

In a sense, the perception of the nakedness means the perception of the limitations or inadequacies inherent in the Law extant at the time when the adepts first perceive that their "father" is "naked," that is, that the extant Law is inadequate. You must realize that no law, on any level or any sense, is inadequate until someone perceives it is, and proves it!

... And the first of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking backwards, and was white. And the second of the adepts covered his shame with a cloth, walking sideways, and was yellow. And the third of the adepts made a mock of His nakedness, walking forward, and was black ..."

Now, this has absolutely nothing to do with the Racial Strains of magick; rather with the attitude with which the Adepts react to the previous Law, now found insufficient or inadequate. The "White" so-called perceive it is inadequate, but react as if it weren't, disguising its insufficiency and acting as if that Law were valuable: they walk backwards from it, paying it homage in the old style of courtiers towards a king or emperor. The "Yellow" perceive its inadequacy and conceal it; but they no longer obey that law; they walk sideways from it. The "Black" advance and expose its inadequacy, and ridicule it. We, therefore, of $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$, are the true "Black School" of Magick, as defined in the apologue, in the present Aeon. Have you ever seen a "maharishi" denounce established cults or speak against whatever knaves may be "rulers" of whatever country the "maharishi" makes his millions in...? In the above sense, "Black" is used as the color of "Evil." We create scandal, we create discord, we "make waves." And whoever does this has only two alternatives: either remain the "Devil" until that Law becomes impotent with time, or is

destroyed by someone, or destroy that Law themselves, and become "God."

... "And these are the three great schools of the Magi, who are also the three Magi that journeyed unto Bethlehem; and because thou hast not wisdom, thou shalt not know which school prevaieth, or if the three schools be not one.

Essentially, of course, they are one, since humankind is one; but in manifestation they have to be separate. Remember the Equation!

We are now ready to study the philosophical bases of these three Schools. We must, however, enter a caveat against too literal an interpretation, even of the parable. It may be suspected, for reasons which should be apparent after further investigation of the doctrines of the Three Schools, that this parable was invented by an Intelligence of the Black School, who was aware of his iniquity, and thought to transform it into righteousness by the alchemy of making a boast of it ...

By the above interpretation we can see how far Crowley was from perception of AL III when he wrote this. The Intelligence who was telling the parable was not taking sides at all: It was merely stating that whatever adept, or whatever School of Adepts, mocked or criticized the "Establishment" was considered "black," that is to say, "evil." But cf. AL, I 21, 28-31, 49, 52-56, 60; II, 5, 14, 23, 52; III, 19, 43-45, 54.

... The intelligent reader will note the insidious attempt to identify the doctrine of the Black School with the kind of black magic that is commonly called Diabolism. In other words, this parable is itself an example of an exceedingly subtle black magical operation, and the contemplation of such devices carried far enough brings us to an understanding of the astoundingly ophidian processes of Magicians ...

Now, here he is mocking the foolish reader, and warning the wise not to take him too seriously, yet take him seriously enough. I know this will sound perplexing to the average reader; all one can say it, too bad you are average: try to change, if you can! It goes without saying that it would be extremely

silly of the "Black School" to call attention to its own "blackness!" Unless, of course, the intention were to provide an Ordeal - cf. AL II, 53.

... Let not the profane reader dismiss such subtleties from his mind as negligible nonsense. It is cunning of this kind that determines the price of potatoes.

The above digression is perhaps not so inexcusable as it may seem on a first reading. Careful study of it should reveal the nature of the thought-processes which are habitually used by the secret Masters of the human race to determine its destiny.

When everyone has done laughing, I will ask you to compare the real effects produced on the course of human affairs by Caesar, Attila, and Napoleon, on the one hand; of Plato, the Encyclopaedists, and Karl Marx on the other.

*Here Crowley added the following note: "It is interesting to note that the three greatest influences in the world today are those of Teutonic Hebrews: Marx, Hertz, and Freud." Notice that these are influences for evolution, or **change**.*

The Yellow School of Magick considers, with complete scientific and philosophical detachment, the fact of the Universe as a fact. Being itself apart of that Universe, it realizes its impotence to alter the totality in the smallest degree. To put it vulgarly, it does not try to raise itself from the ground by pulling at its socks. It therefore opposes to the current of phenomena no reaction either of hatred or of sympathy. So far as it attempts to influence the course of events at all, it does so in the only intelligent way conceivable. It seeks to diminish internal friction.

It remains, therefore, in a contemplative attitude. To use the terms of Western philosophy, there is in its attitude something of the stoicism of Zeno; or of the Pickwickianism, if I may use the term, of Epicurus. The ideal reaction to phenomena is that of perfect elasticity. It possesses something of the cold-bloodedness of mathematics; and for this reason it seems fair to say, for the purposes of elementary study, that Pythagoras is its most adequate exponent in European philosophy.

Since the discovery of Asiatic thought, however, we have no need to take our ideas at second-hand. The Yellow School of Magick possesses one perfect classic. The Tao Teh King.

See **Equinox V, III**, "*The Chinese Texts of Magick and Mysticism*," published by the O.T.O.. At the time this essay was written Crowley added the following note:

"Unfortunately there is no translation at present published which is the work of an Initiate. All existing translations have been garbled by people who simply failed to understand the text. An approximately perfect rendering is indeed available, but so far it exists only in manuscript. One object of this letter is to create sufficient public interest to make this work, and others of equal value available to the public."

This is now being done by us

It is impossible to find any religion which adequately represents the thought of this masterpiece. Not only is religion as such repugnant to science and philosophy, but from the very nature of the tenets of the Yellow School, its adherents are not going to put themselves to any inconvenience for the enlightenment of a lot of people whom they consider to be hopeless fools.

At the same time, the theory of religion, as such, being a tissue of falsehood, the only real strength of any religion is derived from its pilferings of Magical doctrine; and, religious persons being by definition entirely unscrupulous, it follows that any given religion is likely to contain scraps of Magical doctrine, filched more or less haphazard from one school or the other as occasion serves.

Let the reader, therefore, beware most seriously of trying to get a grasp of this subject by means of siren analogies. Taoism has as little to do with the Tao Teh King as the Catholic Church with the Gospel.

*An extremely poor analogy: the Dao De Jing has existed intact for centuries: the "Gospel" is a forgery perpetrated by the Roman-Alexandrinians. See **Letter to a Brazilian Mason**, published by the O.T.O. One must remember, however, the kind of*

people for whom he was writing.

The Tao Teh King inculcates conscious inaction, or rather unconscious inaction, with the object of minimizing the disorder of the world. A few quotations from the text should make the essence of the doctrine clear.

- X 3 Here is the Mystery of Virtue. It createth all and nourisheth all; yet it doth not adhere to them. It operateth all; but knoweth not of it, nor proclaimeth it; it directeth all, but without conscious control.
- XXII 2 Therefore the sage concentrateth upon one Will, and it is as a light to the whole world. Hiding himself, he shineth; withdrawing himself, he attracteth notice; humbling himself, he gaineth force to achieve his Will. Because he striveth not, no man may contend against him.
- XLIII 1 The softest substance hunteth down the hardest. The Unsubstantial penetrateth where there is no opening. Here is the Virtue of Inertia.
- 2 Few are they who attain: whose speech is Silence, whose Work is Inertia.
- XLVIII He who attracteth to himself all that is under Heaven doth so without effort. He who maketh effort is not able to attract it.
- LVIII 3 The wise man is foursquare and avoideth aggression; his corners do not injure others. He moveth in a straight line, and turneth not aside therefrom; he is brilliant, but doth not blind with his brightness.
- LXIII 2 Do great things while they are yet small, hard things while they are yet easy; for all things, how great or hard soever, have a beginning when they are little and easy. So thus the wise man accomplisheth the greatest tasks without undertaking anything important.
- LXXVI 2 So then rigidity and hardness are the stigmata of death; elasticity and

adaptability of life.

- 3 He then who putteth forth strength is not victorious; even as a strong tree filleth the embrace.
- 4 Thus the hard and rigid have the inferior place, the soft and elastic the superior.

Enough, I think, for this part of the essay.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER SEVEN: THE THREE SCHOOLS OF MAGICK (2)

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Hoping that you are now recovered from the devastating revelations in the matter of the Yellow School, I must ask you to brace yourself for disclosures even more formidable about the Black. Do not confuse with the Black Lodge, or the Black Brothers. The terminology is unfortunate, but it wasn't I that did it. Now then, to work!

He next returns to the original essay written under the "Gerard Aumont" pseudonym.

The Black School of Magick, which must by no means be confused with the School of Black Magick or Sorcery, which latter is a perversion of the White tradition ...

Now here we must again introduce a caveat. (This word is from Latin, and means 'warning.' Crowley, like many cultured intellects, uses it often, so you might as well get accustomed to it.) Please keep in mind that the "Black School" mentioned in this essay is not the "Black School" mentioned in the Initiated Apologue quoted from The Vision and the Voice. The former is merely a failure of Initiatic Courage to face facts, while the latter, at least in

this Aeon, is us, the Thelemites. Crowley is lying on certain planes and telling the truth on others in the following paragraphs. We will try to help you keep track of what is 'true' and what is 'false' about what he says, but you must also try to find your own way through the maze if you can. Consider it an exercise in listening to political speeches!

..., is distinguished fundamentally from the Yellow School in that it considers the Universe not as neutral, but as definitely a curse. Its primary theorem is the "First Noble Truth" of the Buddha — "Everything is Sorrow." In the primitive classics of this School the idea of sorrow is confused with that of sin ...

This absolutely was not the intention of the Buddha when he spoke: he merely stated a fact; the "moral" implications given to that fact were the result of vehicular indiscipline on the part of followers unable to face the Master and listen to the "Secret" He spoke.

(This idea of universal lamentation is presumably responsible for the choice of black as its symbolic colour. And yet? Is not white the Chinese hue of mourning?)

This parenthesis is a broad hint to the intelligent reader.

The analysis of the philosophers of this School refers every phenomenon to the category of sorrow. It is quite useless to point out to them that certain events are accompanied with joy: they continue their ruthless calculations, and prove to your satisfaction, or rather dissatisfaction, that the more apparently pleasant an event is, the more malignantly deceptive is its fascination. There is only one way of escape even conceivable, and this way is quite simple, annihilation. (Shallow critics of Buddhism have wasted a great deal of stupid ingenuity on trying to make out that Nirvana or Nibbana means something different from what etymology, tradition and the evidence of the Classics combine to define it. The word means, quite simply, cessation: and it stands to reason that, if everything is sorrow, the only thing which is not sorrow is nothing, and that therefore to

escape from sorrow is the attainment of nothingness.)

*This attack on Buddhism is the more incisive because Crowley had been a very orthodox Buddhist prior to the Dictation of **The Book of the Law**. Nevertheless, there are two things wrong with it. First, what the Buddha mean by 'annihilation' was the result of the Trance Nerodah-Sammappatti, which roughly corresponds to the Samadhi Shivadarshana, which Crowley himself admits is a higher state of Samadhi than Atmadarshana. The Buddha preached detachment from the illusion of existence, not extinction of existence. His followers were not encouraged to commit suicide, but to reach a higher level of perception than that of the mass of humankind, slave of circumstances.*

*The second wrong this is that the 'Toshosophy' of Besant and Leadbeater has nothing at all to do with serious Buddhism of any sort. It is rather a debased form of Brahmanism mixed up with absurd legends. There are certain "secret masters" who are always quite mysterious, quite inaccessible, but extremely powerful, devotion to whom - and lots of money paid to the representatives of — will ensure the 'faithful' all kinds of fantastic powers or privileges or advantages. The Besant-Leadbeater pantheon includes not only Morya and Koot Hoomi, Blavatsky's supposed gurus, but a medley of legendary figures from all times: the "Master Jesus," the "Master Racoczy," the "Master Hilarion," the "Master Maitreya," etc., etc. The analogy with the "saints" of Roman Catholicism is flagrant; the main difference is that, although there are female "saints" in the Roman Catholic pantheon, Leadbeater's homosexuality precluded any in the Toshosophic. The "theosophy" of Besant and Leadbeater is a black magical operation attempted along the very same lines as Christism, and would probably have been as "successful" as Christism had Crowley not intervened. But Buddhism itself is merely a branch of the Yellow School, and as we observed before, the **real** Black School of Magick, the School of the Black Race, is not touched upon in Crowley's essay.*

Western philosophy has on occasion approached this doctrine. It has at least asserted that no known form of existence is exempt from sorrow. Huxley says, in his *Evolution and Ethics*, "Suffering is the badge of all the tribe of sentient things."

Not Aldous Huxley the writer, but his grandfather, the great biologist and stylist Thomas Henry Huxley, the first respected scientist to publicly defend and accept Charles Darwin's Theory of Evolution in England.

The philosophers of this School, seeking, naturally enough, to amend the evil at the root, inquire into the cause of this existence which is sorrow, and arrive immediately at the "Second Noble Truth" of the Buddha: "The Cause of Sorrow is Desire." They follow up with the endless concatenation of causes, of which the final root is Ignorance. (I am not concerned to defend the logic of this School: I merely state their doctrine.) The practical issue of all this is that every kind of action is both unavoidable and a crime. I must digress to explain that the confusion of thought in this doctrine is constantly recurrent. That is part of the blackness of the Ignorance which they confess to be the foundation of their Universe. (And after all, everyone has surely the right to have his own Universe the way he wants it.)

It is extremely unlikely that the true thought of the Buddha is represented in Buddhism any more than the true thought of Dionysus is represented in Christism or, alas! the true thought of Crowley will be represented in Crowleyanity a hundred years from now. We are just at the beginning, and the trouble caused by the Stansfeld Joneses, the Grants, the Yorkes, the Regardies, the McMurtrys, the Heflins and perhaps the Mottas is already apparent!

This School being debased by nature, is not so far removed from conventional religion as either the White or the Yellow ...

This blow below the belt does not touch the Buddha in the least, of course. As we said before, the entire essay was meant as an attack on existing religion, an advertisement for Thelemic religion (as he conceived it at the time) and a broadside aimed at

Besant and Leadbeater who, having failed in their attempt to set Krishnamurti up as "World Savior" (to be manipulated by them from behind), were beginning to make Buddhistic noises to infiltrate France and from there the rest of Europe.

... Most primitive fetishistic religions may, in fact, be considered fairly faithful representatives of this philosophy. Where animism holds sway, the "medicine-man" personifies this universal evil, and seeks to propitiate it by human sacrifice. The early forms of Judaism, and that type of Christianity which we associate with the Salvation Army, Billy Sunday and the Fundamentalists of the back-blocks of America, are sufficiently simple cases of religion whose essence is the propitiation of a malignant demon.

Any form of Christism is such propitiation: the Nicene Creed postulates it. We refer the reader to **Letter to a Brazilian Mason** on this subject.

When the light of intelligence begins to dawn dimly through many fogs upon these savages, we reach a second stage. Bold spirits master courage to assert that the evil which is so obvious, is, in some mysterious way, an illusion. They thus throw back the whole complexity of sorrow to a single cause; that is, the arising of the illusion aforesaid. The problem then assumes a final form: How is that illusion to be destroyed.

A very wicked thing, to go against Deity like this. Why, if "God" had meant man to fly, "he" would have given them wings. Et cetera and so forth. Attempts to destroy to illusion of Christism, for example, were accompanied by torture and genocide for several centuries. It is a characteristic of religions started and maintained by Black Brothers that heretics are not to be permitted. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," etc. etc.

A fairly pure example of the first stage of this type of thought is to be found in the Vedas; of the second stage, in the Upanishads ...

You will notice that nothing of this has anything to do with Buddhism or the Buddha; his main intention in the essay is to discredit anything that comes from

the Orient, with the single exception of Chinese philosophy. This was due to the fact that Besant and Leadbeater hid the miasma of the conmanship behind a medley of Hindu and pseudo-Buddhistic lore. Their "Hidden Masters" lived somewhere in a vague region of the East that kept jumping all over the Bengal Peninsula, Tibet, and sometimes even the Gobi desert: "Shambalah," where the "gods" live - that kind of thing. The modern reader may not realize how this whole mystification was popular at a time not so long ago. James Hilton's very successful, and very commonplace, novel Lost Horizons was inspired by it, although his Shangri-La was, of course, his own creation even in the name. How it must have annoyed the Toshosophists that he did not use the term "Shamabalah"... But perhaps they would have protested against it; they were, and are, stupid enough to. Meanwhile, the Master Blavatsky's true intention, which was a weakening of the fanaticism of the Christist stranglehold on the West, was going down the drain until Crowley picked it up and carried it on.

... But the answer to the question, "How is the illusion of evil to be destroyed?", depends on another point of theory. We may postulate a Parabrahm infinitely good, etc. etc. etc., in which case we consider the destruction of the illusion of evil as the reuniting of the consciousness with Parabrahm. The unfortunate part of this scheme of things is that on seeking to define Parabrahm for the purpose of returning to Its purity, it is discovered sooner or later, that It possesses no qualities at all! In other words, as the farmer said, on being shown the elephant: There ain't no sich animile. It was Gautama Buddha who perceived the inutility of dragging in this imaginary pachyderm. Since our Parabrahm, he said to the Hindu philosophers, is actually nothing, why not stick to or original perception that everything is sorrow, and admit that the only way to escape from sorrow is to arrive at nothingness?

We may complete the whole tradition of the Indian peninsula very simply. To the Vedas, the Upanishads, and the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, we have only to add the Tantras of what are called the

Vamacharya Schools. Paradoxical as it may sound the Tantrics are in reality the most advanced of the Hindus ...

Madame Blavatsky used Tantrism very discreetly, and one of her followers, Sir John Woodroffe ("Arthur Avalon"), translated many important Tantric texts into English. The reaction of Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism, to say nothing of the other Christist sects, against it was extremely sharp, and Besant and Leadbeater abandoned the whole effort: Who wants to make money out of "religion" never attacks the status quo.

... Their theory is, in its philosophical ultimatum, a primitive stage of the White tradition ...

*The reader is again reminded that although our School is indeed the White School from a racial point of view it is the School called "black" in the Initiated Apologue quoted from **The Vision and the Voice**, at least at present.*

... for the essence of the Tantric cults is that by the performance of certain rites of Magick, one does not only escape disaster, but obtains positive benediction. The Tantric is not obsessed by the will-to-die. It is a difficult business, no doubt, to get any fun out of existence; but at least it is not impossible. In other words, he implicitly denies the fundamental proposition that existence is sorrow, and he formulates the essential postulate of the White School of Magick, that means exist by which the universal sorrow (apparent indeed to all ordinary observation) may be unmasked, even as at the initiatory rite of Isis in the ancient days of Khem. There, a Neophyte presenting his mouth, under compulsion, to the pouting buttocks of the Goat of Mendez, found himself caressed by the chaste lips of a virginal priestess of that Goddess at the base of whose shrine is written that No man has lifted her veil.

This description of the Egyptian Rites pertains already to the decayed days of Egypt, not to the time of its power, and Crowley is quoting almost word for word from Levi's History of Magic and a chapter of his Dogme et Rituel. Oh those chaste virginal

priestesses!

The basis of the Black philosophy is not impossibly mere climate, with its resulting etiolation of the native, its languid, bilious, anaemic, fever-prostrated, emasculation of the soul of man ...

Wow! Perhaps you are beginning to understand what he was doing?

... We accordingly find few true equivalents of this School in Europe. In Greek philosophy there is no trace of any such doctrine ...

He passes over discreetly, of course, that the Hellenes came to Europe originally from Asia, as did most other tribes from known history. Hence the established fact that most Indo-European languages stem from ancient Sanskrit, in which the Vedas and the Upanishads were originally written.

... The poison in its foulest and most virulent form only entered with Christianity ...

Here he added the following note: "Anti-Semite writers in Europe - for example Weininger - call the Black theory and practice Judaism, while by a curious confusion, the same ideas are called Christian among Anglo-Saxons. In 1936 e.v. the "Nazi" School began to observe this fact."

... But even so, few men of any real eminence were found to take the axioms of pessimism seriously. Huxley, for all of his harping on the minor key, was an eupeptic Tory ...

Meaning, a member of the Conservative Party gifted with a good digestion. The reader is reminded this is Thomas Henry Huxley that is being spoken about.

... The culmination of the Black philosophy is only found in Schopenhauer, and we may regard him as having been obsessed, on the one hand, by the despair born of that false scepticism which he learnt from the bankruptcy of Hume and Kant; on the other, by the direct obsession of the Buddhist documents to which he was one of the earliest Europeans to obtain access. He was, so to speak, driven to suicide by his own vanity, a curious parallel to Kiriloff in **The Possessed** of Dostoiewsky.

The reader will find good descriptions of the doctrines

*of all those three philosophers, Schopenhauer, Hume and Kant, in Bertrand Russell's **History of Western Philosophy**.*

We have, however, examples plentiful enough of religions deriving almost exclusively from the Black tradition in the different stages. We have already mentioned the Evangelical cults with their ferocious devil-god who creates mankind for the pleasure of damning it and forcing it to crawl before him, while he yells with drunken glee over the agony of his only son ...

*A bit along the lines of yellow journalism here; but he had learned a lot from them. A footnote added at this point reads: "N.B. Christianity was in its first stage a Jewish Communism, hardly distinguishable from Marxism." This is partly correct: most of the Essene sects from which the Jewish aspects of Christism stem were Communist in structure. Again, see **Letter to a Brazilian Mason** for details.*

... But in the same class, we must place Christian Science, so grotesquely afraid of pain, suffering and evil of every sort, that its dupes can think of nothing better than to bleat denials of its actuality, in the hope of hypnotizing themselves into anaesthesia.

Practically no Westerns have reached the third stage of the Black tradition, the Buddhist stage ...

We again remind the reader that Buddhism is a branch of the Yellow School of Magick, and not of the Black School in the racial sense or of the Black School in the sense of the already quoted Apologue.

... It is only isolated mystics, and those men who rank themselves with a contemptuous compliance under the standard of the nearest religion, the one which will bother them least in their quest of nothingness, who carry the sorites so far.

But the latter usually huddle under the dripping, bloody wing of Christism, rather than under Buddhism of any sort.

The documents of the Black School of Magick have already been indicated. They are, for the most part, tedious to the last degree and repulsive to every wholesome-minded man ...

Lying outright as part of the policy behind this essay, since elsewhere in his writings he makes plenty of references to the poetic beauty and nobility of thought in many of the Hindu Classics. They are in their majority, anyway, far above the "Gospels" both in style and philosophical depth.

...; yet it can hardly be denied that such books as The **Dhammapada** and **Ecclesiastes** are masterpieces of literature. They represent the agony of human despair at its utmost degree of intensity, and the melancholy contemplation which is induced by their perusal is not favourable to the inception of that mood which should lead every truly courageous intelligence to the determination to escape from the ferule of the Black Schoolmaster to the outstretched arms of the White Mistress of Life.

Oh, boy.

Let us leave the sinister figure of Schopenhauer for the mysteriously radiant shape of Spinoza! This latter philosopher, in respect at least of his Pantheism, represents fairly enough the fundamental thesis of the White tradition ...

Although he was a Jew... Again, the reader is reminded not to take 'Black' and 'White,' to say nothing of 'Yellow,' very seriously in this essay of Crowley's.

... Almost the first observation that we have to make is that this White tradition is hardly discoverable outside Europe. It appears first of all in the legend of Dionysus ...

Who, by they way, as Crowley knew extremely well, came to Europe from the Bengal Peninsula. Politics is a dirty game, boys and girls.

... (In this connection read carefully Browning's "Apollo and the Fates".)

The Egyptian tradition of Osiris is not dissimilar. The central idea of the White School is that, admitted that "everything is sorrow" for the profane, the Initiate has the means of transforming it to "Everything is joy." There is no question of any ostrich-ignoring of fact, as in Christian Science. There is not even any more or less sophisticated argument about the point of view altering the

situation as in Vedantism. We have, on the contrary, and attitude which was perhaps first of all, historically speaking, defined by Zoroaster, "nature teaches us, and the Oracles also affirm, that even the evil germs of Matter may alike become useful and good." "Stay not on the precipice with the dross of Matter; for there is a place for thine Image in a realm ever splendid." "If thou extend the Fiery Mind to the work of piety, thou wilt preserve the fluxible body."

However, as Crowley also knew perfectly well, these so-called Oracles of Zoroaster have as much to do with Zoroaster the Magus from Persia as the "Gospels" have to do with Dionysus, or Blavatsky's "Stanzas of Dyan" have to do with any ancient manuscript: they are all relatively modern forgeries; although to apply to word 'forgery' to the "Oracles" is perhaps a little extreme: the writer adopted the pseudonym Zoroaster to write them, and perhaps he was even called Zoroaster. But they have nothing to do with Persian religion. Here Crowley added the following footnote: "This passage appears to be a direct hint at the Formula of the IX^o O.T.O., and the preparation of the Elixir of Life."

It appears that the Levant, from Byzantium and Athens to Damascus, Jerusalem, Alexandria and Cairo, was preoccupied with the formulation of this School in a popular religion, beginning in the days of Augustus Caesar. For there are elements of this central idea in the works of the Gnostics, in certain rituals of what Frazer conveniently calls the Asiatic God, as in the remnants of the Ancient Egyptian cult. The doctrine became abominably corrupted in committee, so to speak, and the result was Christianity, which may be regarded as a White ritual overlaid by a mountainous mass of Black doctrine, like the baby of the mother that King Solomon non-suited.

The reader will notice that, despite the fact that he insisted at the beginning that the Black Brothers and Black Magick should not be confused with the Black School of Magick, he is here doing exactly that. The explanation is that he was simultaneously lying and warning the reader about what he intended to do,

and is now doing.

We may define the doctrine of the White School in its purity in very simple terms.

*The reader is again reminded that this is our School, and that it is the School called "Black" in the Apologue from **The Vision and the Voice**. Are you getting a headache? Carry on...*

Existence is pure joy. Sorrow is caused by failure to perceive this fact; but this is not a misfortune. We have invented sorrow, which does not matter so much after all, in order to have the exuberant satisfaction of getting rid of it. Existence is thus a sacrament.

*This is a not very scientific over-simplification of the doctrine expressed in **AL**, and if carried to its furthest consequences may give rise, in the future, to as loathsome a theology and as corrupt a religion as Christist theology and Christism itself. But we will refrain from any commentary on **AL** further than those already extant in **Equinox V 1** "The Commentaries of **AL**."*

Adepts of the White School regard their brethren of the Black very much as the aristocratic English Sahib (of the days when England was a nation) regarded the benighted Hindu ...

A not very brotherly attitude, one may remark; but be reminded again that he is lying his head off for his own main purposes: to propagandize $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ and further the discredit of Besant and Leadbeater.

... Nietzsche expresses the philosophy of this School to that extent with considerable accuracy and vigour. The man who denounces life merely defines himself as the man who is unequal to it. The brave man rejoices in giving and taking hard knocks, and the brave man is joyous. The Scandinavian idea of Valhalla may be primitive, but it is manly ...

It may be remarked here that Nordic mythology was the first to introduce the concept of the Warrior Woman into the West since the Greek legend of the Amazons. This in part was due to the fact that Nordic women enjoyed sexual freedom and social equality from the beginning, and even the miasma of Christism has been unable to rob them

completely of their cultural heritage in this respect.

... A heaven of popular concert, like the Christian; of unconscious repose, like the Buddhist; or even of sensual enjoyment, like the Moslem, excites his nausea and contempt. He understands that the only joy worth while is the joy of continual victory, and victory itself would become as tame as croquet if it were not spiced by equally continual defeat.

Such oversimplifications, as we remarked before, can give rise to crapulous creeds. The "he" referred to here is the "brave man." It can be seen that at the time this essay was written (Crowley had just been expelled from Sicily) his understanding of AL was still quite limited.

The purest documents of the White School are found in the Sacred Books of Θελημα...

Ah, he got to it!...

... The doctrine is given in excellent perfection both in the **Book of the Heart Girt with the Serpent** and **The Book of Lapis Lazuli**. A single passage is adequate to explain the formula.

7. Moreover I beheld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thereon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.

8. I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her.

9. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.

10. But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me.

11. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.

12. Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened and corrupted before me. Almost I

cast myself into the stream.

13. Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars, and her lips red and warm as the sunset, and her life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun.

14. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.

15. The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.

Liber LXV, Cap. II.

We find even in profane literature this doctrine of the White School of Magick:&mdash

O Buddha! couldst thou nowhere rest
A pivot for the universe?
Must all things be alike confessed
Mere changes rung upon a curse?

I swear by all the bliss of blue
My Phryne with her powder on
Is just as false—and just as true—
As your disgusting skeleton.

Each to his taste: if you prefer
This loathly brooding on Decay;
I call it Growth, and lovelier
Than all the glammers of the day.

You would not dally with Doreen
Because her fairness was to fade,
Because you know the things unclean
That go to make a mortal maid.

I, if her rotten corpse were mine,
Would take it as my natural food,
Denying all but the Divine
Alike in evil and in good.

Aspasia may skin me close,
And Lais load me with disease.
Poor pleasures, bitter bargains, these?
I shall despise Diogenes.

Follow your fancy far enough!
At last you surely come to God.

The poem is, of course, by Crowley himself.

There is thus in this School no attempt to deny that Nature is, as Zoroaster said, "a fatal and evil force"; but Nature is, so to speak, "the First Matter of the Work", which is to be transmuted into gold. The joy is a function of our own part in this alchemy. For this reason we find the boldest and most skillful adepts deliberately seeking out the most repugnant elements of Nature that their triumph may be the greater. The formula is evidently one of dauntless courage. It expresses the idea of vitality and manhood in its most dynamic sense.

The only religion which corresponds to this School at all is that of ancient Egypt; possibly also that of Chaldea. This is because those religions are Magical religions in the strict technical sense; the religious component of them is negligible. So far as it exists, it exists only for the uninitiate.

There are, however, traces of the beginning of the influence of the School in Judaism and in Paganism. There are, too, certain documents of the pure Greek spirit which bear traces of this. It is what they called Theurgy.

The Christian religion in its simplest essence, by that idea of overcoming evil through a Magical ceremony, the Crucifixion, seems at first sight a fair example of the White tradition; but the idea of sin and of propitiation tainted it abominably with Blackness. There have been, however, certain Christian thinkers who have taken the bold logical step of regarding evil as a device of God for exercising the joys of combat and victory. This is, of course, a perfectly White doctrine; but it is regarded as the most dangerous of heresies. (Romans VI. 1,2, et al.)

For all that, the idea is there ...

*But the idea is not Thelemic at all, on the contrary. There is no "evil" in the doctrine of **The Book of the Law**.*

... The Mass itself is essentially a typical White ritual. Its purpose is to transform crude matter directly

into Godhead. It is thus a cardinal operation of Talismanic Magick. But the influence of the Black School has corroded the idea with theological accretions, metaphysical on the one hand, and superstitious on the other, so completely as to mask the Truth altogether.

Now this, of course, is altogether incorrect. The Black School as he interprets it in the essay, meaning the Hindus and the Buddhists, had absolutely no influence on the corruption of the Gnostic Ritual of the Mass at the hands of the Christists. He is deliberately equating the "Black School" with the Black Lodge and the Black Brothers, to take advantage of the emotional connotations of the color "black" in the average Western mind. He will get to Besant and Leadbeater eventually, as you will see, after having thoroughly confused the issue for his own purpose, which, we remind the reader, was to discredit the Tosophists and Eastern "maharishis" and "gurujis" in general and to propagandize Θελημα as he then understood it.

At the Reformation, we find a nugatory attempt to remove the Black element. The Protestant thinkers did their best to get rid of the idea of sin, but it was soon seen that the effort could only lead to antinomianism; and they recognized that this would infallibly destroy the religious idea as such.

Antinomianism is the Christist theological concept that "faith" alone is sufficient to ensure "salvation." This does away with the "Devil," with "Jesus" and, what was more serious, with the need for priests, pastors, or organized churches...!

Mysticism, both Catholic and Protestant, made a further attempt to free Christianity from the dark cloud of iniquity. They joined hands with the Sufis and the Vedantists. But this again led to the mere denial of the reality of evil. Thus drawing away, little by little, from clear appreciation of the facts of Nature, their doctrine became purely theoretical, and faded away, while the thundercloud of sin settled down more heavily than ever.

This reference can only be understood if you study the history of the ecumenical movement of the late

Nineteenth Century, with the creation of the World Council of Religions, at which Vivekananda made such a strong showing. But obviously, any strengthening of sound systems of mysticism, such as Vedanta and Sufism, could - and did - only lead to further weakening of Christist theology. From our point of view, of course, this is all to the good. From the point of view of the Jerry Falwells and Phyllis Schlaflys and the Popes, it is utter disaster, especially to their purses.

The most important of all the efforts of the White School, from an exoteric point of view, is Islam. In its doctrine there is some slight taint, but much less than in Christianity. It is a virile religion. It looks facts in the face, and admits their horror; but it proposes to overcome them by sheer dint of manhood. Unfortunately, the metaphysical conceptions of its quasi-profane Schools are grossly materialistic. It is only the Pantheism of the Sufis which eliminates the conception of propitiation; and, in practice, the Sufis are too closely allied to the Vedantists to retain hold of reality.

Again, this is deliberately incorrect.

That will be all for the present.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER EIGHT: THE THREE SCHOOLS OF MAGICK (3)

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

It has been a long—I hope not too tedious—voyage; but at last the harbour is in sight.

Our Essay approaches its goal; the theory of Life to which initiation tends.

He means Thelemic initiation.

Let us continue!

The above paragraphs were cut out by Mr. Regardie in his "edition" of this book. Perhaps he thought the definition of the Essay's goal too threatening to himself and his cronies.

There is in history only one movement whose object has been to organize the isolated adepts of the White School of Magick, and this movement was totally unconnected with religion, except in so far as it lent its influence to the reformers of the Christian church. Its appeal was not at all to the people. It merely offered to open up relations with, and communicate certain practical secrets of wisdom to, isolated men of science through Europe. This movement is generally known by the name of Rosicrucianism.

The word arouses all sorts of regrettable correspondences; but the adepts of the Society have never worried themselves in the least about the abuse of their name for the purposes of charlatanism, or about the attacks directed against them by envious critics. Indeed, so wisely have they concealed their activities that some modern scholars of the shallower type have declared that no such movement ever existed, that it was a kind of practical joke played upon the curiosity of the credulous Middle Ages. It is at least certain that, since the original proclamations, no official publications have been put forward. The essential secrets have been maintained inviolate. If, during the last few years, a considerable number of documents have been published by them, though not in their name, it is on account of the impending crisis to civilization, of which mention will later be made.

There is no good purpose, even were there license, to discuss the nature of the basis of scientific attainment which is the core of the doctrines of the Society. It is only necessary to point out that its correspondence with alchemy is the one genuine fact on the subject which has been allowed to transpire; for the Rosicrucian, as indicated by his central symbol, the barren cross on which he has made a rose to flower, occupies himself primarily with spiritual and physiological alchemy. Taking for "The

First Matter of the Work a neutral or inert substance (it is constantly described as the commonest and least valued thing on earth, and may actually connote any substance whatever) he deliberately poisons it, so to speak, bringing it to a stage of transmutation generally called the Black Dragon, and he proceeds to work upon this virulent poison until he obtains the perfection theoretically possible.

Incidentally, we have an almost precise parallel with this operation in modern bacteriology. The apparently harmless bacilli of a disease are cultivated until they become a thousand times more virulent than at first, and it is from this culture that is prepared the vaccine which is an efficacious remedy for all the possible ravages of that kind of micro-organism.

Part of the Essay was excised here by Crowley himself.

We have been obliged to expose, perhaps at too considerable a length, the main doctrines of the three Schools. The task, however tedious, has been necessary in order to explain with reasonable lucidity their connection with the world which their ideas direct; that is to say, the nature of their political activities.

The Yellow School, in accordance with its doctrine of perfectly elastic reaction and non-interference, holds itself, generally speaking, entirely apart from all such questions. We can hardly imagine it sufficiently interested in any events soever to react aggressively. It feels strong enough to deal satisfactorily with anything that may turn up: and generally speaking, it feels that any conceivable action on its part would be likely to increase rather than to diminish the mischief.

It remains somewhat contemptuously aloof from the eternal conflict of the Black School with the White ...

This is again totally incorrect: the Black School of Magick, the racial School, does not conflict with the White School; and the White School happens, by the terms of the Apologue, to be the "Black School" this Aeon. Crowley has deliberately led the discussion to the warfare between the White School and the Black

Lodge and the Black Brothers.

... At the same time, there is a certain feeling among the Yellow adepts that should either of these Schools become annihilated, the result might well be that the victor would sooner or later turn his released energy against themselves.

Since the Black Lodge and the Black Brothers are essentially diseased, should they triumph they would certainly spread infection all over the planet. But since for certain reasons this is impossible, Crowley's description of the technique of the Yellow School is more imaginative than factual. Please notice that the Schools intermingle and exchange knowledge at need and at random, and that the "Rosicrucians" just described were a branch of the White School using Yellow School methods in their magickal operation. They were, by the way, the most successful White School organization in known history since Ancient Egypt.

In accordance, therefore, with their general plan of non-action, as expressed in the Tao Teh King, of dealing with mischief before it has become too strong to be dangerous, they interfere gently from time to time to redress the balance.

During the last two generations the Masters of the Yellow School have been compelled to take notice of the progressive ruin of the White adepts. Christianity, which possessed at least the semblance of a White formula, is in the agonies of decomposition, even before it is actually dead. Materialistic science has overwhelmed the faith and hope of the Christians (they never possessed any charity to overwhelm) with a demonstration of the sorrow, transitoriness and cruel futility of the Universe. A vast wave of pessimism has engulfed the fortress of Mansoul.

It was indeed a deadly blow to the adepts of the White School when Science, their own familiar friend in whom they trusted, lifted up his heel against them ...

All this is specious, all this part of the projected attack on Besant, Leadbeater and the Toshosophists. Science was the weapon the Rosicrucians wielded to destroy the tyranny of the Roman Church, and the

stimulation of scientific thought has been the special province of the White School of Magick for many centuries.

... It was in this conjuncture that the Yellow adepts sent forth into the Western world a messenger, Helena Petrowna Blavatsky, with the distinct mission to destroy, on the one hand, the crude schools of Christianity, and, on the other, to eradicate the materialism from Physical Science ...

This is totally incorrect. It is true that Blavatsky, like Crowley himself, went to Asia for training, but she was a White Adept (read "Black...!"), and her work was obviously along the techniques and aims of the White School. The main reason why Crowley states she was sent by the Yellow School is that Blavatsky claimed that her Masters were Oriental: he is trying to dissociate Blavatsky and her Masters completely from what he calls the "Black School," which, as we will soon see, means especially Besant and Leadbeater in this essay, with their gambit of "Secret Masters." Please notice that Besant and Leadbeater, although failing in their special con because of Crowley's intervention, at least opened the door to any charlatan "maharishi" or "guruji" in the West. Put on a turban or a white robe, cultivate meaningful references to the "Secrets of the Orient," and you can make a lot of money in the West, especially in California, to this day.

... She made the necessary connection with Edward Maitland and Anna Kingsford, who were trying rather helplessly to put the exoteric formulae of the White School into the hands of students, and with the secret representatives of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. It is not for us in this place to estimate the degree of success with which she carried out her embassy; but at least we see today that Physical Science is at last penetrating to the spiritual basis of material phenomena. The work of Henry Poincarè, Einstein, Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell is sufficient evidence of this fact.

Christianity, too, has fallen into a lower degree of contempt than ever. Realizing that it was moribund, it made a supreme and suicidal effort, and plunged into the death-spasm of the first world-war. It was

too far corrupt to react to the injections of the White formula which might have saved it ...

It has never been our intention to save it. On the contrary, this disease should run its course and go the way of all such infamous rubbish. It is indeed a "black" page in the history of humankind. If it depended on people like the Grants, McMurtrys and Regardies, it would happen all over again under another name.

... We see today that Christianity is more bigoted, further divorced from reality, than ever. In some countries it has again become a persecuting church.

In any country where Christism has acquired political and financial power, it has never ceased to persecute, and wherever it may attain power, it will persecute. Hence the need to destroy it. If you will pardon the pun, it has no saving graces.

With horrid glee the adepts of the Black School ...

Again we remind the reader that this has absolutely nothing to do with the real (racial) Black School, and nothing to do with Hinduism or Buddhism except insofar as Besant and Leadbeater tried to use those traditions for their own purposes and Crowley intervened. The terminology he has been using has been deliberately misleading from the start.

... looked on at these atrocious paroxysms. But it did more. It marshalled its forces quietly, and prepared to clean up the debris of the battlefields. It is at present (1924 e.v.) pledged to a supreme attempt to chase the manly races from their spiritual halidom. (The spasm still - 1945 e.v. - continues; note well the pro-German screams of Anglican Bishops, and the intrigues of the Vatican.)

The Black School has always worked insidiously, by treachery. We need then not be surprised by finding that its most notable representative was the renegade follower of Blavatsky, Annie Besant, and that she was charged by her Black masters with the mission of persuading the world to accept for its Teacher a negroid Messiah ...

Get the point? Krishnamurti, of course, was a pure Aryan, and had no negro blood whatsoever. But the essay was written to be read by the European

equivalent of the Birch Society, the Moral Majority and Ronald Reagan...

... To make the humiliation more complete, a wretched creature was chosen who, to the most loathsome moral qualities, added the most fatuous imbecility. And then blew up!

Here, again Crowley himself excised material that had been in the original essay, dealing with the Besant Leadbeater Krishnamurti imbroglio in greater detail. As we observed before, he could fight dirty with the worst of them. He earned the lasting hatred of Besant and Leadbeater, and that section of the Theosophical Society that remained under their influence is deadly hostile to Crowley to this day. They have consistently helped the Vatican and the Zionists in their campaign of vilification of The Beast.

This, then, is the present state of the war of the Three Schools. We cannot suppose that humanity is so entirely base as to accept Krishnamurti; yet that such a scheme could ever have been conceived is a symptom of the almost hopeless decadence of the White School ...

Here he added the following: "Note. This passage was written in 1924 e.v. The Master Therion arose and smote him. What seemed a menace is now hardly even a memory."

... The Black adepts boast openly that they have triumphed all along the line. Their formula has attained the destruction of all positive qualities. It is only one step to the stage when the annihilation of all life and thought will appear as a fatal necessity. The materialism and vital scepticism of the present time, its frenzied rush for pleasure in total disregard of any idea of building for the future, testifies to a condition of complete moral disorder, of abject spiritual anarchy.

The White School has thus been paralysed. We are reminded of the spider described by Fabre ...

Jean Henri Fabre, respected French entomologist and man of letters, who wrote "The Life of the Spider."

... who injects her victims with a poison which paralyzes them without killing them, so that her own

young may find fresh meat. And this is what is going to happen in Europe and America unless something is done about it, and done in very short order.

The Yellow School could not remain impassive spectators of the abominations. Madame Blavatsky was a mere forerunner. They, in conjunction with the Secret Chiefs of the White School in Europe, Chiefs who had been compelled to suspend all attempts at exoteric enlightenment by the general moral debility which had overtaken the races from which they drew their adepts, have prepared a guide for mankind. This man, of an extreme moral force and elevation, combined with a profound sense of worldly realities, has stood forth in an attempt to save the White School, to rehabilitate its formula, and to fling back from the bastions of moral freedom the howling savages of pessimism. Unless his appeal is heard, unless there comes a truly virile reaction against the creeping atrophy which is poisoning them, unless they enlist to the last man under his standard, a great decisive battle will have been lost.

This prophet of the White School, chosen by its Masters and his brethren, to save the Theory and Practice, is armed with a sword far mightier than Excalibur. He has been entrusted with a new Magical formula, one which can be accepted by the whole human race. Its adoption will strengthen the Yellow School by giving a more positive value to their Theory; while leaving the postulates of the Black School intact, it will transcend them and raise their Theory and Practice almost to the level of the Yellow ...

Once more we remind the reader that the "Black School" he refers to is merely Hinduism and Buddhism, and that Hinduism is actually a branch of the White School (racially speaking), and Buddhism of the Yellow. The Operation against Besant and Leadbeater is still on... And now he is, of course, beating his own drum.

... As to the White School, it will remove from them all taint of poison of the Black, and restore vigour to their central formula of spiritual alchemy by giving each man an independent ideal. It will put an end to the moral castration involved in the assumption that

each man, whatever his nature, should deny himself to follow out a fantastic and impracticable ideal of goodness. Incidentally, this formula will save Physical Science itself by making negligible the despair of futility, the vital scepticism which has emasculated it in the past. It shows that the joy of existence is not in a goal, for that indeed is clearly unattainable, **but in the going** itself.

This law is called the Law of Θελημα. It is summarized in the four words, "Do what thou wilt."

It should not be necessary to explain that a full appreciation of this message is not to be obtained by a hasty examination. It is essential to study it from every point of view, to analyse it with the keenest philosophical acumen, and finally to apply it as a key for every problem, internal and external, that exists. This key, applied with skill, will open every lock.

From the deepest point of view, the greatest value of this formula is that it affords, for the first time in history, a basis of reconciliation between the three great Schools of Magick. It will tend to appease the eternal conflict by understanding that each type of thought shall go on its own way, develop its own proper qualities without seeking to interfere with other formulae, however (superficially) opposed to its own.

What is true for every School is equally true for every individual. Success in life, on the basis of the Law of Θελημα, implies severe self-discipline. Each being must progress, as biology teaches, by strict adaptation to the conditions of the organism. If, as the Black School continually asserts, the cause of sorrow is desire, we can still escape the conclusion by the Law of Θελημα. What is necessary is not to seek after some fantastic ideal, utterly unsuited to our real needs, but to discover the true nature of those needs, to fulfill them, and rejoice therein.

This process is what is really meant by initiation; that is to say, the going into oneself, and making one's peace, so to speak, with all the forces that one finds there.

It is forbidden here to discuss the nature of The Book of the Law, the Sacred Scripture of Θελημα. Even

after forty years of close expert examination, it remains to a great extent mysterious; but the little we know of it is enough to show that it is a sublime synthesis of all Science and all ethics. It is by virtue of this Book that man may attain a degree of freedom hitherto never suspected to be possible, a spiritual development altogether beyond anything hitherto known; and, what is really more to the point, a control of external nature which will make the boasted achievements of the last century appear no more than childish preliminaries to an incomparably mighty manhood.

All this is, of course, coming to pass. You will notice that he rewrote parts of the Essay to adapt it to 1945 e.v., when he decided to make it part of this book.

It has been said by some that the Law of Θελημα appeals only to the élite of humanity. No doubt here is this much in that assertion, that only the highest can take full advantage of the extraordinary opportunities which it offers. At the same time, "the Law is for all." Each in his degree, every man may learn to realise the nature of his own being, and to develop it in freedom. It is by this means that the White School of Magick can justify its past, redeem its present, and assure its future, by guaranteeing to every human being a life of Liberty and of Love.

Such, then, are the words of Gérard Aumont. I should not like to endorse every phrase ...

Not at this late date, anyway...

...; but the whole exposition is so masterly in its terse, tense vigour, and so unrivalled by any other document at my disposal, that I thought it best to let you have it in its own original form, with only those few alterations which lapse of time has made necessary.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. Our own School unites the ruby red of Blood with the gold of the Sun. It combines the best characteristics of the Yellow and the White Schools.

In the light of M. Aumont's exposition, it is easy to understand.

To us, every phenomenon is an Act of Love, every experience is necessary, is a Sacrament, is a means of Growth. Hence, "...existence is pure joy;..." (AL II 9) "A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture! A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!" (AL II 42-43).

Let this soak in!

LETTER NINE: THE SECRET CHIEFS

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Very glad I am, since at one time I was obliged to be starkly stern about impertinent curiosity, to note that your wish to be informed about the Secret Chiefs of the A·A·: is justified; it is most certainly of the first importance that you and I should be quite clear in our minds about Those under whose jurisdiction and tutelage we both work.

The question is beset with thickets of tough thorn; what is worse, the path is so slippery that nothing is easier than to tumble head first into the spikiest bush of them all.

You justly remind me that one of my earliest slogans was "Mystery is the enemy of Truth;" how then is it what I acquiesce in the policy of concealment in a matter so cardinal?

Perhaps the best plan is for me to set down the facts of the case, so far as is possible, from them it may appear that no alternative policy is feasible.

The first condition of membership of the A·A·: is that one is sworn to identify one's own Great Work with that of raising mankind to higher levels, spiritually, and in every other way.

This is not explicit in the Oaths and Tasks of the lower grades, and has led to much confusion for the selfish

and petty so-called "aspirant," who comes to the Order merely to try to improve his or her own restricted condition, imagined or otherwise. It is not for nothing that the Hierophant has a subtly sinister half-smile on his face!

Accordingly, it stands to reason that those charged with the conduct of the Order should be at least Masters of the Temple, or their judgment would be worthless, and at least Magi (though not that particular kind of Magus who brings the Word of a New Formula to the world every 2,000 years or so) or they would be unable to influence events on any scale commensurate with the scope of the Work.

A:·A:·

Of what nature is this Power, this Authority, this Understanding, this Wisdom—Will?

(I go up from Geburah to Chokmah.)

Of the passive side it is comparatively easy to form some idea; for the qualities essential are mainly extensions of those that all of us possess in some degree. And whether Understanding - Wisdom is "right" or "wrong" must be largely a matter of opinion; often Time only can decide such points.

But for the active side it is necessary to postulate the existence of a form of Energy at their disposal which is able "to cause change to occur in conformity with the Will"—one definition of "Magick."

Now this, as you know, is an exceedingly complex subject; its theory is tortuous, and its practice encompassed with every kind of difficulty.

Is there no simple method?

Yes: the thaumaturgic engine disposes of a type of energy more adaptable than Electricity itself, and both stronger and subtler than this, its analogy in the world of profane science. One might say, that it is electrical, or at least one of the elements in the "Ring-formula" of modern Mathematical Physics.

In the R.R. et A.C., this is indicated to the Adept Minor by the title conferred upon him on his initiation to that grade: Hodos Camelionis:—the Path of the Chameleon. (This emphasizes the omnivalence of the force.) ...

Not so: it emphasizes the absolute need to disguise oneself by resembling one's environment: the rule of the Rosicrucians was, and it might be supposed it still is, "to adopt the clothes and the customs of the country one happens to be travelling in." It is pardonable in Crowley that he forgot this point, for His work was not that of a "Rosicrucian;" His Work was not to conceal his light from the profane, but to become, in the silly ritual parlance of Christism, the Light of the World. In other words, the Hanged Man.

... In the higher degrees of O.T.O.—the A·A·° is not fond of terms like this, which verge on the picturesque—it is usually called "the Ophidian Vibrations," thus laying special stress upon its serpentine strength, subtlety, its control of life and death, and its power to insinuate itself into any desired set of circumstances...

The reference is also, of course, to the Kundalini, the Serpent Power of the Hindu, Tantric and Tibetan Schools. This symbol is universal: it is found in North, Central and South America, and in Australasia as well.

It is of this universally powerful weapon that the Secret Chiefs must be supposed to possess complete control.

Within limits. An athlete may press two hundred pounds or more while I can press only one hundred; but the athlete might be crushed under a thousand. The analogy is bad, but it could be worse. The important point is that the reader should keep in mind that the Secret Chief is not omnipotent or omniscient or omnipresent except in relation to humankind. They can be wrong, and they can fail, at least relatively speaking; although on a much higher level of discourse than preachers, politicians, bureaucrats and millionaires.

They can induce a girl to embroider a tapestry, or initiate a political movement to culminate in a world-war; all in pursuit of some plan wholly beyond the purview or the comprehension of the deepest and subtlest thinkers.

(It should go without saying that the adroit use of these

vibrations enables one to perform all the classical "miracles.")

Again, within limits. But most of the classical 'miracles,' the 'gospel' ones especially, where genuine, can be performed by even minor thaumaturges.

These powers are stupendous: they seem almost beyond imagination to conceive.

The following Latin lines and subsequent paragraph were cut out in Mr. Regardie's edition.

"Hic ego nec metas rerum nec tempora
pono;
Imperium sine fine dedi."

As Vergil, that mighty seer and magician of Rome at her perihelion says in his First Book of the Aeneid. (Vergil whose every line is also an Oracle, the leaves of his book more sacred, more significant, more sure than those of the Cumaean Sibyl!)

Crowley shared, naturally enough, Levi's admiration for Virgil, to say nothing of Dante's. The lines mean roughly: "Since I neither a deadline nor a purpose set to things, I give infinite empery."

These powers move in dimensions of time and space quite other than those with which we are familiar. Their values are incomprehensible to us. To a Secret Chief, wielding this weapon, "The nice conduct of a clouded cane" might be infinitely more important than a war, famine and pestilence such as might exterminate a third part of the race, to promote whose welfare is the crux of His oath, and the sole reason of His existence!

But who **are** They?

Since They are "invisible" and "inaccessible," may They not merely be figments invented by a self-styled "Master," not quite sure of himself, to prop his tottering Authority?

Well, the "invisible" and "inaccessible" criticism may equally be leveled at Captain A. and Admiral B. of the Naval Intelligence Department. These "Secret Chiefs" keep in the dark for precisely the same reasons; and these qualities disappear

instantaneously the moment **They** want to get hold of *you*.

It is written, moreover, "Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known." (AL I 10)

But are They then men, in the usual sense of the word? They may be incarnate or discarnate: it is a matter of Their convenience.

Have They attained Their position by passing through all the grades of the A·:A·:?

Yes and no: the system which was given to me to put forward is only one of many. "Above the Abyss" all these technical wrinkles are ironed out. One man whom I suspect of being a Secret Chief has hardly any acquaintance with the technique of our system at all. That he accepts **The Book of the Law** is almost his only link with my work. That, and his use of the Ophidian Vibrations: I don't know which of us is better at it, but I am sure that he must be a very long way ahead of me if he is one of Them.

You have already in these pages and elsewhere in my writings examples numerous and varied of the way in which They work. The list is far from complete. The matters of Ab—ul—Diz and of Amalantrah show one method of communication; then there is the way of direct "inspiration," as in the case of "Hermes Eimi" in New Orleans.

Again, They may send an ordinary living man, whether one of Themselves or no I cannot feel sure, to instruct me in some task, or to set me right when I have erred. Then there have been messages conveyed by natural objects, animate or inanimate ...

Here he added the note: "One thing I regard from my own experience as certain: when you call, They come. The circumstances usually show that the call had been foreseen, and preparations made to answer it, long before it was made. But I suppose in some way the call has to justify the making. "

This is not necessarily so. They may choose the path of least resistance to convey a message, following the Way of the Dao; and if you try to trace the logical sequence of events preceding the occasion, you may draw the conclusion that They had foreseen the

demand a long time before it was vibrated, when They merely channeled a little of an existing force towards you, and then immediately ceased to impinge on the Continuum more than necessary for your — Their — purposes. In the same way I can use a river for transportation; the river was created by geological upheavals perhaps ten million years ago or more; am I to state that it was created merely for the purpose of my crossing it to reach a destination that may not live longer than a moment? It is correct, however, that usually They won't answer unless you ask. You must cultivate the Noble Art of Guru-bullying, but with all due caution. Woe if you ask for help when you are just too lazy or too conceited to fight your own battles! In such cases, it is better not to call attention to yourself. Which, after all, is what is meant by Hodos Chamelionis! It cuts both ways. As Crowley himself says, when you really need help, you get it — as a rule, if it serves Their purposes. And you often were not aware that you needed the help before it comes. In my experience, it is very seldom that you get help when it does not directly serve Their purposes; for one; Their resources are not infinite; for another, why should They care what happens to you? But sometimes they are amused by you, or fond of you, or entertained by your antics. It is useless - and even dangerous — to try to contrive such responses. They may be amused by insincerity, but only when it is very subtle or very clumsy — and They do not feel obligated to "reward" it! in fact, They feel obligated by nothing except Their own purposes. This is my experience, which is of course partial and limited, so don't take it for eternal Truth.

... Needless to say, the outstanding example in my life is the whole Plan of Campaign concerning **The Book of the Law**. But is Aiwaz a man (presumably a Persian or Assyrian) and a "Secret Chief," or is He an "angel" in the sense that Gabriel is an angel? Is Ab-ul-Diz an Adept who can project himself into the aura of some woman with whom I happen to be living, although she has no previous experience of the kind, or any interest in such matters at all? Or is He a being whose existence is altogether beyond this

plane, only adopting human appearance and faculties in order to make Himself sensible and intelligible to that woman?

I have never attempted to pursue any such enquiry. It was not forbidden; and yet I felt that it was! I always insisted, of course, on the strictest proof that He actually possessed the authority claimed by Him! But I felt it improper to assume any other initiative. Just a point of good manners, perhaps?

Good manners are always a helpful quality; in a sense, they mean awareness of the existence of, and respect for, other stars. The following paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie, perhaps because it states clearly that

a) Crowley was totally humble towards his superiors and

b) Crowley could make contact with Them at any time if an emergency arose, which, as everybody knows, the Zionists seem unable to do with Moses, or Jehovah, or whoever.

You ask whether, contact once made, I am able to renew it should I so wish. Again, yes and no. But the real answer is that no such gesture on my part can ever be necessary. For one thing, the "Chief" is so far above me that I can rely on Him to take the necessary steps, whenever contact would be useful; for another, there is one path always open which is perfectly sufficient for all possible contingencies.

Elsewhere I will explain why they picked out so woebegone a ragamuffin as myself to proclaim the Word of the Aeon, and do all the chores appurtenant to that particular Work.

The Burden is heavier as the years go by; but—
Perdurabo.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. Reading this typescript over for "literals," it struck me that you would ask, very reasonably: "But if the Secret Masters have these boundless powers, why do They allow you to be plagued by printers, held up for lack of secretaries, worried by all sorts of practical

problems? . . . Why, in a word, does anything ever go wrong?"

There are several lines of reply; coalescing, they suffice:

1. What is "wrong?" Since four wars is Their idea of "right," you may well ask by what standard you may judge events.
2. Their Work is creative; They operate on the dull mass of unrealized possibilities. Thus they meet, firstly, the opposition of Inertia; secondly, the recoil, the reaction, the rebound.
3. Things theoretically feasible are practically impossible when
 - (a) desirable though their accomplishment may be, it is not the one feat essential to the particular Work in hand and the moment;
 - (b) the sum total of available energy being used up by that special task, there is none available for side-issues;
 - (c) the opposition, passive or active, is too strong, temporarily, to overcome.

More largely, one cannot judge how a plan is progressing when one has no precise idea what it is. A soldier is told to "attack;" he may be intended to win through, to cover a general retreat, or to gain time by deliberate sacrifice. Only the Commander in Chief knows what the order means, or why he issues it; and even he does not know the issue, or whether it will display and justify his military skill and judgment.

Our business is solely to obey orders: our responsibility ends when we have satisfied ourselves that they emanate from a source which has the right to command.

P.P.S. A visitor's story has just reminded me of the possibility that I am a Secret Chief myself without knowing it: for I have sometimes been recognized by other people as having acted as such, though I was not aware of the fact at the time.

Which proves nothing; he might have been Overshadowed. But if he was not a Secret Chief then, He is a Secret Chief now.

LETTER TEN: THE SCOLEX SCHOOL

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You actually want to know how to distinguish gold from copper pyrites —"fool's gold" they called it in '49 California...

She had asked him how she would be able to distinguish between the Secret Chiefs he had just described and the bogus 'Secret Masters' so widely advertised in the yellow press. "'49" does not mean 1949 e.v., but 1849 e.v., the date when the so-called 'Gold Rush started in the United States of America.

...- no! I wasn't there ...

She had probably been pestering him about his recent incarnations. Please remember that these letters were not edited in the order in which they were written, and that lots of them were not written to the same person, of whatever sex.

... - or "absolute" alcohol and—Liqueur Whisky from "alki" (commercial alcohol—see Jack London's *The Princess*, a magnificent story—don't miss it!) and Wartime Scotch as sold in most British pubs in 1944, **era vulgari.**

One pretty good plan is to take a masterpiece, pick out a page at random, translate it into French or German or whatever language you like best, walk around your chair three times (so as to forget the English) and then translate it back again.

You will gather a useful impression of the value of the masterpiece by noticing the kind of difficulty that arises in the work of translation; more, by observing the effect produced on you by reading over the result; and finally, by estimating the re-translation; has the effect of the original been enhanced by the work done on it? Has it become more lucid? Has it actually given you the information which it purported to do?

(I am giving you credit for very unusual ability; this test is not easy to make; and, obviously, you may

have spoilt the whole composition, especially where its value depends on its form rather than on its substance. But we are not considering poetry, or poetic prose; all we want is intelligible meaning.)

It does not follow that a passage is nonsensical because you fail to understand it; it may simply be too hard for you. When Bertrand Russell writes "We say that a function R is 'ultimately Q-convergent α ' if there is a member y of the converse domain of R and the field of Q such that the value of the function for the argument y and for any argument to which y has the relation Q is a member of α ." Do we?

But you do not doubt that if you were to learn the meaning of all these unfamiliar terms, you would be able to follow his thought.

Now take a paragraph from an "occult teacher."

What's more, I'll give you wheat, not tares; it seems terrifyingly easy for sound instruction to degenerate in to a "pi-jaw." Here goes!

"To don Nirmanakaya's humble robe is to forego eternal bliss for self, to help on man's salvation. To reach Nirvana's bliss but to renounce it, is the supreme, the final step—the highest on Renunciation's Path."

Well, not quite, unless you are fool enough to believe that Nirvana is the 'ne plus ultra' of spiritual states; and you don't believe that unless you are a talking monkey and nothing else, any more than you believe that 'nothing can exceed the speed of light.'

Follows a common-sense comment by Frater O.M.

The quotation is from Crowley's edition of Blavatsky's The Voice of the Silence and The Seven Portals, commented by himself. This book, also, will be reissued by us.

All this about Gautama Buddha having renounced Nirvana is apparently all a pure invention of Mme. Blavatsky, and has no authority in the Buddhist canon ...

In short, Blavatsky was lying, just as Crowley lied in his "The Three Schools of

Magick;" which, since they were both members of the White ("Black") School, may give you a good idea of Our character, or lack of it!

... The Buddha is referred to, again and again, as having 'passed away by that kind of passing away which leaves nothing whatever behind.' The account of his doing this is given in the *Mahaparinibbana Sutta*; and it was the contention of the Toshophists that this 'great, sublime Nibbana story' was something peculiar to Gautama Buddha. They began to talk about Parinibbana, super-Nibbana, as if there were some way of subtracting one from one which would leave a higher, superior kind of a nothing, or as if there were some way of blowing out a candle which would leave Moses in a much more Egyptian darkness than we ever supposed when we were children.

This is not science. This is not business. This is American Sunday journalism. The Hindu and the American are very much alike in this innocence, this 'naiveté' which demands fairy stories with ever bigger giants. They cannot bear the idea of anything being complete and done with. So, they are always talking in superlatives, and are hard put to it when the facts catch up with them, and they have to invent new superlatives. Instead of saying that there are bricks of various sizes, and specifying those sizes, they have a brick and a super-brick, and 'one' brick, and 'some' brick; and when they have got to the end they chase through the dictionary for some other epithet to brick, which shall excite the sense of wonder at the magnificent progress and super-progress—I present the American public with this word—which is supposed to have been made. Probably the whole thing is a bluff without a single fact

behind it. Almost the whole of the Hindu psychology is an example of this kind of journalism. They are not content with the supreme God. The other man wishes to show off by having a supreamer God than that, and when a third man comes along and finds them disputing, it is up to him to invent a supremest super-God.

It is simply ridiculous to try to add to the definition of Nibbana by this invention of Parinibbana, and only talkers busy themselves with these fantastic speculations. The serious student minds his own business, which is the business in hand. The President of a Corporation does not pay his bookkeeper to make a statement of the countless billions of profit to be made in some future year. It requires no great ability to string a row of zeros after a significant figure until the ink runs out. What is wanted is the actual balance of the week.

The reader is most strongly urged not to permit himself to indulge in fantastic flights of thought, which are the poison of the mind, because they represent an attempt to run away from reality, a dispersion of energy and a corruption of moral strength. His business is, firstly, to know himself; secondly, to order and control himself; thirdly, to develop himself on sound organic lines little by little. The rest is only leather and prunella.

Meaning, empty talk or "hot air."

There is, however, a sense in which the service of humanity is necessary to the completeness of the Adept. He is not to fly away too far.

Some remarks on this course are given in the note to the next verse.

The student is also advised to take note of the conditions of membership of the

A·A·

(**Equinox** III (1), Supplement pp. 57 - 59).

So much for the green tree; now for the dry!

We come down to the average popular "teacher," the mere humbug. Read this:—

"One day quite soon an entirely different kind of electricity will be discovered which will bring as many profound changes into human living as the first type did. This new electricity will move in a finer ether than does our familiar kind, and thus will be nearer in vibration to the fifth dimension, to the innermost source of things, that realm of 'withinness' wherein all is held poised by a colossal force, that same force which is packed within the atom. Electricity number two will be unthinkably more powerful than our present electricity number one." (V.S. Alder, **The Fifth Dimension**, p. 132)

This thoroughly silly book has recently been reprinted; naturally, by Samuel Weiser, Inc.

Exhausted; I must restring my bow.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER ELEVEN: WOOLLY POMPOSITIES OF THE PIOUS "TEACHER"

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I do not think that it was any new kind of electricity. I think it was the passage itself that has given me neuralgia. It disgusts me beyond words.

To put the matter in a nutshell, tersely, concisely,
succinctly, the world is being corrupted by all this ---

Asthmatic	Torpid	Nauseous
Thinking	Thinking	Thinking
Bovine T	Uncertain T.	Old-maidish T.
Chawbacon T.	Venomous T.	Purgative T.
Diffuse T.	Whelp T.	Querulous T.
Excretory T	Yahoo T.	Rat-riddled T.
Fog-bound T.	Zig-zag T.	Superficial T.
Gossiping T.	Ambivalent T.	Tinsel T.
Higgledy- piggedy T.	Broken T.	Unbalanced T.
Ill-mannered T.	Corked T.	Viscous T.
Jibbing T.	Disjointed T.	Windy T.
Kneeling T.	Eight-anna T.	Yapping T.
Leaden T.	Flibberty- gibbet T.	Zymotic T.
Moulting T.	Glum T.	Addled T.
Neurotic T.	High-falutin' T.	Blear-eyed T.
Orphan T.	Invertebrate T.	Capsized T.
Peccable T.	Jazzy T.	Down-at-heel T.
Queasy T.	Knavish T.	Evasive T.
Rococo T.	Leucorrhoeic T.	Formless T.
Slavish T.	Motheaten T.	Guilty T.
Hypocritical T.	Unsystematic T.	Lachrymose T.
Ignorant T.	Void T.	Maudlin T.
Jerry-built T.	Waggly T.	Neighing T.
Knock-kneed T.	Atrophied T.	Odious T.
Lazy T.	Bloated T.	Pedestrian T.
Messy T.	Cancerous T.	Quavering T.
Nasty T.	Dull T.	Ragbag T.
Oleaginous T.	Eurasian T.	Sappy T.
Purulent T.	Futile T.	Tuberculous T.
Slattern T.	Immature T.	Veneered T.
Unkempt T.	Beige T.	Woolly T.
Over-civilized T.	Emaciated T.	Flat T.

Gluey T.	Dislocated T.	Emetic T.
Crippled T.	Slushy T.	Insanitary T.
Foggy T.	Teaparty T.	Gloomy T.
Wordy T.	Negroid T.	Jaundiced T.
Opportunish T.	Babbling T.	Pedantic T.
Muddy T.	Onanistic T.	Flatulent T.
Unclean T.	Hybrid T.	Sluttish T.
Flabby T.	Nebulous T.	Stale T.
Unsorted T.	Hurried T.	Mangy T.
Prim T.	Empty T.	Portentous T.
Theatrical T.	Vain T.	Loose T.
Vaporous T.	Loose T.	Wooden T.
Myopic T.	Bloodless T.	Soapy T.
Flimsy T.	Ersatz T.	Gabbling T.
Unfinished T.	Pontifical T.	Wishful T.
Mongrel T.	Unripe T.	Frock-coated T.
Irrelevant T.	Glossy T.	Fashionable T.
Hidebound T.	Officious T.	Unmanly T.
Snobbish T.	Misleading T.	Slippery T.

In the original edition Mr. Karl Germer, the editor, added this note: "In the original Manuscript the list of adjectives contains about 1,000 words; a small selection only has been used." Mr. Regardie, incidentally, in his "edition" of this book, failed to acknowledge that the footnotes, when not by Crowley, were by Karl Johannes Germer; possibly because this would make his piracy and theft the more blatant; also, possibly, because he wanted to enrich his reputation at the expense of a better man's mind and character. The secretary who took dictation was not, of course, by this time Mr. Regardie, who had fled with holy awe from the wicked man he would later try to rob, as we have seen. Nay, the secretary was another future thief, Kenneth Grant. The adjectives followed each other without pause: Crowley described the kind of "thinking" he meant with a thousand different words, none of which by the way, were the traditional four-letter ones, although he knew plenty of those as well. The point of the exercise is explained in the text itself. One cannot help wondering what Mr. Grant — who. if anuthina. is

intellectually as lazy as he is morally - thought of the whole thing while he had to put it down. It must have taken at least half an hour.

... as we find in Brunton, Besant, Clymer, Max Heindl, Ouspensky and in the catchpenny frauds of the secret-peddlers, the U.B., the O.H.M., the A.M.O.R.C., and all the other gangs of self-styled Rosicrucians; they should be hissed off the stage.

These lines of verse were excised Mr. Regardie. Perhaps the reference to Australia reminded him of a much better man than himself, Frank Bennet, and irked him.

We want it dinkum!
Advance Australia!
Stick to your flag!
March to your National Anthem:—

"Get a bloody move on!
Get some bloody sense
Learn the bloody art of
Self-de-bloody-fence!"

One of the many popular war-marches of the time. Please remember that World War II was still on.

So much for Buckingham!

Buckingham Palace, traditional living space of the British "royal" family.

Now that we are agreed upon the conditions to be satisfied if we are to allow that a given proposition contains a Thought at all, it is proper to turn our attention to the relative value of different kinds of thought. This question is of the very first importance: the whole theory of Education depends upon a correct standard. There are facts and facts: one would not necessarily be much the wiser if one got the Encyclopaedia Britannica by heart, or the Tables of Logarithms. The one aim of Mathematics, in fact—Whitehead points this out in his little Shilling Arithmetic—is to make one fact do the work of thousands.

What we are looking for is a working Hierarchy of Facts.

That takes us back at once to our original "addition and

subtraction" remark in my letter on Mind. Classification, the first step, proceeds by putting similar things together, and dissimilar things apart.

One asset in the Audit of a fact is the amount of knowledge which it covers. $(2 + 5)^2 = 49$; $(3 + 4)^2 = 49$; $(6 + 2)^2 = 64$; $(7 + 1)^2 = 64$; $(9 + 4)^2 = 169$ are isolated facts, no more; worse, the coincidences of 49 and 64 might start the wildest phantasies in your head—"something mysterious about this." But if you write "The sum of the squares of any two numbers is the sum of the square of each plus twice their multiple"— $(a + b)^2 = a^2 + b^2 + 2ab$ —you have got a fact which covers every possible case, and exhibits one aspect of the nature of numbers themselves. The importance of a word increases as its rank, from the particular and concrete to the general and abstract. (It is curious that the highest values of all, the "Laws of Nature," are never exactly "true" for any two persons, for one person can never observe the **identical** phenomena sensible to another, since two people cannot be in exactly the same place at exactly the same time: yet it is just these facts that are equally true for all men.)

Observe, I pray, the paramount importance of memory. From one point of view (bless your heart!) you are nothing at all but a bundle of memories. When you say "this is happening **now**," you are a falsifier of God's sacred truth! When I say "I see a horse", the truth is that "I record in those terms my private hieroglyphic interpretation of the unknown and unknowable phenomenon (or 'point-event') which has more or less recently taken place at the other end of my system of receiving impressions."

This paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie.

(Is this clear? I do hope so; if not, make me go on at it until it is.)

Well, then! You realize, of course, how many millions or billions of memories there must be to compose any average well-trained mind. Those strings of adjectives ...

He is referring to the thousand definitions of the kind of "thinking" one gets from the Besants,

Leadbeaters, Regardies, Grants, McMurtrys, etc., etc.

... all sprang spontaneously; I did not look them up in books of reference; so imagine the extent of my full vocabulary! And words are but the half-baked bricks with which one constructs.

The following paragraph was also excised by Mr. Regardie

Millions, yes: billions probably: but there is a limit.

He means, to the number of memories you can retain in your brain and coordinate with each other.

See to it, then, that you accept no worthless material; that you select, and select again, always in proper order and proportion; organize, structuralize your thought, always with the one aim in view of accomplishing the Great Work.

Well, now, before going further into this, I must behave like an utter cad, and disgrace my family tree, and blot my 'scutcheon and my copybook by confusing you about "realism." Excuse: not my muddle; it was made centuries ago by a gang of curséd monks, headed by one Duns Scotus—so-called because he was Irish—or if not by somebody else equally objectionable. They held to the Platonic dogma of archetypes. They maintained that there was an original (divine) idea such as "greenness" or a "pig," and that a green pig, as observed in nature, was just one example of these two ideal essences. They were opposed by the "nominalists," who said, to the contrary, that "greenness" or "a pig" were nothing in themselves; they were mere names (nominalism from Lat. **nomen**, a name) invented for convenience of grouping. This doctrine is plain commonsense, and I shall waste no time in demolishing the realists.

You will notice that the "realists," as they called themselves, were indeed the "idealists" to end all "idealists," and the fact that they were able to call themselves by a term that meant exactly the opposite of what they were explains Crowley's thousand adjectives and reminds one of the "democracy" of Reagan and the "morality" of Falwell, to say nothing of the "feminism" of Schlafly and the "Christianity" of the Popes. Shall one add

the "compassion" of the Zionists...? Of course, if you were going to brazen it out then, being a monk helped. It still does, in backward countries like Ireland and the United States.

All **à priori** thinking, the worst kind of thinking, goes with "realism" in this sense.

And now you look shocked and surprised! And no wonder! What (you exclaim) is the whole Qabalistic doctrine but the very apotheosis of this "realism"? (It was also called "idealism", apparently to cheer and comfort the student on his rough and rugged road!)

Rather, to confuse him more completely, one would - if you will pardon the word - think.

Is not Atziluth the "archetypal world?" is not—

Oh, all right, all **right!** Keep your blouse on! I didn't go for to do it. You're quite right: the Tree of Life **is** like that, in appearance. But that is the wrong way to look at it. We get our number two, for example, as "that which is common to a bird's legs, a man's ears, twins, the cube root of eight, the greater luminaries ...

In astrological parlance, the Sun and the Moon.

..., the spikes of a pitchfork," **etc.** but, having got it, we must not go on to argue that the number two being possessed of this and that property, therefore there **must** be two of something or other which for one reason or another we cannot count on our fingers.

The trouble is that sometimes we **can** do so; we are very often obliged to do so, and it comes out correct. But we must not trust any such theorem; it is little more than a hint to help us in our guesses. Example: an angel appears and tells us that his name is MALIEL (MLIAL) which adds to 111, the third of the numbers of the Sun. Do we conclude that his nature is solar? In this case, yes, perhaps, because, (on the theory) he took that name for the very reason that it chimed with his nature. But a man may reside at 81 Silver Street without being a lunatic, or be born at five o'clock on the 5th of May, 1905 e.v., and make a very poor soldier.

"No, no, my dear sister, how tempted

soever,
To nominalism be faithful forever!"

(If you want to be very learned indeed, read up
Bertrand Russell on "Classes.")

*He means in Russell's **The Principles of Mathematics**, which is perhaps Russell's masterpiece. But very likely he would not have been able to write it without his previous work on **Principia Mathematica** with Alfred North Whitehead, who has already been mentioned by Crowley. Whitehead was another giant intellect, a philosopher and a mathematician, but unlike Russell he did more teaching than writing, which is the reason why he is less known.*

Enough, more than enough, of this: let us return to the relative value of various types of thought.

The above lines were excised from Mr. Regardie's "edition" of this book. But it is well known that he does not approve of accounting, or of Bertrand Russell, or of nominalism, or of Crowley.

I think you already understand the main point: you must structuralise your thinking. You must learn how to differentiate and how to integrate your thoughts. Nothing exists in isolation; it is always conditioned by its relations with other things; indeed, in one sense, a thing is no more than the sum of these relations. (For the only "reality," in the long run, is, as we have seen, a Point of View.)

Now, this task of organizing the mind, of erecting a coherent and intelligible structure, is enormously facilitated by the Qabalah.

When, in one of those curious fits of indisposition of which you periodically complain, and of which the cause appears to you so obscure, you see pink leopards on the staircase, mmmmm "Ah! the colour of the King Scale of Tiphareth—Oh! the form of Leo, probably in the Queen Scale" and thereby increase your vocabulary by these two items. Then, perhaps, someone suggests that indiscretion in the worship of Dionysus is responsible for the observed phenomena

...

Meaning that she drank too much.

... —well, there's Tiphareth again at once; the Priest, moreover, wears a leopard-skin, and the spots suggest the Sun. Also, Sol is Lord of Leo: so there you are! pink leopards are exactly what you have a right to expect!

The example is a gentle joke with her, but the method isn't.

Until you have practiced this method, all day and every day, for quite a long while, you cannot tell how amazingly your mnemonic power ...

Meaning the power of your memory. We assume, of course, that the majority of our readers are products of Progressive Education, and need these little hints.

... increases by virtue thereof. But be careful always to range the new ideas as they come along in their right order of importance.

It is not unlike the system of keys used in big establishments, such as hotels. First, a set of keys, each of which opens one door, and one door only. Then, a set which opens all the doors on one floor only. And so on, until the one responsible person who has one unique key which opens every lock in the building.

There is another point about this while System of the Qabalah. It does more than merely increase the mnemonic faculty by 10,000% or so; the habit of throwing your thoughts about, manipulating them, giving them a wash and brush-up, packing them away into their proper places in your "Crystal Cabinet," gives you immensely increased power over them.

In particular, it helps you to rid them of the emotional dirt which normally clogs them...

Here he added the following note: "I hope there is no need to repeat that whether any given thought is pleasant, or undesirable, or otherwise soiled by Vedana, is totally irrelevant."

...; you become perfectly indifferent to any implication but their value in respect of the whole system; and this is of incalculable help in the acquisition of new ideas. It is the difference between a man trying to pick a smut out of his wife's eye with clumsy, greasy

fingers coarsened by digging drains, and an oculist furnished with a speculum and all the instruments exactly suited to the task.

Yet another point. Besides getting rid of the emotions and sensations which cloud the thought, the fact that you are constantly asking your— self "Now, in which drawer of which cabinet does this thought go?" automatically induces you to regard the system as the important factor in the operation, if only because it is common to every one of them.

So not only have you freed Sanna (perception) from the taint of Vedana (sensation) but raised it (or demolished it, if you prefer to look at it in that light!) to be merely a member of the Sankhâra (tendency) class, thus boosting you vigorously to the fourth stage, the last before the last! of the practice of Mahasatipathana.

Considering what he said about the Buddha in the essay on the "Three Schools," you might think he was contradicting himself if you had not known what he was trying to do there, and what he is trying to do here.

Just one more word about the element of Vedana. The Intellect is a purely mechanical contrivance, as accurate and as careless of what it turns out as a Cash Register. It receives impressions, calculates, states the result: that is A double L, ALL!

Try never to qualify a thought in any way, to see it as it is in itself in relation to those other elements which are necessary to make it what it is.

Above all, do not "mix the planes." A dagger may be sharp or blunt, straight or crooked; it is not "wicked-looking," or even "trusty," except in so far as the quality of its steel makes it so. A cliff is not "frowning" or "menacing." A snow-covered glacier is not "treacherous:" to say so means only that Alpine Clubmen and other persons ignorant of mountain craft are unable to detect the position of covered crevasses.

All such points you must decide for yourself; the important thing is that you should **challenge** any such ideas.

Above all, do not avoid, or slur, unwelcome trains of

thought or distressing problems. Don't say "he passed on" when you mean "he died," and don't call a spade a bloody shovel!

The following seven paragraphs were excised by Mr. Regardie from his "edition". Perhaps he considered them superfluous, or perhaps he considered them too informative. With that kind of "intellect", who can tell?

Thresh out such matters with Osiris' flail; on the winnowing-fan of Iacchus!

Truth in itself is beautiful, and the best bower-anchor of your ship; every truth fits all the rest of truth; and the most alluring lies will never do that.

"The toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

and the result of letting

"Two ghastly scullions concoct mess
With brimstone, pitch, vitriol, and devil's
dung."

in the end repay investigation.

The Vision and the Voice again, please! That frightful Curse—how every phrase turns out to be a Blessing!

I shall break off this brief note at this point, so that you may have time to tell me if what I have so far said covers the whole ground of your enquiry.

You may remember that she had asked him how to differentiate a real Teacher from a false; and he has told her to learn to think straight, and she will realize that truth fits together, while a lie does not. He also told her, of course, to have the courage to face truth. This is not the kind of advice likely to put a lot of money in the Teacher's pockets: it demands too much effort, too much attention, and too much courage from "pupils"! There is even a side-effect of such frankness that, to a superficial thinking, may seem incomprehensible: when the Teacher tells unpleasant truths to some kinds of people, the immediately decide that the Teacher is either a liar or incompetent. (Sometimes they will at once set

out in search of the kind of false teacher Crowley has been at such pains to describe!) It is always easier to blame someone else for one's own shortcomings, either innate or of training. But it is a deadly course for the would-be initiate.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER TWELVE: THE LEFT-HAND PATH—"THE BLACK BROTHERS"

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

It is the introduction of the word "self" that has raised such prickly questions ...

This refers to several previous letters. Unfortunately or not, these Letters were not edited in the order in which they were written. Crowley put this one here because he had just spoken of the Secret Chiefs, then of false teachers. He probably thought the sequence would be more orderly this way. The reader may miss his correspondents' letters, the ones that awakened these responses; but if they were as mine to my own instructor, you haven't missed much.

... It really is a little bewildering; the signpost "Right-hand Path", "Left-hand Path", seems rather indecipherable; and then, for such a long way, they look exactly alike. At what point do they diverge?

Crowley should have made it clear from the beginning that this "left"- "right" nomenclature is totally inadequate. Indeed, it was introduced by the Toshosophists under the influence of homosexual Hindu "masters". I don't mean that a homosexual cannot be a Master; but a Master who is homosexual will not condemn or hate or restrict the 'straights,' while the average homosexual will be just as biased as the average 'straights'. This term

was introduced by Hindu faggots pretending to be Gurus, and referred simply to the Tantrists, who not only used women in magickal rituals but — horror of horrors! — admitted women to their mysteries, initiated them, and considered some of them to be Masters themselves. Vivekananda's Master, Ramakrishna, had a woman as his instructor; one does not consider that Vivekananda was lacking because of that. "Left-hand Path" meant the left spinal cord channel, the Ida; and "Right-hand Path" meant the right spinal chord channel, the Pingala. The so-called 'Teachers' who introduced the nomenclature considered that if a man went to bed with another man they would both cultivate the Positive, or Solar Current, which runs through Pingala, while if a man went to bed with a woman he would cultivate the Negative, or Lunar Current, which runs through Ida. However, it so happens that the polarity is reversed in the female: the Solar current runs through Ida, and the Lunar current through Pingala! So here, you see, we have the kind of situation that would delight medieval theologians in search of a human barbecue. The Tantrists — those infamous heterosexuals! — were skillfully slandered by Besant and Leadbeater's faggotty "gurus," who wanted no competition, and especially no competition from people vile enough to go to bed with women. Hence, in the West, the connotation of "Brother of the Left-hand Path" with "Evil". In the Orient, and especially among true Hindu Initiates, of course there is no such connotation. As a matter of fact, they laugh themselves sick at the Toshosophists and con—men like the "Paramahansa Yogananda" and others of the same ilk. The use of the expression "Black Brother" is, again, extremely unfortunate. It is interesting to notice that one expression comes from the dichotomy of the imperfect European. Evil not only is relative, but in both these cases there is not even any real harm involved, merely prejudice. So please try to understand that when Crowley uses this unfortunate nomenclature he is neither disparaging heterosexuals nor indicting blacks. As he put it himself, the nomenclature is unfortunate, but it was not he who invented it. We surelu must

find some better term, for the "Black Brother", or "Brother of the Left-hand Path", in the sense of the imperfect initiate who refuses the Crossing of the Abyss, exists and, from the point of view of the Masters of the Temple, is insane in Buddhi, which is a condition that is not detectable by the average psychiatrist!

Actually, the answers are fairly simple.

As far as the achievement or attainment is concerned, the two Paths are in fact identical. In fact, one almost feels obliged to postulate some inmost falsity, completely impossible to detect, inherent at the very earliest stages.

For the decision which determines the catastrophe confronts only the Adeptus Exemptus 7^o = 4^o. Until that grade is reached, and that very fully indeed, with all the buttons properly sewed on, one is not capable of understanding what is meant by the Abyss. Unless "all you have and all you are" is identical with the Universe, its annihilation would leave a surplus.

Mark well this first distinction: the "Black Magician" or Sorcerer is hardly even a distant cousin of the "Black Brother." The difference between a sneak-thief and a Hitler is not too bad an analogy.

These paragraphs were excised by Mr. Regardie in his "edition", for reasons better known to himself.

The Sorcerer may be—indeed he usually is—a thwarted disappointed man whose aims are perfectly natural. Often enough, his real trouble is ignorance; and by the time he has become fairly hot stuff as a Black Magician, he has learnt that he is getting nowhere, and finds himself, despite himself, on the True Path of the Wise.

"Invoking Zeus to swell the power of Pan,
The prayer discomfits the demented man;
Lust lies as still as Love."

Thereupon he casts away his warlock apparatus like a good little boy, finds the A·A·:, and lives happily ever after.

The Left-hand Path is a totally different matter. Let us start at the beginning.

You remember my saying that only two operations were possible in Nature: addition and subtraction....

Multiplication and division are simply accelerated forms of each!

...Let us apply this to magical progress.

What happens when the Aspirant invokes Diana, or calls up Lilith? He increases the sum of his experiences in these particular ways. Sometimes he has a "liaison-experience," which links two main lines of thought, and so is worth dozens of isolated gains.

Now, if there is any difference at all between the White and the Black Adept in similar case, it is that the one, working by "love under will" achieves a marriage with the new idea, while the other, merely grabbing, adds a concubine to his harem of slaves.

The about-to-be-Black Brother constantly restricts himself; he is satisfied with a very limited ideal; he is afraid of losing his individuality—reminds one of the "Nordic" twaddle about "race-pollution."

He is here referring to the Nazi delusion that they were the Aryans, blond, beautiful and just - which is to say, fair on all three counts... like the Popes in two at least. There were only blond Jesuses hanging from crosses in Roman Catholic churches in Germany during Nazism!

The next paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie, with the result, in his "edition" that the reader gets the impression that Crowley's woman pupil was protesting against his critique of Nazism. But since the Zionists were trying to associate us to Nazism for quite some time, perhaps Mr. Regardie wanted to help them in their campaign of slander. Note the sequence:

Have you seen the sand-roses of the Sahara? Such is the violence of the Khamsin that it whips grains of sand together, presses them, finally builds them into great blocks, big enough and solid enough to be used for walls in the oasis. And beautiful! Whew! For all that, they are not real rocks. Leave hem in peace, with no possible interference—what happens? (I brought some home, and put them "in safety" as curiosities, and as useful psychometrical tests.)

Alas! Time is enough. Go to the drawer which held them; nothing remains but little piles of dust.

"Now Master!" (What reproach in the tone of your voice!) All right, all right! Keep your hair on!—I know that is the precise term used in **The Vision and the Voice**, to describe the Great White Brother or the Babe of the Abyss; but to him it means victory; to the Left-Hander it would mean defeat, ruin devastating, irremediable, final. It is exactly that which he most dreads; and it is that to which he must in the end come, because there is no compensating element in his idea of structure ...

Here again Mr. Regardie excised, for reasons of his own, from the next line until the end of the following paragraph, "...might still be ruling France."

... Nations themselves never grow permanently by smash-and-grab methods; one merely acquires a sore spot, as in the case of Lorraine, perhaps even Eire. (Though Eire is using just that formula of Restriction, shutting herself up in her misery and poverty and idiot pride, when a real marriage with and dissolution in, a real live country would give her new life. The "melting-pot" idea is the great strength of America.)

Consider the Faubourg St. Germain aristocracy ...

A fashionable upper-class quarter of Paris before the French Revolution.

... -now hardly even a sentimental memory. The guillotine did not kill them; it was their own refusal to adapt themselves to the new biological conditions of political life. It was indeed their restriction that rotted them in the first instance; had Lafayette or Mirabeau been trusted with full power, and supplied with adequate material, a younger generation of virtue, the monarchy might still be ruling France.

But then (you ask) how can a man go so far wrong after he has, as an Adeptus Minor, attained the "Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel"?

Recall the passage in the 14th Aethyr ...

*The reference is to **The Vision and the Voice**.*

...: See where thine Angel hath led Thee", and so on.

Perhaps the Black Brother deserts his Angel when he realises the Programme.

Perhaps his error was so deeply rooted, from the very beginning, that it was his Evil Genius that he evoked.

In such cases the man's policy is of course to break off all relations with the Supernal Triad, and to replace it by inventing a false crown, Daäth. To them Knowledge will be everything, and what is Knowledge but the very soul of Illusion?

Refusing thus the true nourishment of all his faculties, they lose their structural unity, and must be fortified by continuous doses of dope in anguished self-preservation. Thus all its chemical equations become endothermic.

"Dope" here is used in the sense of unhealthy stimulation, and 'it' refers to the incological self-preservation effort.

I do hope I am making myself clear; it is a dreadfully subtle line of thought. But I think you ought to be able to pick up the essential theorem; your own meditations, aided by the relevant passages in Liber 418 and elsewhere, should do the rest.

To describe the alternative attitude should clarify, by dint of contrast; at least the contemplation should be a pleasant change.

Every accretion must modify me. I want it to do so. I want to assimilate it absolutely. I want to make it a permanent feature of my Temple. I am not afraid of losing myself to it, if only because it also is modified by myself in the act of union. I am not afraid of its being the "wrong" thing, because **every** experience is a "play of Nuit," and the worst that can happen is a temporary loss of balance, which is instantly adjusted, as soon as it is noticed, by recalling and putting into action the formula of contradiction.

Remember the Fama Fraternitatis: when they opened the Vault which held the Pastos of our Father Christian Rosencreuz, "all these colours were brilliant and flashing." That is, if one panel measured 20" x 40", the symbol (say, yellow) would occupy 200 square inches, and the background (in that case, violet) the other 200 square inches. Hence they **dazzled**; the limitation, restriction,

demarcation, disappeared; and the result was an equable idea of form and colour which is beyond physical understanding. (At one time Picasso tried to work out this idea on canvas.) Destroy that equilibrium by one tenmillionth of an inch, and the effect is lost. The unbalanced item stands out like a civilian in the middle of a regiment.

True, this faculty, this **feeling** for equilibrium must be acquired; but once you have done so, it is an unerring guide. Instant discomfort warns one; the impulse to scratch it (the analogy is too apt to reject!) is irresistible.

And oh! how imperative this is!

Unless your Universe is perfect—and perfection **includes** the idea of balance—how can you come even to Atmadarshana? Hindus may maintain that Atmadarshana, or at any rate Shivadarshana, is the equivalent of crossing the Abyss. Beware of any such conclusions! The Trances are simply isolated experiences, sharply cut off from normal thought-life. To cross the Abyss is a permanent and fundamental revolution in the whole of one's being.

Much more, upon the brink of the Abyss. If there be missing or redundant even one atom, the entire monstrous, the portentous mass must tend to move with irresistible impact, in such direction as to restore the equilibrium. To deflect it—well, think of a gyroscope! How then can you destroy it in one sole stupendous gesture? Ah! Listen to **The Vision and the Voice**.

Perhaps the best and simplest plan is for me to pick out the most important of the relevant passages and put them together as an appendix to this letter. Also, by contrast, those allusions to the "Black Brothers" and the "Left-hand Path." This ought to give you a clear idea of what each is, and does; of what distinguishes their respective methods in some ways so confusingly alike ...

*But a much more succinct explanation is available to the serious student in **Liber Trigrammaton, q.v.***

...I hope indeed most sincerely that you will whet your Magical Dagger on the Stone of the Wise, and wield most deftly and determinedly both the White-

handled and the Black-handled Burin. In trying to express these opinions, I am constantly haunted by the dread that I may be missing some crucial point, or even allowing a mere quibble to pass for argument. It makes it only all the worse when one has become so habituated by Neschamic ideas, to knowing, even before one says it, that what one is going to say is of necessity untrue, as untrue as it is contradictory. So what can it possibly matter what one says?

Such doubts are dampers!

"Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!"

Here follow the quotations from **The Vision and the Voice**.

The Angel re-appears

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the Neophyte are crowned

with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the abyss is the eye of the hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is my name and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, 'Let the darkness cover me;' and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee and the moon shall not lend thee of her luster, and the stars shall be hidden because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations, and the two and twenty Privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs,

whereon resteth the Universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids—their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss; for this Aethyr is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding; for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure — — ...

Here he added the note: "I suppose only a Magus could have heard this word."

*But the word was 'folly': he used the antithesis as the subtitle of **Liber Aleph**: "The Book of Wisdom or Folly."*

The point is that the folly must be pure!

"..., and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye is called seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these, whose eyes are sealed up and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword of truth, and all the power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt though the Abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of Understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

The Vision and the Voice. 14th Æthyr.)

And for his Work thereafter?

So we enter the earth, and there is a veiled figure, in absolute darkness. Yet it is perfectly possible to see in it, so that the minutest details do not escape us. And upon the root of one flower he pours acid

so that the root writhes as if in torture.
And another he cuts, and the shriek is like
the shriek of a Mandrake, torn up by the
roots. And another he sears with fire, and
yet another he anoints with oil.

And I said: Heavy is the labour, but great
indeed is the reward.

And the young man answered me: He shall
not see the reward; he tendeth the
garden.

And I said: What shall come unto him?

And he said: This thou canst not know, nor
is it revealed by the letters that are the
totems of the stars, but only by the stars.

And he says to me, quite disconnectedly:
The man of earth is the adherent. The
lover giveth his life unto the work among
men. The hermit goeth solitary, and
giveth only of his light unto men.

And I ask him: Why does he tell me that?

And he says: I tell thee not. Thou tellest
thyself, for thou hast pondered thereupon
for many days, and hast not found light.
And now that thou art called NEMO, the
answer to every riddle that thou hast not
found shall spring up in thy mind,
unsought. Who can tell upon what day a
flower shall bloom?

And thou shalt give thy wisdom unto the
world, and that shall be thy garden. And
concerning time and death, thou hast
naught to do with these things. For
though a precious stone be hidden in the
sand of the desert, it shall not heed for
the wind of the desert, although it be but
sand. For the worker of works hath
worked thereupon; and because it is
clear, it is invisible; and because it is
hard, it moveth not.

All these words are heard by everyone that
is called NEMO. And with that doth he
apply himself to understanding. And he

must understand the virtue of the waters of death, and he must understand the virtue of the sun and of the wind, and of the worm that turneth the earth, and of the stars that roof in the garden. And he must understand the separate nature and property of every flower, or how shall he tend his garden?

(Ibid. 13th Æthyr.)

Thus for the Masters of the Temple; for the Black Brothers, how?

For Choronzon is as it were the shell or excrement of these three paths, and therefore is his head raised unto Daäth, and therefore have the Black Brotherhood declared him to be the child of Wisdom and Understanding, who is but the bastard of the Svastika. And this is that which is written in the Holy Qabalah, concerning the Whirlpool and Leviathan, and the Great Stone.

(Ibid. 3rd Æthyr)

Moreover, there is Mary, a blasphemy against BABALON, for she hath shut herself up; and therefore is she the Queen of all those wicked devils that walk upon the earth, those that thou sawest even as little black specks that stained the Heaven of Urania. And all these are the excrement of Choronzon.

And for this is BABALON under the power of the Magician, that she hath submitted herself unto the work; and she guardeth the Abyss. And in her is a perfect purity of that which is above, yet she is sent as the Redeemer to them that are below. For there is no other way into the Supernal mystery but through her and the Beast on which she rideth; and the Magician is set beyond her to deceive the brothers of blackness, lest they should make unto themselves a crown; for it

there were two crowns, then should Ygdrasil, that ancient tree, be cast out into the Abyss, uprooted and cast down into the Outermost Abyss, and the Arcanum which is in the Adytum should be profaned; and the Ark should be touched, and the Lodge spied upon by them that are not masters, and the bread of the Sacrament should be the dung of Choronzon; and the wine of the Sacrament should be the water of Choronzon; and the incense should be dispersion; and the fire upon the Altar should be hate. But lift up thyself; stand, play the man, for behold! there shall be revealed unto thee the Great Terror, the thing of awe that hath no name.

(Ibid. 3rd Æthyr)

And now She cometh forth again, riding upon a dolphin. Now again I see those wandering souls, that have sought restricted love, and have not understood that the "word of sin is restriction."

It is very curious; they seem to be looking for one another, or for something, all the time, constantly hurrying about. But they knock up against one another and yet will not see one another, or cannot see one another, because they are so shut up in their cloaks.

And a voice sounds: It is most terrible for the one that hath shut himself up and made himself fast against the universe. For they that sit encamped upon the sea in the city of the Pyramids are indeed shut up. But they have given their blood, even to the last drop, to fill the cup of BABALON.

These that thou seest are indeed the Black Brothers, for it is written: He shall laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh ...

Cf. The Book of the Law III 42.

... And therefore hath he exalted them unto the plane of love.

And yet again it is written: He desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness. Now, if one of these were to cast off his cloak he should behold the brilliance of the lady of the Aethyr; but they will not.

And again:—

Oh, I see vast plains beneath her feet, enormous deserts studded with great rocks; and I see little lonely souls, running helplessly about, minute black creatures like men. And they keep up a very curious howling, that I can compare to nothing that I have ever heard; yet it is strangely human.

And the voice says: These are they that grasped love and clung thereto, praying ever at the knees of the great goddess. These are they that have shut themselves up in fortresses of Love.

(Ibid. 7th Æthyr.)

Moreover, this also:

And this is the meaning of the Supper of the Passover, the spilling of the blood of the Lamb being a ritual of the Dark Brothers, for they have sealed up the Pylon with blood, lest the Angel of Death should enter therein. Thus do they shut themselves off from the company of the saints. Thus do they keep themselves from compassion and from understanding. Accursed are they, for they shut up their blood in their heart.

They keep themselves from the kisses of my Mother Babylon, and in their lonely fortresses they pray to the false moon. And they bind themselves together with an oath, and with a great curse. And of

their malice they conspire together, and they have power, and mastery, and in their cauldrons do they brew the harsh wine of delusion, mingled with the poison of their selfishness.

Thus they make war upon the Holy one, sending forth their delusion upon men, and upon everything that liveth. So that their false compassion is called compassion, and their false understanding is called understanding, for this is their most potent spell.

Yet of their own poison do they perish, and in their lonely fortresses shall they be eaten up by Time that hath cheated them to serve him, and by the mighty devil Choronzon, their master, whose name is the second Death, for the blood that they have sprinkled on their Pylon, that is a bar against the Angel Death, is the key by which he entereth in.

(Ibid. 12th Æthyr.)

Here he added the following note: "I think the trouble with these people was, that they wanted to substitute the blood of someone else for their own blood, because they wanted to keep their personalities."

Finally:

Yet must he that understandeth go forth unto the outermost Abyss, and there must he speak with him that is set above the four-fold terror, the Prince of Evil, even with Choronzon, the mighty devil that inhabiteth the outermost Abyss. And none may speak with him, or understand him, but the servants of Babylon, that understand, and they that are without understanding, his servants.

Behold! it entereth not into the heart, nor into the mind of man to conceive this matter; for the sickness of the body is

death, and the sickness of the heart is despair, and the sickness of the mind is madness. But in the outermost Abyss is sickness of the aspiration, and sickness of the will, and sickness of the essence of all, and there is neither word nor thought wherein the image of its image is reflected.

And whoso passeth into the outermost Abyss, except he be of them that understand, holdeth out his hands, and boweth his neck, unto the Chains of Choronzon. And as a devil he walketh about the earth, immortal, and he blasteth the flowers of the earth, and he corrupteth the fresh air, and he maketh poisonous the water; and the fire that is the friend of man, and the pledge of his aspiration, seeing that it mounteth ever upward as a Pyramid, and seeing that man stole it in a hollow tube from Heaven, even that fire he turneth into ruin, and madness, and fever, and destruction. And thou, that art an heap of dry dust in the city of the Pyramids, must understand these things.

Beware, therefore, O thou who art appointed to understand the secret of the Outermost Abyss, for in every Abyss thou must assume the mask and form of the Angel thereof. Hadst thou a name, thou wert irrevocably lost. Search, therefore, if there be yet one drop of blood that is not gathered into the cup of Babylon the Beautiful: for in that little pile of dust, if there could be one drop of blood, it should be utterly corrupt; it should breed scorpions, and vipers, and the cat of slime.

And I said unto the Angel: "Is there not one appointed as a warden?"

And he said:

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani.

Such an ecstasy of anguish racks me that I
cannot give it voice, yet I know it is but as
the anguish of Gethsemane.

(Ibid. 11th Æthyr.)

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER THIRTEEN: SYSTEM OF THE O.T.O.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You inform me that the Earnest Inquirer of your ambit
has been asking you to explain the difference
between the A.:A.: and the O.T.O.; and that although
your own mind is perfectly clear about it, you find it
impossible to induce a similar lucidity in his ...

I've had some of those myself.

... You add that he is not (as one might at first suppose)
a moron. And will I please do what I can about it?

Well, here's the essential difference **ab ovo usque ad
mala**; the A.:A.: concerns the individual, his
development, his initiation, his passage from
"Student" to "Ipsissimus"; he has no contact of any
kind with any other person except the Neophyte who
introduces him, and any Student or Students whom
he may, after becoming a Neophyte, introduce.

The details of this 'Pilgrim's Progress' are very fully set
forth in "One Star in Sight "; and I should indeed be
stupid and presumptuous to try to do better than
that. But it is true that with regard to the O.T.O.
there is no similar manual of instruction. In the
Manifesto, and other Official Pronunciamenti, there
are, it is true, what ought to be adequate data; but I
quite understand that they are not as ordered and
classified as one would wish; there is certainly room
for a simple elementary account of the origins of the

Order, of its principles, of its methods, of its design, of the Virtue of its successive Grades. This I will now try to supply, at least in a brief outline.

Let us begin at the beginning. What is a Dramatic Ritual? It is a celebration of the Adventures of the God whom it is intended to invoke. (The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this.) Now, in the O.T.O., the object of the ceremonies being the Initiation of the Candidate, it is he whose Path in Eternity is displayed in dramatic form.

What is the Path?

1. The Ego is attracted to the Solar System.
2. The Child experiences Birth.
3. The Man experiences Life.
4. He experiences Death.
5. He experiences the World beyond Death.
6. This entire cycle of Point-Events is withdrawn into Annihilation.

In the O.T.O. these successive stages are represented as follows:—

- 1 0° (Minerval)
- 2 I° (Initiation)
- 3 II° (Consecration)
- 4 III° (Devotion)
- 5 IV° (Perfection, or Exaltation)
- 6 P.I. (Perfect Initiate)

Of these Events of Stations upon the Path all but 3 (II°) are single critical experiences. We, however, are concerned mostly with the very varied experiences of Life.

All subsequent Degrees of the O.T.O. are accordingly elaborations of the II°, since in a single ceremony it is hardly possible to sketch, even in the briefest outline, the Teaching of Initiates with regard to Life. The Rituals V°–IX° are then instructions to the Candidate how he should conduct himself; and they confer upon him, gradually, the Magical Secrets which make him Master of Life.

Mr. Israel Regardie, in his "edition, " cut off the preceding three paragraphs, obviously because they

make it very clear that Crowley would never have condoned the publication of the O.T.O. rituals done by thieves with whom Mr. Regardie always was in contact and whom Mr. Regardie encouraged, abetted, and - as we can plainly see - imitated. Furthermore, some of Crowley's remarks in those paragraphs must have hit Mr. Regardie too close to the flesh to be comfortable. The Rituals of the O.T.O. have been changed, of course, and will never again be made public by thieves. It is interesting to note that in his piracy Mr. Francis "King " did not include the Rituals above the VI^o, stating that there are "no rituals for those Grades." Of course there are; they simply did not fall into his thieving hands because those who delivered the rituals to this butchery never had them, having no right to the Grades. Since these are the only O.T.O. Rituals that were not exposed, they have been kept, by decision of the O.H.O. The pirated rituals are being used, as it was intended by the thieves who published them, by totally unworthy individuals in several countries. Those rituals are no longer valid, and persons undergoing 'initiation' under them are requested to write to us immediately, informing us of this infringement on the rights and name of the O.T.O. Persons authorized to represent the O.T.O. will always be able to exhibit patents. But since many have been expelled for dishonesty or laxity, it is possible that patents are being exhibited that are no longer valid. For instance, a member who has not paid dues for more than three months is automatically out of the Order. People interested in legitimate O.T.O. contact are advised to always check with us the claims of any individuals whatsoever before they trust either their purse or their mind to them. In civilized countries, if necessary the attention of the police will be brought to bear on false claimants.

Note by David Bersson: My Superior, Marcelo Motta, wrote the above under excruciating circumstances when all our accounts were drained by the vampire Lawyers, and the liars were gloating on how easily it was to get away with their treachery.

Even as he fought no matter how apparent was the hardship - so have I continued the battle. As a student both in the A.'A.' and the O.T.O. that was in good standing at the time of his death I wasn't about to withdraw into the silence. Kill me, or let me live (I remember thinking) but let me battle on till whatever end shall be conjured by the living experience of my training by my beloved Superior. With the real & pragmatic experience of being a Lodge Master with two Lodges (Menthu Lodge in Nashville and 93 Lodge in Albuquerque) under his supervision no other member was more qualified for the position. I honestly believe if Claudia Canuto de Menezes had not been a low IQ moron who was too cowardly to take a stand, and William Barden had not been a heroin addict, and Ben Stone had been a sincere, honest, and competent lawyer I would of surely been recognized for my years of dedication and been voted as the legal Successor of Marcelo Motta. While it is true that I am the not the legal successor of Marcelo Motta — and of course a vote would have had to have occurred in strict accordance with the Declaration of Trust for this to be so — I do have my Duty, Instructions and Honor. What did Marcelo Motta give me in regards with instructions after his death? Well, I did search through my correspondence with him and his only remark to the query was to state, "Fight the good fight". That's it. Of course, considering this from the plane of He communicating to me with Samadhi Language I knew magically what to do. The above request by my Superior is therefore still in motion; and write Me directly concerning these matters. Therefore, any parallel infringements that might today in the present be observed should be duly addressed to Write me directly either for membership or to join My Battle, or to report those machinations that might be observed anywhere on this planet.

David Bersson

P.O. Box 59326
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USA

It is improper to disclose the nature of these ceremonies; firstly, because their Initiates are bound by the strictest vows not to do so; secondly, because surprise is an element in their efficacy; and thirdly, because the Magical Formulae explicitly or implicitly contained therein are, from a practical point of view, both powerful and dangerous. Automatic safeguards there are, it is true; but a Black Magician of first-class ability might find a way to overcome these obstacles, and work great mischief upon others before the inevitable recoil of his artillery destroys him.

Such cases I have known. Let me recount briefly one rather conspicuous disaster. The young man was a genius—and it was his bane. He got hold of a talisman of enormous power which happened to be exactly what he wanted to fulfill his heart's dearest wish. He knew also the correct way of getting it to work; but this way seemed to him far too long and difficult. So he cast about for a short cut. By using actual violence to the talisman, he saw how he could force it to carry out his design; he used a formula entirely alien to the spirit of the whole operation; it was rather like extracting information from a prisoner by torture, when patient courtesy would have been the proper method. So he crashed the gate and got what he wanted. But the nectar turned to poison even as he drained the cup, and his previous anguish developed into absolute despair. Then came the return of the current, and they brought it in "while of unsound mind." A most accurate diagnosis!

I do beg you to mark well, dear sister, that a true Magical Operation is never "against Nature." It must go smoothly and serenely according to Her laws. One can bring in alien energies and compel an endothermic reaction; but—"Pike's Peak or bust?" The answer will always be BUST!

To return for a moment to that question of Secrecy: there is no rule to prohibit you from quoting against

me such of my brighter remarks as "Mystery is the enemy of Truth;" but, for one thing, I am, and always have been, the leader of the Extreme Left in the Council-Chamber of the City of the Pyramids, so that if I acquiesce at all in the system of the O.T.O. so far as the "secret of secrets" of the IX^o is concerned, it is really on a point of personal honour. My pledge given to the late Frater Superior and O.H.O., Dr. Theodor Reuss. For all that, in this particular instance it is beyond question a point of common prudence, both because the abuse of the Secret is, at least on the surface, so easy and so tempting, and because, if it became a matter of general knowledge the Order itself might be in danger of calumny and persecution; for the secret is even easier to misinterpret than to profane.

Lege! Judica! Tace!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

*One should perhaps remark here that the secret to which he refers is not in the least easy to profane, although it can be misinterpreted, and often is, even by those who have access to it by lawful means but are unprepared to bear the weight of the responsibilities it brings to the Initiate's life. Even in it were openly published, it would be extremely hard for a profane to use it; as to those who, like Regardie, Grant, Yorke, McMurtry, forswore their Oaths and Obligations, and those who stole that to which they had no right, they have invariably found that they cannot avail themselves of it at all. Indeed, I have on occasion imparted it to people who had no real right to it, out of misguided compassion or an error of judgment; I have always noticed that within months, sometimes a few days, they had totally forgotten it, or were totally unable to understand what it was all about, no matter how many patient and repeated explanations, and even demonstrations, might be tried on their behalf. **There is a lion in the way.***

LETTER 14: NOISE

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You ask me what is, at the present time, the greatest obstacle to human progress.

I answer in one word: NOISE.

You will recall that in Yoga the concise compendium of Initiated Instruction is:

Sit still
Stop thinking
Shut up, and
Get out.

The second of these postulates the third; for one can neither think nor stop thinking with all that row going on.

Then again, the Fourth Power of the Sphinx is Silence; on this subject I must refer you to **Little Essays Toward Truth** No. 14 p. 75).

The references are to the original edition. This enormously important book will soon be re-issued by the O.T.O.

We are really trying to discuss something totally different; something practical in daily life. Very well, then; you remark that Goetia actually means "howling", that we use officially the Bell, the Tom-Tom, the Incantations, the Mantras and so on. All quite true, about Magick; but none of it applies to Yoga, for even with the Mantra the practice is to go faster and more quietly as one proceeds, until it becomes "Mental Muttering." **M** is the letter that is pronounced with the lips firmly closed; and Silence is the meaning of the MU root of Mystery.

However, we must admit the value of rhythmical, one-pointed sound; that is very different from Noise. Old French has **noise**, **nose**, a debate, quarrel, noise; Provençal **noisa**, **nausa**, **nueiza**. But Diez claims the derivation from **nausea**—and by the Living Jingo, I consider Diez a hundred per cent white man!

He is facetiously imitating the language of so-called

Jingoism, coined to describe the patriotic and imperialist themes of poems by Rudyard Kipling, who was detested by the British leftists, mis-called 'liberals.'

Now, most modern talking is little better than a series of conventional grunts; most people seem to aim deliberately at not saying anything with meaning, at least in normal conversation. (James Branch Cabell is exceedingly funny in his displays of this intolerable habit.)

In his books.

I once had a most wholesome lesson: how diffuse and therefore unnecessary is much of even our most would-be-compressed speech.

I had been charged by my Superior with the reconstruction of a certain ritual. This was in 1912 e.v.; already the tempo of the world had speeded up mercilessly; to get people to learn even short passages by heart would be no easy job. So, warned by the prolix, pious, priggish and platitudinous horrors of Freemasonry (especially the advanced degrees of the Scottish and Egyptian Rites), I resolved to cut the cackle and come to the 'osses in the most drastic manner of which I was capable.

It was a great success.

But then we had a candidate who was stone deaf. (Not "a little hard of hearing;" his tympana were burst.)

Obviously, one could show him slips of paper, as one did in talking to him. But there in much of the ceremony the candidate must be hoodwinked!

Nothing for it but to communicate by the deaf and dumb alphabet on his fingers. This I did—and found that I could cut out on the spur of the moment at least forty per cent of the "Irreducible minimum" without doing any damage at all to the effect of the ritual. "That larned 'im!"

Of course, there is such a thing as the Art of Conversation; I have been lucky enough to know three, perhaps four, of the world's best talkers; but that is not to the point. As well object to impasto because it wastes paint.

This paragraph was cut out in Mr. Regardie's piracy,

Crowley not only was fortunate enough to have known three, perhaps four, of the world's best talkers; he was one himself. What he means by the art of conversation can be dimly captured in the dialogue of some of Oscar Wilde's comedies of manners; "The Importance of Being Earnest," for instance. The magazine Punch published, some years ago, a very interesting article by a writer who had known Crowley personally during the days of his "fame," had once lunched with him and Louis Wilkinson and spent two fascinated and unforgettable hours listening to the repartee.

What I am out to complain of is what I seriously believe to be an organized conspiracy of the Black Lodges to prevent people from thinking.

Naked and unashamed! In some countries there has already been compulsory listening-in to Government programmes; and who knows how long it will be before we are all subjected by law to the bleatings, bellowings, belchings of the boring balderdash of the B.B.C.-issies?

The following two paragraphs were excised by Mr. Regardie in his "version" of this book; considering the kind of people who must awaken his sympathies, the omission is understandable, if not pardonable.

They boast of the freedom of religious thought; yet only the narrowest sectarian propaganda is allowed to approach the microphone. I quite expect censorship of books—that of the newspapers, however vehemently denied, is actually effective—and even of private letters. This will mean an enormous increase in parasitic functionaries who can be trusted to vote for the rascals that invented their sinecures. That was, in fact, the poison ivy that strangled the French poplar!

But these soul-suffocating scoundrels know well their danger. There are still a few people about who have learnt to think; and they are palsied with terror lest, as might happen at any moment these people realized the peril, organized, and made a clean sweep of the whole brood of scolex!

It is to the point to remind the reader that two years ago there was in the United States a television

program that weekly aired social problems and asked the audience to comment; the comments were counted, and a statistical table of them shown at the start of the next program in the following week. It began to become clear that the overwhelming majority of the audience was too liberal and in favor of things that the Establishment fears: sexual freedom, legalization of drug use (though not of drug abuse - but how can you ascertain the difference when use is underground?), abortion, voluntary euthanasia, responsible government, honest police, efficient bureaucrats... The program was taken off the air under the excuse that it did not do well in the ratings. It had seven million viewers at the time.

So nobody must be allowed to think at all. Down with the public schools! ...

In England, the expression 'public schools' is misleading: these are private schools to which only the children of the upper classes were sent, like the famous Eton.

... Children must be drilled mentally by quarter-educated herdsmen, whose wages would stop at the first sign of disagreement with the bosses. For the rest, deafen the whole world with senseless clamour. Mechanize everything! Give nobody a chance to think. Standardize "amusement." The louder and more cacophonous, the better! Brief intervals between one din and the next can be filled with appeals, repeated 'till hypnotic power gives them the force of orders, to buy this or that product of the "Business men" who are the real power in the State. Men who betray their country as obvious routine.

It may not be generally known that the real motive why the United States entered the Viet Nam war was that certain international business cartels were interested in the mineral wealth of that country.

The history of the past thirty years is eloquent enough, one would think. What these sodden imbeciles never realize is that a living organism must adapt itself intelligently to its environment, or go under at the first serious change of circumstance.

Where would England be today if there had not been

one man, deliberately kept "in the wilderness" for decades as "unsound," "eccentric," "dangerous," "not to be trusted," "impossible to work with," to take over the country from the bewildered "safe" men?

He means Winston Churchill.

And what could he have done unless the people had responded? Nothing. So then there is still a remnant whose independence, sense of reality, and manhood begin to count when the dear, good, woolly flock scatter in terror at the wolf's first howl.

Yes, they are there, and they can get us back our freedom—if only we can make them see that the enemy in Whitehall is more insidiously fatal than the foe in Brownshirt House.

The Nazis. The country was at war, remember.

On this note of hope I will back to my silence.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

The "hope" was short-lived; after the war the Socialists took over, as foreseen by Crowley, and reduced England to the shambles it now is.

LETTER 15: SEX MORALITY (INCLUDES ARTEMIS IOTA)

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Thank you! I am to cover the whole question of sex in a few well-chosen words? Am I to suppose that you want to borrow money? Such fulsome flattery suggests the indirect approach.

As a matter of fact, your proposal is not so outrageous as it sounds at first; for as far as the English language goes, there is really hardly anything worth reading. 98.138 per cent of it is what Frances Ridley Ravergal used to call "fiddlesticks, blah, boloney, Bull-shit, and the bunk."

However, quite recently I issued an Encyclical to the Faithful with the attractive title of *Artemis Iota*, and I propose that we read this into the record, to save trouble, and because it gives a list of practically all the classics that you ought to read. Also, it condenses information and advice to "beginners," with due reference to the positive injunctions given in *The Book of the Law*.

Still, for the purpose of these letters, I should like to put the whole matter in a nutshell. *The Tree of Life*, as usual, affords a convenient means of classification.

1. To the physical side of it psychological laws apply. "Don't monkey with the buzz-saw!" as John Wesley might have put it, though I doubt whether he did.
2. The "moral" side. As in the case of the voltage of a cissoid, there isn't one. Mind your own business! is the sole sufficient rule. To drag in social, economic, religious, and such aspects is irrelevance and impurity.

*As with all pioneers, Crowley was a bit confused about his aims. When he said 'moral aspects', he was thinking in terms of abstract morality based on obsolete religious codes. But this entire letter and **Artemis Iota** itself, are a sermon on morality. **Thelemic** Morality. A morality that is practical and actual, based on scientific findings.*

3. The Magical side. Sex is, directly or indirectly, the most powerful weapon in the armoury of the Magician; and precisely because there is no moral guide, it is indescribably dangerous. I have given a great many hints, especially in **Magick**, and **The Book of Thoth**—some of the cards are almost blatantly revealing; so I have been rapped rather severely over the knuckles for giving children matches for playthings. My excuse has been that they have already got the matches, that my explanations have been directed to add conscious precautions to the existing automatic safeguards.

The above remarks refer mainly to the technique of the business; and it is going a very long way to tell you that you ought to be able to work out the principles

thereof from your general knowledge of Magick, but especially the Formula of Tetragrammaton, clearly stated and explained in Magick, Chap. III. Combine this with the heart of Chap. XII and you've got it!

But there is another point at issue. This incidentally, is where the "automatic safeguards" come in. "...thou hast no right but to do thy will." (AL I 42) means that to "go anwhoring after strange" purposes can only be disastrous. It is possible, in chemistry, to provoke an endothermic reaction; but that is only asking for trouble. The product bears within its own heart the seed of dissolution. Accordingly, the most important preliminary to any Magical operation is to make sure that its object is not only harmonious with, but necessary to, your Great Work.

Note also that the use of this supreme method involves the manipulation of energies ineffably secret and most delicately sensitive; it compares with the operations of ordinary Magick as the last word in artillery does with the blunderbuss!

This paragraph was excised in Mr. Regardie's piracy, and its absence, along with the absence of another two paragraphs further on, makes Crowley's thought in this letter totally unintelligible to the reader.

I ought to have mentioned the sexual instinct or impulse in itself, careless of magical or any other considerations soever: the thing that picks you up by the scruff of the neck, slits your weasand with a cavalry sabre, and chucks the remains over the nearest precipice.

What **is** the damn thing, anyway?

That's just the trouble; for it is the **first** of the masks upon the face of the True Will; and that mask is the Poker-Face!

As all true Art is spontaneous, is genius, is utterly beyond all conscious knowledge or control ...

You can and should, however, achieve conscious control of the technique of execution; and this is what he is talking about.

..., so also is sex. Indeed, one might class it as deeper still than Art; for Art does at least endeavour to find

an intelligible means of expression. That is much nearer to sanity than the blind lust of the sex-impulse. The maddest genius does look from Chokmah not only to Binah, but to the fruit of that union in Da'ath and the Ruach; the sex-impulse has no use for Binah to understand, to interpret, to transmit. It wants no more than an instrument which will destroy it.

These following two paragraphs were also excised in Mr. REGARDIE'S piracy:

"Here, I say, Master, have a heart!"

Nonsense! (I continue) What I say is the plain fact, and well you know it! More, damned up, hemmed in, twisted and tortured as it has been by religion and morality and all the rest of it, it has learnt to disguise itself, to appear in a myriad forms of psychosis, neurosis, actual insanity of the most dangerous types. You don't have to look beyond Hitler! Its power and its peril derive directly from the fatal fact that in itself it is the True Will in its purest form.

As the reader will realize, the absence of these paragraphs makes nonsense of the whole letter. Mr. REGARDIE'S problem was that, like most whores who call themselves analysts, he is not in the business of helping people find their True Will, but in the business of fitting round pegs into square holes, no matter of what cost to the fittes. His purpose was to make smooth the running of a society conceived merely to put money in the pockets of people who already had too much money to start with. Please notice that this is not meant as a criticism of capitalism as a system. The communist world is just as full of REGARDIES as the United States of America, busily fitting round pegs into square holes to keep the Party hierarchy "safe". Moral cowardice by itself is despicable enough; but moral cowardice combined with personal and public dishonesty is really beyond comment. We cannot find words to describe Mr. REGARDIE'S lack of character. Perhaps this feat on his part, and the others that went before and follow it, will describe it better than we could. Always pretending to want to "help Crowley", Mr. REGARDIE has done his best — meaning his worst —

to castrate the man's thought and stand between it and the reader, like an Old Testament scarecrow, draped in the rags of Mosaic dogma, stuck in the field of the human mind.

What then is the magical remedy? Obvious enough to the Qabalist. "Love is the law, love under will." It must be fitted at its earliest manifestations with its proper Binah, so as to flow freely along the Path of Daleth, and restore the lost Balance. Attempts to suppress it are fatal, to sublime it are false and futile. But guided wisely from the start, by the time it becomes strong it has learnt how to use its virtues to the best advantage.

And what of the parallel instinct in a woman? Except in (rather rare) cases of congenital disease or deformity, the problem is never so acute.

For Binah, even while she winks a Chokmah, has the other eye wide-open, swivelled on Tiphareth. Her True Will is thus divided by Nature from the start ...

He refers to woman, not to Binah, in what follows. It should be pondered, however, that in what pertains to mystical or magical training this problem may affect both sexes.

..., and her tragedy is if she fails to unite these two objects. Oh, dear me, yes, I know all about "spretæ injuria formæ" and "furens quid femina possit"; but that is only because when she misses her bite she feels doubly baffled, robbed not only of the ecstatic Present, but of the glamorous Future. If she eat independently of the Fruit of the Tree of Life when unripe, she has not only the bad taste in the mouth, but indigestion to follow. Then, living as she does so much in the world of imagination, constantly living shadow-pictures of her Desire, she is not nearly so liable to the violent insanities of sheer blind lust, as is the male. The essential difference is indicated by that of their respective orgasms, the female undulatory, the male catastrophic.

This paragraph was also excised, perhaps because Mr. Regardie thought it might seem insulting to female readers; perhaps because it reminded him of the famous episode of the Golden Calf. If Mr. Regardie's motive was the former, it is interesting that he

should show such concern not to offend women, when by his previous censorship of this Letter he had already deprived them - and men as well! — from the deep knowledge of one's sexual impulses that Crowley had been trying to impart. But Mr. Regardie's main trouble in life always was the kind of shallowness of thought and action that springs from fear of facing the limitations of one's own self.

The above, taken all in all, may not be fully comprehensive, not wholly satisfying to the soul, but one thing with another, enough for a cow to chew the cud on.

Good night!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

ARTEMIS IOTA

vel

De coitu

Scholla Triviae

*"Dianae sumus in dife Puellae et pueri integri
Dianam pueri integri Puellaque canamus."*

Catullus

*The quoted verses might be translated into English this way: "We **chaste** boys and girls are in the care of Diana; we chaste boys and girls together praise Diana."*

Please notice that the emphasis is Crowley's, and is meant to be significant to the reader. He considered this tract on sexual morality extremely important to women; yet very much dependent on right conduct by men. Diana is the Roman form of the Goddess Artemis, the Goddess of Chastity. The tract, therefore, treats of Initiatic Chastity, which has absolutely nothing to do with Christist, Jewish,

*Brahmin, Moslem, Buddhist or even Marxist concepts of the sort. Observe the difference between the word for "chastity" in the Classical Latin, the root of which is **integer** - with its sense of whole, of wholesomeness - and the word for "chastity" in Christist Latin (which has been the standard imposed by torture and genocide for fifteen hundred years), derived from "castus," which means walled up, enclosed, **restricted**. "Integri" meant **integral**, complete, with no part, function or member lacking by nature: working as a harmonious whole. An **integrated psychosoma** might be a very accurate translation in modern psychoanalytical jargon.*

***Artemis Iota** is required reading for Hermits of Θελημα of both sexes; for Initiates of the Inner and Secret Circles of the O.T.O.; for A.:A.: Aspirants; and for any human being interested in living a sane and civilized existence. Perhaps some day it will be required reading in school curricula in this world; if ever it is, this world will be much closer to "Paradise" than it is now.*

Try to understand that you are not just supposed to read and study this, you are supposed to practice it. Moral courage, personal integrity and — believe it or not — rigorous self-denial are sine qua non conditions for its practice. You will find that the tenets here expressed are essential to physical and emotional, to say nothing of moral, health; and you will also find that these tenets are savagely hated and fought against in all the codes of the past Aeon. The laws of the country where you may live, reader — and your country may be anywhere in this world, and follow any political statute soever — were made to curtail the activities that here you find stated to be not only the right but the duty of every living being, humans included. Those statutes are deadly to the human soul: they must be fought against and changed at any cost if our species is to progress to the net turn of the evolutionary helix. And since much of what you must do will be painful to your ego, those statutes will take advantage of your egoic hangups to try to put you on their side. You must be always on your guard not to fall into

this trap. Mr. Regardie did, unhappy wretch!

Read! Think! Be brave! And act! For intentions that are not sealed by deeds are worthless. And harmful to you and the species.

The Word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will; O lover, if thou wilt, depart. There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accursed! Accursed be it to the aeons!

(AL I 41)

*The references, unless otherwise stated, are to **Liber AL vel Legis**, the Table of Commandments of this Aeon.*

Consent or refusal are to be determined by the impulse itself, without reference to any other motives such as commonly influence action.

This means simply what it says. If you are married, you are not to bed your wife or husband unless you feel like it. If you are married, and want to bed a man or woman other than your mate, you are to do so without letting the fact that you are married come into the matter. There is no sensible reason why it should. Marriage is a social contract, not a set of chains. Chastity belts are out. Naturally, this will seem very pleasant to you when you are the one "indulging your base nature," but when it is your wife, or husband, or person-friend, you will probably be tempted to tut–tut. Don't. And if you sulk, try to not do it in the other person's (or persons') presence. It will be very hard to act human at first, but eventually you will be able to rise above the level of Christist quadrupeds. And you will feel the difference at last. If you survive.

So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do they will.

(AL I 42)

Every thought, word or act without exception is subject to this Law. "Do what thou wilt" does not give license to do anything else; lest this be not understood, the doctrine is here explicit: "Thou hast not right but to do thy will."

Jealous screams do not manifest your will: rather, the lack of it. Jealous sobs are no better. Grow up!

Every particle of energy must be built into this single-track machine of will; directly or indirectly, it must serve the one purpose. A very small hole in the hull may sink a very large ship.

Every act, therefore, with the thoughts and words which determine its performance, is a sacrament.

A sacrament is something that marks you, and creates you. So, if you are a Regardie carefully censoring Crowley, this creates you. If you play the martyr or the tyrant to restrict your mate's sexual yearning for someone else, this creates you. You create yourself daily by your deeds. Try to create yourself a human being, rather than a troglodyte! And beware, for a human who denies either his or her own soul, or restricts the soul of others, becomes something lower and more dangerous than the beasts.

Now, of all acts the most intrinsically important is the act of love. Firstly, because the ecstasy which accompanies its due performance is a physical image, or hint, of the state of Samadhi, since the consciousness of the Ego is temporarily in abeyance; secondly, because its normal effect on the material plane is, or may be, incalculably vast. (The emphasis upon the word due is absolute.) Precisely because it is so powerful a weapon, its use is hedged in with manifold precautions, and its abuse deprecated in injunctions heavily charged with menace:

Also, take your will and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

(AL I 51)

Like the scorpion, the sting is on the tail: "But always unto me" means, without restricting the will of anybody, or even any living being, at all. If, or instance, you decide to fuck a dog — a real dog, you know, four—legged, not a politician or a Moral Majority leader of a TV "evangelist" — you better make damn sure the animal has no negative reactions to the occasion. (If you love dogs, you will

be able to notice if it wants to fuck you, or be fucked by you, or not; and if you don't love dogs, what are you doing fucking one, anyway? Try to remember that violating an animal is even worse than raping a human being. The human may react, may even kill you; the animal is helpless in the hands of a more intelligent, supposedly higher—evolved being.)

If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!

(AL I 52)

This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart and my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss.

(AL I 53)

The "little world my sister" is the Planet Earth - our planet, in case you hadn't noticed; and if you practice Artemis Iota to the letter, you will contribute to the regeneration of Mother Earth, the Mother of us all who live on it, but just one "little sister" to the Being who was speaking.

**...But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!
Ibid.**

Please notice carefully the juxtaposition of the quoted verses. We shall return to this after quoting them as they were put by Crowley, and in the order they were put in by Crowley.

... Ye shall gather goods and store of women and Spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in Splendour & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy.

(AL I 61)

There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down

that lying spectre of the centuries; veil not your vices in virtuous words; these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.
(AL II 52)

This paragraph is directed to either heterosexual men or homosexual women with a penchant for the "active role."; the paragraph just above this note is directed to women of any sexual persuasion whatsoever.

There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Than canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!
(AL II 70)

But exceed! exceed!
(AL II 71)

Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine - and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous! - death is the crown of all.
(AL II 72)

Here is confirmation in detail of AL I, 41. This act is a definite electric or magnetic phenomenon. No other considerations apply. (It will therefore occasionally seem, to an outsider, unreasonable.)...

*Remember that the outsider may be **you!** Control of one's ego is paramount; also, control at one's pain at seeing an object of love find joy in some other being's embrace, for we have been taught for generations that 'infidelity' in our lover is 'sinful' and, what is worse, diminishes our self-importance. Whoever follows the precepts of **Artemis Iota** is swimming against the current of hundreds of thousands of years of conditioning, for those "moral codes" are not really moral at all: they are social expressions of animal instincts pretending to be human under the guise of "divine authority". 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' for instance,*

sounds very fine; but did anybody ask the wife's opinion? They used to stone "adulteresses" to death, you may recall. All this hypocrisy and double-standard has to go. You must make a conscious effort to destroy it, no matter how painful it may be to you. Or to others!

... The only exception - it is only apparently so - is when satisfaction of the impulse would manifestly thwart the True Will more than it would help to fulfill it; any such case must be judged on its merits.

"But always unto Me". The word always admits of no exception; "unto Me" may be paraphrased as the "fulfillment of one possibility necessary to the achievement of the Great Work"...

This is a specialized interpretation, for those undergoing training in an Initiatic Order. A paraphrase useful to the average human being might be "but always according to the will of all parties involved in the act;" or, "but with no harm to the Eco-system."

Every act is a sacrament, but this pre-eminently so. The text continues with a plain threat: "if the ritual be not ever unto me, then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit." To profane this sacrament of sacraments is the most fatal of errors and offences, for it is high treason to the Great Work itself.

The next verse repeats: "If the ritual be not ever unto me;" and it is emphasized and fortified with a threat. The offender is no longer in free enjoyment of the caresses of the Goddess of Love; he is cast out in to the penal constraint of the merciless and terrible God of Chapter III.

He means chapter III of The Book of the Law.

"...Be goodly therefore; dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where..."

This refers to the technique of the art; it will be explained later in this essay.

"...and with whom ye will."

This repeats what has been said already above in the notes to AL I 41.

Verse 53 asserts the importance of this dogma. Neglect of these prescriptions has been responsible for the endless and intolerable agonies, the hideous and unmitigable disasters of the past.

The Qabalist may note that "To me!" at the end of this verse not only repeats the adjuration, but is a Magical Seal set upon the dogma. (Verse 54 is a hint to seek the secret.)

In Greek letters, TO MH adds to 418; it is identical with Abrahadabra, the cipher of the Great Work. Meditation should lead the student to considerations even deeper and more fruitfull.

Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

(AL I, 57.)

Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious langour, force and fire are of us.

(AL II 20)

I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, O man! lust, and enjoy all things of sense and rapture: feat not that any God shall deny thee for this.

(AL II, 22.)

Straight to the point. This verse quoted is again partly warning, partly admonition, and should be ample explanation of why this tract is required reading for Hermits of Θελημα.

Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them.

(AL II 24)

**But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!
Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy and beauty!
There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.
A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!
A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.
A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet - secret, O Prophet!
A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.
A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!
A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!
A feast every night unto Nuit, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!
Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter.
There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.**

(AL II 34-44)

These verses refer once more to the concomitants of the act; they indicate the adjuvants to the technique; and they indicate the spirit in which it should be approached. The detached scientific attitude of enquiry and preparation is preliminary; the object is to foresee hindrances, to facilitate and to direct the current; but the impulse itself is Enthusiasm.

The next quoted verses are put together especially for the woman reader. One of them has already been quoted; but he repeats it, because of its importance.

There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.

(AL II 52)

Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you.

Also for beauty's sake and love's.

(AL III 55-56)

The student should assimilate the doctrine of the "Black Bothers" ...

Here Mr. Germer added a note to the original edition: "See Letter 12 of this book."

To refuse to fulfill any of one's possibilities is the direct negation of the Great Work.

It should be remarked in passing, for the benefit of the average woman reader, that the feminist movement is under constant and insidious attack from the "Mary" syndrome. We find supposedly feminist groups trying to ban pornography and even girlie photos in magazines, without taking the trouble to find out whether the women who participate in those enterprises enjoy them, and want to participate in them, or are compelled by force to do so, which seems unlikely. Until before World War I women who worked in any capacity other than a housewife were looked upon with suspicion of being "immoral," "fast," or "loose." By the definition of the cults of the Slave-gods, of course they were. Sexual freedom is not only a right of any woman, it is also a pleasure. Feminism is not hatred of men, an unfortunate by-product of it, is being used to influence feminists as a whole to avoid the male, or sexual activity with the male, except in terms that, if you look carefully upon them, differ from the old standards only because of a reversal of roles. In short, feminists are supposed to be "chaste," and men are supposed not to want a woman as a "sex

object." So what is wrong about wanting someone as a sex object? I have often been looked upon as a sex object, happily sometimes by women, and I enjoyed the proceedings in bed well enough, with no strings attached. The emphasis on not being regarded as "sex objects" is merely another attempt of the enemy to lead women back into servitude. It is very natural that a woman should not want to be regarded only as a sex object; but if this happens with a man whom you find sexy enough for one night, but not a man you would want to spend your entire existence with, so what? Unfortunately, this subject is too complex to go into at length here. Feminists should beware of any tendencies to restrict their sexual life out of "respect" for artificial standards of "dignity," or abstract concepts of what being a feminist is. A feminist certainly wants to do more than fuck; but unless fucking is included in your program, sisters, and fucking with men at that, I will tend to suspect your motives. Crowley next repeats several other verses, this time to emphasize sexual technique.

There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein! But exceed! exceed! Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine - and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous! - death is the crown of all.
(AL II 70-72)

Here, in a few simple phrases, is a complete guide — in skeleton — to the Art of Love.

Genius without technique is often clumsy and unintelligible; but technique without genius is dry bones. Genius is there, or is not there; nor wit nor work avail if it be absent. Yet one may maintain that it is always there, since "Every man and every woman is a star." In any case only technique responds to study and exercise; it has been written that it "demands as much study as theology, and as

much practice as billiards." All one can do is

(a) to unleash,

(b) to direct, the latent genius. In countries hostile to civilization, ("**horribilesque ultimosque Brittanos**"), and their colonies ...

The Latin phrase means here: "Britain the most horrible of all." But from what one reads, even in their own propaganda, it seems that Soviet Russia and Red China are not far behind.

..., past and present ...

That got the good old U.S.A. into it, boys and girls. And Australia. And Canada. And New Zealand. And Ireland. And ...

..., the technique is almost non-existent; individuals who possess it in any degree of perfection owe their pre-eminence, in almost every case, to tuition and training under the natives of happier and less barbaric parts of the world. Each type of race or culture has its own special virtues.

A. Study: The student should study, bear in mind, and take to heart, such classics as the Ananga-Ranga, the Bagh-i-Muattar of Abdullah el Haji ...

*Cf. **Equinox V 4**, subtitled **Sex and Religion**, for this.*

..., the Kama Shastra, the Kama Sutra, the Scented Garden of the Sheik Nefzawi, and certain scientific or pseudo-scientific treatises (usually upon the deformities of nature, or the abuses of ignorance) by numerous authors, mostly French, German, Austrian or Italian. "Energized Enthusiasm," EQ. I, 9, is of palmary virtue.

(Liber LXVI, Liber CCCLXX, Liber DCCCXXXI, Liber CLXXV, Liber LCVI and others, also in The Equinox, are official publications of the A.:A.:) There are also various classics of the subject, helpful to assimilate the romantic and enthusiastic atmosphere proper to the practice of the Art; one may instance Catullus, Juvenal (specially the Sixth Satire), Martial, Petronius Arbiter, Apuleius, Bocaccio, Masucci, Francois Rabelais, de Balzac (**Contes Drolatiques**), de Sade (**Justine, Juliette**, et al.), Andre de Nerciat, Alfred de Musset and Georges Sand (**Gamiani; ou Deux nuits d'exces**), Sacher Masoch (Venus in

Furs), with the English and American too numerous to list, but notably the poets in Holy Orders: Swift, Sterne, Herrick, Donne, and Herbert.

There is also a complete literature of mysticism which approaches or implies this matter; but this type of work is, for the younger student, as dangerous as it is superficially attractive. It encourages the sense of guilt, teaches the venomous art of self-exculpation, and extols that very hypocrisy which Freedom notably condemns.

**"Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries."
(AL II 52)**

B. Practice: No one teacher, however gifted, can possibly cover one hundredth part of the groundwork of this Art. The best tuition is that of trained and consecrated experts; next, that of men and women of natural genius.

C. Original Research: This should be based upon the broadest possible knowledge, and the deepest understanding of the same; and upon the results of the scope and intensity of one's practice.

**But exceed! exceed!
(AL II 71)**

**But always unto Me.
(AL I 51)**

LETTER 16: ON CONCENTRATION

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You wisely ask me for a special letter on Concentration; you point out that I have implied it constantly, but never given plain instruction.

This paragraph was cut out by Mr. Regardie, probably as part of the Zionist campaign to give the public the impression that Crowley admired the Nazis if

not the "Prophet" Samuel.

It hope I have not been so vague as to allow you to suppose that Concentration Camps are evidence that benevolent and enlightened governments are at last seriously concerned to educate the world to Yoga; but I do agree that it cannot do great harm if I take a dose of my own medicine, and gather into one golden sheaf all the ripe corn of my wisdom on this subject.

For concentration does indeed unlock all doors; it lies at the heart of every practice as it is of the essence of all theory; and almost all the various rules and regulations are aimed at securing adeptship in this matter. All the subsidiary work—awareness, one-pointedness, mind- fullness and the rest—is intended to train you to this.

All the greetings, salutations, "Saying Will," periodical adorations, even saying **Apo pantos kakodaimonos** with a downward and outward sweep of the arm, the eyes averted, when one sees a person dressed in a religious (Christian) uniform: all these come under "Don't stroke the cat the wrong way!" or, in the modern pseudo-scientific journalese jargon "streamlining life."

Note by David Bersson: It is a fulfillment of the command in the Book of the Law to Curse them. Cf. AL Ch. III vs. 50 - 55. Serious students should be banishing not only the Christist Priests and Roman Catholic Nuns but any Church as you pass them,. You cannot stop here, however, look at the rest of the verses, for instance, and you see that Mohammad is Cursed as well. This means all the symbolism connected with their creed must be cursed as well. I have actually pondered whether September 11th would of occurred if the Command to curse Mohammad had been obeyed by those who are called Thelemites.

Again this next paragraph was cut out by Mr. Regardie, perhaps because he thought Crowley was promoting himself — Mr. Regardie probably feels that he holds a monopoly on this.

Let us see if Frater Perdurabo has anything to the

point! Of course, Part I of Book 4 is devoted to it; but there is too much, and not enough, to be useful to us just now.

One should perhaps explain, for the benefit of people slightly more perceptive than Mr. Regardie, that Crowley in his old age felt as alien to "Frater Perdurabo" as he would have felt as a boy. In his old age, Crowley was a Master of the Temple AND a Magus AND an Ipsissimus: the subsets of his Being were distant, often quaint, curiosities to him. Mr. Regardie was never able to perceive this, because Mr. Regardie was never able to analyse himself into his constituent parts; he did not have any.

What you really need is the official Instruction in **The Equinox**, and the very fullest and deepest understanding of **Eight Lectures on Yoga**; but these lectures are so infernally interesting that when I look into the book for something to quote, it carries me away with it. I can't put it down, I forget all about this letter. Rather a back-handed advertisement for Concentration!

The best way is the hardest; to forget all this and start from the beginning as if there had never been anything on the subject written before.

I must keep always in mind that you are assumed to know nothing whatever about Yoga and Magick, or anything else beyond what the average educated person may be assumed to have been taught.

What is the problem? There are two.

β: To train the mind to move with the maximum speed and energy, with the utmost possible accuracy in the chosen direction, and with the minimum of disturbance or friction. That is Magick.

α: To stop the mind altogether. That is Yoga.

The rules, strangely enough, are identical in both cases; at least, until your "Magick" is perfect; Yoga merely goes on a step further. In Beta you have reduced all movements from many to One; in Alpha you reduce that One to Zero.

Now then, with a sigh of relief, know you this: that every possible incident in the Beta training is **mutatis mutandis**, perfectly familiar to the engineer.

The material must be chosen and prepared in the kind and in the manner, best suited to the design of the intended machine; the various parts must be put together with the utmost precision; every obstacle to the function must be removed, and every source of error eliminated. Now cheer up, child! In the case of a machine that he has devised and constructed himself with every condition in his favour, he thinks he is doing not too badly if he gets some fifteen or twenty per cent of the calculated efficiency out of the instrument; and even Nature, with millions of years to adjust and improve, very often cannot boast of having done much better. So you have no reason to be discouraged if success does not smile upon you in the first week or so of your Work, starting as you do with material of whose properties you are miserably ignorant, with means pitifully limited, with Laws of Nature which you do not understand; in fact, with almost everything against you but indomitable Will and unconquerable courage.

This paragraph, again, was cut out by Mr. Israel Regardie, presumably because the poets quoted were not popular with the intelligentsia in his days; and Mr. Regardie brown-nosed the intelligentsia as much as he could.

(I know I'm a poor contemptible Lowbrow; but I refuse to be ashamed for finding Kipling's "If" and Henley's Don't remember—the title; they may not be poetry ...

This was the contention of the Bloomsbury intelligentsia, most of it pseudo-liberal and socialist. I have never read Henley, but Kipling's "If" is poetry of a kind that its critics themselves could never have achieved. Applied to Crowley's own life, it shows that he was a Man, while Mr. Regardie was a pseudo-magician, a pseudo-psychoanalyst and now also, as we can see, a pseudo-Crowley. One wonders if he had ambitions of becoming a pseudo-Thelemite?

...; but they are honest food and damned good beer for

the plebeian wayfarer. It was such manhood, not the left-wing high-brow Bloomsbury sissies, that kept London through the blitz. Pray forgive the digression!)

But it is not really a digression at all. Kipling's poem describes exactly the kind of vicissitudes that anyone who takes up self-development of the depth and scope of Initiation may expect from life and his or her fellowpersons, and I suppose that Henley's does something similar. Incidentally, during World War II, Kipling's "If" was found framed in the office or home of the great majority of working Britons. This, of course, does not include the intelligentsia, who never work anywhere, just play. The poet had been in disgrace for several years already, and it is interesting that he should have surfaced, in this one poem at least, despite the loud complaints of the critics, at one of the most difficult times in the history of England. After the conflict, the intelligentsia again managed to banish him from the minds of his countrymen, with the beautiful results that are so evident at the present time and which Crowley, incidentally, had foreseen in his prophetic poem, Carmen Saeculare, decades before:

**The harlot that men called great
Babylon,
In crimson raiment and in smooth
attire,
The scarlet leprosy that shamed the
sun,
The gilded goat that piled the world
for hire; -
Her days of wealth and majesty are
done:
Men trample her for mire!**

**The temple of the God is broken
down;
Yes, Mammon's shine is cleansed!
The house of her
That cowed the world with her
malignant frown,
And drove the Celt to exile and
despair,**

**Is battered now — God's fire destroys
the town;
London admits God's air.**

*This was written forty-five years before London was razed by the Nazi raids. (One may protest that the Nazis were hardly God - but either **everything** is God, or nothing is.) Interestingly enough, a note to this poem reads: "Crowley, an Irishman, was passionately attached to the Celtic movement, and only abandoned it when found that it was a mere mask for the hideous features of Roman Catholicism."*

The poem was written in 1900 e.v., published with the note in 1905 e.v. He wasn't fooled for very long, was he? Yet, many Irishmen support the I.R.A. to this day, in spite of its characteristically Roman Catholic brutality and cruelty, only to be compared to the Zionist blood thirst in Palestine. One might remark here that the majority of the Nazi sympathizers and many of the party itself were devout Roman Catholics, and that the Vatican abetted the killing of the Jews in Germany as long as it publicly could. What some Roman Catholic clergymen are reported to have done to help, they did of their own initiative, not on orders from Rome.

There is only one method to adopt in such circumstances as those of the Aspirant to Magick and Yoga: the method of Science. Trial and error. You must **observe**. That implies, first of all, that you must learn to observe. And you must record your observations. No circumstance of life is, or can be irrelevant. "He that is not with me is against me." ...

This direct quotation from the "Gospels" shows either the attitude of a "Black Brother" or of a ruthless politician, if applied to the society of humans; but applied to the society of the component parts of the self, it is the only way to achieve efficient rule, and thus become able to do one's Will.

... In all these letters you will find only two things: either I tell you what is bad for you, or what is good for you. But I am not you; I don't know every detail of your life, every trick of your thought. You must do ninety percent of the work for yourself. Whether it

is love, or your daily avocation, or diet, or friends, or amusement, or anything else, you must find out what helps you to your True Will and what hinders; cherish the one and eschew the other.

I want to insist most earnestly that concentration is not, as we nearly all of us think, a matter of getting things right in the practices; you must make every breath you draw subservient to the True Will, to fertilize the soil for the practices. When you sit down in your Asana to quiet your mind, it is much easier for you if your whole life has tended to relative quietude; when you knock with your Wand to announce the opening of an Invocation, it is better if the purpose of that ceremony has been simmering in the background of your thought since childhood!

*But coming from your psychosoma; not from the instigation of Daddy or Mommy or Auntie or some preacher or "priest." Children should **never** be biased by adults towards any one particular form of ideology or creed. On this subject, cf. **Liber Aleph**, Chs. 35-42.*

Yes indeed: background!

Deep down, on the very brink of the subconscious, are all those facts which have **determined** you to choose this your Great Work.

Then, the ambition, conscious, which arranges the general order and disposition of your life.

Lastly, the practices themselves. And my belief is that the immense majority of failures have their neglect to brush up their drill to thank for it.

*And the vast majority of candidates are failures, for precisely that cause. Cf. The **Dao De Jing**, Chapter 63, and The Yi Jing, Hexagram 9, and the notes thereon. The next paragraph was again excised by Mr. Regardie, obviously because it advertised Crowley's books rather than his. The fact that Crowley's books have always been incomparably better than his in everything was probably an added incentive to censorship.*

For technical advice on all these subjects, I shall refer you to those official works mentioned in the early part of this letter; I shall be happy if you will take to heart what I am now so violently thrusting at you.

this Middle Work of Concentration.

*Crowley uses "Middle Work" here in both the Qabalistic sense of necessary to reach the experiences of the Middle Path and in the Daoistic sense. The serious reader should study particularly **Little Essays Towards Truth, Yoga and Magick, Eight Lectures on Yoga, Thelemic Magick and Equinox I 4**. A practice that is difficult but most important in the acquisition of Concentration is detailed in **Liber III**, one of the *Official Instructions of the A.∴A.∴*.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER 17: ASTRAL JOURNEY: EXAMPLE, HOW TO DO IT, HOW TO VERIFY YOUR EXPERIENCE

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

There is no better way of training the memory than the practice of the Holy Qabalah.

On the principle that if you repeat yourself enough, even a parrot may learn to speak. It worked with Mr. Regardie.

The whole mechanism of memory depends on joining up independent data. You must go on adding a little to little, always joining the simple impressions by referring them to others which are more general; and so on until the whole of your universe is arranged like the brain and the nervous system. This system in fact, **becomes** the Universe. When you have got everything properly correlated, your central consciousness understands and controls every tiniest detail. But you must begin at the beginning—you go out for a walk, and the first thing you see is a car;

that represents the Atu VII, the Chariot, referred to Cancer.

Then you come to a fishmonger, and notice certain crustacea, very mala chostomous. This comes under the same sign of Cancer. The next thing you notice is an amber-coloured dress in Swan and Edgar's ...

A popular woman's fashion shop at the time in London. Writing "mala costomous" as he did was either a misspelling by the secretary or, more likely, a pun on "mal-accustomed." But a crab that knows it is going to the pan has every right to be crabby.

...; amber also is the colour of Cancer in the King's Scale. Now then you have a set of three impressions which is joined together by the fact that they all belong to the Cancer class; experience will soon teach that you can remember all three very much more clearly and accurately than you could any one of the three singly.

You have not increased the burden on your memory, but diminished it.

What you say about tension and eagerness and haste is very true. See **The Book of the Law**, Chapter I, 44.

"For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect."

This, from a **practical** point of view, is one of the most important verses in the book.

The unusual word "unassuaged" is very interesting. People generally suppose that "will" is the slave of purpose, that you cannot will a thing properly unless you are aiming at a definite goal. But this is not the case. Thinking of the goal actually serves to distract the mind. In these few words is included the whole method without all the bombastic piety of the servile doctrine of mysticism about the surrender of the Will. Nor is this idea of surrender actually correct; the will must be identified with the Divine Will, so-called. One wants to become like a mighty flowing river, which is not consciously aiming at the sea, and is certainly not yielding to any external influence. It is acting in conformity with the law of its own nature, with the Tao

The Dao can always be defined as the Law of the Nature of Any Thing soever.

... One can describe it, if necessary, as "passive love" ...

Cf. Liber VII V, 46 for this important point.

...; but it is love (in effect) raised to its highest potential. We come back to the same thing: when passion is purged of any "lust of result" it is irresistible; it has become "Law." I can never understand why it is that mystics fail to see that their smarmy doctrine of surrender actually insists upon the duality which they have set out to abolish!

This paragraph, which is of vital importance to A·A· Aspirants, was expurgated from Mr. Regardie's "edition."

I certainly have no intention of "holding you down" to "a narrow path of work" or any path ...

*This reference should be explained. She has not accused him to holding her down to a narrow path of work; she has **asked** him to do so. His refusal is typical of Our Method, and he proceeds to explain why We work as We do.*

... All I can do is to help you to understand clearly the laws of your own nature, so that you may go ahead without extraneous influence. It does not follow that a plan that I have found successful in my own case will be any use to you. That is another cardinal mistake of most teachers. One must have become a Master of the Temple to annihilate one's ego. Most teachers, consciously or unconsciously, try to get others to follow in their steps. I might as well dress you up in my castoff clothing! **(In the steps of the Master. At the feet of the Master. Steward!)**

The two quotations are titles of Toshosophic tracts written under the "guidance" of Besant and Leadbeater. It is extremely informative that Regardie should have excised this paragraph.

Please observe that the further you get on, the higher your potential, the greater is the tendency to leak, or even to break the containing vessel ...

The Path does not become "easier" as you Go. It becomes harder, more dangerous, and the dangers subtler. There is no point at which you reach that

"Perfection" which is the aim of the lazy and the unintelligent, wherein you are "incapable of error." Even the Master of the Temple or the Magus can make mistakes. If the Ipsissimus be exempt from this frailty - which We do not know — it is because the Ipsissimus does not "act" as such. Wherever relative action is possible, error is possible. Our responsibility is much greater than yours, and Our burden at all times reflects Our responsibility. Whoso envies the true Master either dislikes hard work or is addicted to it...

... I can help you by warning you against setting up obstacles, real or imaginary, in your own path; which is what most people do. It is almost laughable to think that the Great Work consists merely in "letting her rip;" but Karma bumps you from one side of the toboggan slide to the other, until you come into the straight." (There's a chapter or two in the **Book of Lies** about this, but I haven't got a copy. I must find one, and put them in here. Yes: p. 22)

This refers to the original edition.

**O thou that settest out upon the Path,
false is the Phantom that thou
seekest. When thou hast it thou
shalt know all bitterness, thy teeth
fixed in the Sodom—Apple.**

**Thus hast thou been lured along that
Path, whose terror else had driven
thee far away.**

**O thou that stridest upon the middle
of the Path, no phantoms mock thee.
For the stride's sake thou stridest.**

**Thus art thou lured along that Path,
whose fascination else had driven
thee far away.**

**O thou that drawest toward the End
of The Path, effort is no more. Faster
and faster dost thou fall; thy
weariness is changed into Ineffable
Rest.**

**For there is no Thou upon that Path:
thou hast become The Way.**

*Yes, but this is part of the Hierophant's propaganda. The "Way" is as described in Crane's **The Wayfarer**... No wonder the Hierophant's smile is so cryptic!*

As in the Yi King, the 3rd hexagram has departed from the original perfection, and it takes all the rest of the hexagrams to put things right again.

The result, it is true, is superior; the perfection of the original has been enhanced and enriched by its experience.

Of course, one may ask how Perfection may be improved. But such thoughts are Neschamic, and contain their own contradiction. Most human beings worth their salt - read Binah! - cannot stand personal ease for longer than it takes for the person to recuperate from past vicissitudes. An extended vacation soon palls; retirement from life spells death, or deterioration of one's faculties. If you do not believe us, visit Florida or the Riviera!

There is another way of defining the Great Work. That explains to us the whole object of manifestation, of departing from the perfection of "Nothing" towards the perfection of "everything", and one may consider this advantage, that it is quite impossible to go wrong. Every experience, whatever may be its nature, is just another necessary bump.

Naturally one cannot realize this until one becomes a Master of the Temple; consequently one is perpetually plunged in sorrow and despair. There is, you see, a good deal more to it than merely learning one's mistakes. One can never be sure what is right and what is wrong, until one appreciates that "wrong" is equally "right." Now then one gets rid of the idea of "effort" which is associated with "lust of result." All that one does is to exercise pleasantly and healthfully one's energies.

It will not do to regard "man" as the "final cause" of manifestation. Please do not quote myself against me.

"Man is so infinitely small

In all these stars, determinate.

**Maker and master of them all,
Man is so infinitely great."**

The human apparatus is the best instrument of which we are, at present, aware in our normal consciousness; but when you come to experience the Conversation of the higher intelligences, you will understand how imperfect are your faculties. It is true that you can project these intelligences as parts of yourself, or you can suppose that certain human vehicles may be temporally employed by them for various purposes; but these speculations tend to be idle. The important thing is to make contact with beings, whatever their nature, who are superior to yourself, not merely in degree but in kind. That is to say, not merely different as a Great Dane differs from a Chihuahua, but as a buffalo differs from either.

Of course you are perfectly right about the senses ...

This is a direct reference to an objection in her letter.

... though I would not agree to confine the meaning to the five which are common to most people. There must, one might suspect, be ways of apprehending directly such phenomena as magnetism, electrical resistance, chemical affinity and the like. Let me direct you once more to **The Book of the Law**, Chapter II, vs. 70 - 72:

**There is help & hope in other spells.
Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst
thou bear more joy. Be not animal;
refine thy rapture!**

**If thou drink, drink by the eight and
ninety rules of art: if thou love,
exceed by delicacy; and if thou do
ought joyous, let there be subtlety
therein!**

"But exceed! exceed!

**"Strive ever to more! and if thou art
truly mine—and doubt it not, an if**

thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all."

The mystic's idea of deliberately stupefying and stultifying himself is an "abomination unto the Lord." This, by the way, does not conflict with the rules of Yoga. That kind of suppression is comparable to the restrictions in athletic training, or diet in sickness.

Now we get back to the Qabalah—how to make use of it.

In Astral work, he means.

Let us suppose that you have been making an invocation, or shall we call it an investigation, and suppose you want to interpret a passage of Bach. To play this is the principal weapon of your ceremony. In the course of your operation, you assume your astral body and rise far above the terrestrial atmosphere, while the music continues softly in the background. You open your eyes, and find that it is night. Dark clouds are on the horizon; but in the zenith is a crown of constellations. This light helps you, especially as your eyes become accustomed to the gloom, to take in your surroundings. It is a bleak and barren landscape. Terrific mountains rim the world. In the midst looms a cluster of blue-black crags.

Now there appears from their recesses a gigantic being. His strength, especially in his hands and in his loins, is terrifying. He suggests a combination of lion, mountain goat and serpent; and you instantly jump to the idea that this is one of the rare beings which the Greeks called Chimaera. So formidable is his appearance that you consider it prudent to assume an appropriate god-form. But who is the appropriate god? You may perhaps consider it best, in view of your complete ignorance as to who he is and where you are, to assume the god-form of Harpocrates, as being good defence in any case; but of course this will not take you very far ...

Because it is too general for specialized work; and also because while you assume this form you must keep Silence, and thus cannot commune with the vision. The Form of Harpocrates is good for defence or

withdrawal only, unless you are a very high initiate.

... If you are sufficiently curious and bold, you will make up your mind rapidly on this point. This is where your daily practice of the Qabalah will come in useful. You run through in your mind the seven sacred planets.

The very first of them seems quite consonant with what you have so far seen. Everything suits Saturn well enough. To be on the safe side, you go through the others; but this is a very obvious case—Saturn is the only planet that agrees with everything. The only other possibility will be the Moon; but there is no trace noticeable of any of her more amiable characteristics. You will therefore make up your mind that it is a Saturnian god-form that you need. Fortunate indeed for you that you have practiced daily the assumption of such forms! ...

He likes to hit below the belt, doesn't he...?

... Very firmly, very steadily, very slowly, very quietly, you transform your normal astral appearance into that of Sebek. The Chimaera, recognizing your divine authority, becomes less formidable and menacing in appearance. He may, in some way, indicate his willingness to serve you. Very good, so far; but it is of course the first essential to make sure of his integrity. Accordingly you begin by asking his name. This is vital; because if he tells you the truth, it gives you power over him. But if, on the other hand, he tells you a lie, he abandons for good and all his fortress. He becomes rather like a submarine whose base has been destroyed. He may do you a lot of mischief in the meantime, of course, so look out!

This, incidentally, applies to so-called Probationers who come to us on false pretenses and try to lie their way into the Order...

Well then, he tells you that his name is Othillia ...

Which means that "he" either is a girl or, perhaps, a faggot.

... Shall we try to spell it in Greek or in Hebrew. By the sound of the name and perhaps to some extent by his appearance one might plump for the former; but after all the Greek Qabalah is so unsatisfactory ...

At present. We are working on a Dictionary of the Greek Qabalah, taking Crowley's work on it as a basis.

... We give Hebrew the first chance—we start with עטיליא. Let us try this lettering for a start. It adds up to 135. I daresay that you don't remember what the Sepher Sephiroth tells you about the number; but as luck will have it, there is no need to inquire; for $135 = 3 \times 45$. Three is the number, is the first number of Saturn, and 45 the last. (The sum of the numbers in the magic square of Saturn is 45.) That corresponds beautifully with everything you have got so far; but then of course you must know if he is "one of the believing Jinn." ...

A reference to Arabic magic, and to 'The Thousand and One Nights.' a "believing Jinn" is one that accepts Islam; and will, in theory, be more sympathetic to a Palestinian than Mr. Menachem Begin.

... Briefly, is he a friend or an enemy? You accordingly say to him "The word of the Law is Θελημα" It turns out that he doesn't understand Greek at all, so you were certainly right in choosing Hebrew ...

This chimeara, although born in Greece, obviously underwent bar mitzvah, poor fellow. But wait, isn't it a girl? Oh well, one should not be too picky about role models these days.

... You put it to him, "What is the word of the Law?" and he replies darkly. "The word of the Law is Thora." That means nothing to you; any one might know as much as that, Thora being the ordinary word for the Sacred Law of Israel, and you accordingly ask him to spell it to make sure you have heard aright; and he gives you the letters, perhaps by speaking them, perhaps by showing them: טרע. You add these up and get 279. This again is divisible by the Saturnian 3, and the result is 93; in other words, he has been precisely right. On the plane of Saturn one may multiply by three and therefore **he has given you the correct word "Θελημα" in a form unfamiliar to you ...**

In his light manner, Crowley has here given an important hint to Jewish Qabalists. We doubt Mr. Regardie got the message, but then, Mr. Regardie

was not a Qabalist.

... You man now consider yourself satisfied of his good faith, and may proceed to inspect him more closely. The stars above his head suggest the influence of Binah, whose number also is three, while the most striking thing about him is the core of his being: the letter Yod. (One does not count the termination "AH": being a divine suffix it represents the inmost light and the outermost light.) This Yod, this spark of intense brilliance, is of the pale greenish gold which one sees (in this world) in the fine gold leaf of Tibet. It glows with ever greater intensity as you concentrate upon observing him, which you could not do while you were preoccupied with investigating his credentials.

Confidence being thus established, you inquire why he as appeared to you at this time and at this place; and the answer to this question is of course your original idea, that is to say, he is presenting to you in other terms that "mountainous Fugue" which invoked him ...

He means the piece by Bach that she supposedly played to start the invocation, or investigation.

... You listen to him with attention, make such enquiries as seem good to you, and record the proceedings.

The above example is, of course, pure imagination, and represents a very favourable case. You are only too likely, and that not only at the beginning, to meet all sorts of difficulties and dangers.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER 18: THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR CONVENTIONAL GREETINGS, ETC.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

From time to time I have exhorted you with mine accustomed matchless eloquence never to neglect the prescribed Greetings: but I think it just as well to collect the various considerations connected with their use—and in "Greetings" I include "saying Will" before set meals, the four daily adorations of the Sun Liber CC, vel Resh) and the salutation of Our Lady the Moon. I propose to deal with the general object of the combined rituals, not with the special virtues of each separately.

The practice of Liber III vel Jugorum is the complement of these grouped customs ...

This book is divided in three stages. In the first, you stop yourself from saying a word you do not want to say; in the second from performing an act you do not want to perform; in the third from thinking a thought you do not want to think. As part of the training, you cut yourself sharply if you find yourself saying, doing, or thinking what you had decided not to say, do, or think. This practice is very effective as well as difficult.

... By sharp physical self-chastisement when you think, say, or do whatever it is that you have set yourself to avoid doing, you set a sentry at the gate of your mind ready to challenge all comers, and so you acquire the habit of being on the alert. Keep this in mind, and you will have no difficulty in following the argument of this letter.

When you are practicing Dharana ...

See Book Four Commented Part I, "Yoga and Magick."

..., you allow yourself so many minutes. It is a steady, sustained effort. The mind constantly struggles to escape control. (I hope you remember the sequence of "breaks." In case you don't, I summarize them.

1. Immediate physical interruptions: Asana should stop these.
2. Things that are "on you mind."
3. Reverie, and "Wouldn't it help if I were to— ?"
4. Atmospherics—e.g. voices apparently from some alien source.
 - ⊖ Aberrations of the control itself: and the result

itself. (Remember the practice of some Hindu schools: "Not that, not that!" to whatever it is the presents itself as Tat Sat—reality, truth).

Need I remind you how urgent the wish to escape will assuredly become, how fantastic are the mind's devices and excuses, amounting often to deliberate revolt? In Kandy ...

Ceylon, where he went to study Hatha Yoga under Allan Bennett, by then Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya.

... I broke away in a fury, and dashed down to Colombo with the intention of painting the very air as red as the betel- spittle on the pavements! But after three days of futile search for satisfying debauchery I came back to my horses, and, sure enough, it was merely that I had gone stale; the relaxation soothed and steadied me; I resumed the discipline with redoubled energy, and Dhyana dawned before a week had elapsed.

I mention this because it is the **normal** habit of the mind to organize these counter-attacks that makes their task so easy. What you need is a mind that will help rather than hinder your Work by its **normal** function.

This is where these Greetings, and Will-sayings, and Adorations come in.

It is not a concentration-practice proper; I haven't a good word for it. "Background-concentration" or "long-distance-concentration" are clumsy, and not too accurate. It is really rather like a public school education. One is not constantly "doing a better thing that one has ever done;" one is not dropping one's eye-glass every two minutes, or being a little gentleman in the act of brushing one's hair. The point is that one trains oneself to react properly at any moment of surprise. It must become "second nature" for "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." to spring to the forefront of the mind when one is introduced to a stranger, or comes down to breakfast, or hears the telephone bell, or observes the hour of the adoration, (these are to be the superficial reactions, like instinctively rising when a lady enters the room), or, at the other end, in moments of immediate peril, or of sudden

apprehension, or when in one's meditation, one approaches the deepest strata.

One need not be dogmatic about the use of these special words. One might choose a formula to represent one's own particular True Will. It is a little like Cato, (or Scipio, was it?) who concluded every speech, whether about the Regulations of the Roman Bath or the proposal to reclaim a marsh of the Maremma, with the words: "And moreover, in my opinion, Carthage ought to be destroyed."

So they finally went and destroyed it, thereby perhaps setting civilization back a thousand years.

Got it?

You teach the mind to push your thought automatically to the very thing from which it was trying to wander. "Yes, I get you Stephen! . . . But, Uncle Dudley, come clean, do you always do all this yourself? Don't you sometimes feel embarrassed, or fear that you may destroy the effect of your letter, or "create a scene" in the public street when you suddenly stop and perform these incomprehensible antics, or simply forget about the whole thing?"

Yes, I do.

The next nine lines were cut by Mr. Regardie.

Peccavi.

Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.

These Latin words are traditionally used in Roman Catholic "confession." They mean, respectively, "I have sinned" and "My fault, my enormous fault." However, nobody ever heard a Romish "priest" saying them while a "heretic" was being burned alive.

I am **not** your old and valued friend, Adam Qadmon, the Perfect Man.

I am a pretty poor specimen.

I am nothing to cable about to Lung Peng Choung, or Himi, or Monsaivat.

All legendary holy places.

I do forget now and again; though, I am glad to say, not nearly as often as I used to do. (As the habit is acquired, it tends to strengthen itself). But often I

deliberately omit to do my duty. I do funk it. I do resent it. I do feel that it's too much bother.

As I said above, Adam Qadman is **not** my middle name.

Well now, have I any shadow of an excuse? Yes, I have, after a fashion; I don't think it good manners to force my idiosyncrasies down people's throats, and I don't want to appear more of an eccentric than I need. It might detract from my personal influence, and so actually harm the Work that I am trying to perform. . .

The next three paragraphs were again cut out of Mr. Regardie's "edition."

"Yes, that's all very well, Alibi Ike; you are exceedingly well know as a Scripture-quoting Satan, as a Past-Master in self-justification. Trained from infancy by the Plymouth Brethern, who for casuistry leave the Jesuits at the post!" "Yes, yes, but — — —."

"You needn't but me no buts, you old he-goat! Wasn't there once a Jonas Hanway, the first man to sport an umbrella? Wouldn't your practice be natural, and right, and the cream of the cream of good manners as soon as a few hundred people of position took to doing it? And wouldn't Thomas, Richard, and Henry, three months later, make a point of doing the same as their betters?" (That was Conscience speaking.)

All right, you win.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

A purely personal comment here. I do not normally say "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" when I am introduced to a stranger. However, if I sit to eat or drink with anyone, I will say "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." I only open and close my letters with the Law when I am addressing Thelemites or candidates to Θελημα, or want to emphasize to my correspondent that I am one of those fiendishly evil people, a "follower of Aleister Crowley;" and on streets or in public I usually perform the Adorations inwardly, merely using the Sign of Silence discreetly. I used, many years ago, to open all my letters with the Law, no

matter whom I was addressing. All I got from it was the constant spying of "intelligence" services, and the consequent boycott that this invariably entails. I do not regret having been enthusiastic, but nowadays I feel that one should live and let live. If they want to be slaves, that is their privilege. Neither do I envision with much favor the day when everybody will go about saying "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" to everybody else. It smacks of the kind of dogmatism that so "distinguishes" the established creeds. Moderation, I think, is more impressive than loud-mouthed lip service. Someday, perhaps, there will be a Jerry Falwell (there is always a Jerry Falwell) propagandizing the Law of Θελημα on television. On that day, Maat better show up quickly!

LETTER 19: THE ACT OF TRUTH

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

It seems that last Wednesday I so far forgot myself as to refer to the "Act of Truth" in conversation, and never mentioned what it is when it's at home, or why anyone should perform it, or what happens when one does perform it!

All right, I will remedy that; luckily, it is a very simple matter; very important, perfectly paradoxical and devastatingly effective.

Analysed, it is to make the assumption that something which seems very wrong is actually all right, that an eager wish is an accomplished fact. a reasonable anxiety, entirely unfounded—and to act accordingly.

For instance, I'm in some desolate place, dependent for my food supply on a weekly messenger. If he is a day late, it is awkward; if two, it means hardship; if three, serious risk. One is naturally anxious as the day approaches; perhaps the weather, or some similar snag. makes it likely that he will be late.

From one cause or another, I have rather exceeded my ration. There is nothing I can do about it, materially.

The sensible course of action is to draw in my horns, live on the minimum, necessary to life, **which involves cutting the day's work down to almost nothing**, and hope for the best, expecting the worst.

But there is a Magical mode of procedure. You say to yourself: I am here to do this Work in accordance with my true Will. The Gods have got to see to it that I'm not balked by any blinking messenger. (But take care They don't overhear you; They might mistake it for Hybris, or presumption. Do it all in the Sign of Silence, under the aegis of Harpocrates, the "Lord of Defence and Protection"; be careful to assume his God-form, as standing on two crocodiles. Then you increase your consumption, and at the same time put in a whole lot of extra Work. If you perform this "Act of Truth" properly, with **genuine** conviction that nothing can go wrong, your messenger will arrive a day early, and bring an extra large supply.

This, let me say at once, is very difficult, especially at first, until one has gained confidence in the efficacy of the Formula; and it is very nastily easy to "fake." Going through the motions (as they say) is more futile here than in most cases, and the results of messing it up are commonly disastrous.

Here he added the following footnote: "Do not be misled by any apparent superficial resemblance to "Christian Science" and "Coueism" and their cackling kin. They miss every essential feature of the formula."

You must invent your act to suit your case, every time; suppose you expect a cable next Friday week, transferring cash to your account. You need \$500 to make up an important payment, and you don't know whether they will send even \$200. What are you going to do about it? Skimp, and save your expenses, and make yourself miserable and incapable of vigorous thought or action? You *may* succeed in saving enough to swing the deal; but you won't get a penny beyond the amount actually needed—and look

at the cost in moral grandeur!

No, go and stand yourself a champagne luncheon, and stroll up Bond Street with an 8 1/2 "Hoyo de Monterey, ...

An expensive brand of cigar.

... and squander \$30 on some utterly useless bauble.

Then the \$500 will swell to \$1000, and arrive two days early at that!

There are one or two points to consider very carefully indeed before you start:—

1. The proposed Act must be **absurd**; it won't do at all if by some fluke, however unlikely, it might accomplish your aim. For instance, it's no use backing an outsider. There must be no causal link.
2. The Act must be one which makes the situation definitely worse. *exempli gratia*: suppose you are counting on a new dress to make a hit at a Reception, and doubt whether it is so much better than your present best, or whether it will be finished in time. Then, wear that present best to-night (wet, of course), knowing you are sure to soil it.
3. Obviously, all the usual conditions of a Magical Operation apply in this as in all cases; your aim must conform with your True Will, and all that; but there is one curious point about an Act of Truth: this, that one should resort to it only when there is no other method possible. In the explorer's case, above, it won't do if he has any means of hurrying up the messenger.

It seems to me that the above brief sketch should suffice an intelligent and imaginative student like yourself; but if any point remains darkling, let me know, and I will follow up with a postscript.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

P.S.—I thought it might help you if I were to make a few experiments. I have done so. Result: this is much more difficult and delicate an affair than I had thought when I wrote this letter. For instance, one single thought of a "second string"—*exempli gratia* "if it fails, I had better do so and so"—is enough to kill the while operation stone dead. Of course, I am totally out of practice; but, even so

LETTER 20: TALISMANS: THE LAMEN: THE PANTACLE

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Really you comfort me when you turn from those abstruse and exalted themes with which you have belaboured me so often of late to dear cuddlesome little questions like this in our letter received this morning: "**Do** please, dear Master, give me some hints about how to make Talismans (that's the same as Telesmata, isn't it? **Yes, 666**) and the Pantacle. The official instructions are quite clear, of course; but somehow I find them just a little frightening."

Oh boy. When they go all humble on you like this, no matter the sex, its time to watch out. They want you to do their work for them.

Well, I think I know pretty well what you mean; so I will try to imitate the style of Aunt Tabitha in "The Flapper's Fireside."

One of the 'Dear Abbys' of the Twenties.

For one thing, you forgot to mention the Lamén. Now what **are** these things when they are at home? That's easy enough.

The Lamén is a sort of Coat of Arms. It expresses the character and powers of the wearer.

A talisman is a storehouse of some particular kind of energy, the kind that is needed to accomplish the

task for which you have constructed it.

The Pantacle is often confused with both the others; accurately, it is a "Minutum Mundum", "the Universe in Little"; it is a map of all that exists, arranged in the Order of Nature. There is a chapter in **Book 4**, Part II, devoted to it (pp. 117 - 129) ...

See **Book Four Part II Commented**, "*Magick and Mysticism*," pp. 93-106.

... I cannot make up my mind whether I like it. At the best it is very far from being practical instruction. (The chapter on the Lamén, pp. 159 - 161, is even worse.)

Same book, pp. 121-122.

An analogy, not too silly, for these three; the Chess-player, the Openings, and the Game itself.

But—you will object—why be silly at all? Why not say simply that the Lamén, stating as it does the Character and Powers of the wearer, is a dynamic portrait of the individual, while the Pantacle, his Universe, is a static portrait of him? And **that**, you pursue flattering, is why you preferred to call the Weapon of Earth (in the Tarot) the Disk, emphasizing its continual whirling movement rather than the Pantacle of Coin, as is more usual. Once again, exquisite child of our Father the Archer of Light and of seaborne Aphrodite, your well-known acumen has "nicked the ninety and nine and one over" as Browning says when he (he too!) alludes to the Tarot.

As you will have gathered from the above, a Talisman is a much more restricted idea; it is no more than one of the objects in his Pantacle, one of the arrows in the quiver of his Lamén. As, then, you would expect, it is very little trouble to design. All that you need is to "make considerations" about your proposed operation, decide which planet, sign, element or sub-element or what not you need to accomplish your miracle.

As you know, a very great many desirable objects can be attained by the use of the talismans in the Greater and Lesser Keys of Solomon the King; also in Pietro di Abano and the dubious Fourth Book of Cornelius Agrinna.

Dubious because it may not have been authored by Agrippa at all.

You must on no account attempt to use the squares given in the Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage until you have succeeded in the Operation. More, unless you mean to perform it, and are prepared to go to any length to do so, you are a fool to have the book in your possession at all. Those squares are liable to get loose and do things on their own initiative; and you won't like it.

This warning was meant most seriously, and should be taken most seriously. It is easy to delude oneself that one has become an Adept, and therefore can use those squares. We know of several cases, including Mr. Regardie's, in which the individuals involved went on to become liars, or thieves, or con-persons, or simply went insane or committed suicide. Some, however, became very rich. But rich along the style of Mr. L. Ron Hubbard, Mr. Anton LaVey, Mr. Jerry Falwell, Ms. Phyllis Schlafly, Mr. Ronald Reagan, and all the Romish Popes.

The late Philip Haseltine, a young composer of genius, used one of these squares to get his wife to return to him. He engraved it neatly on his arm. I don't know how he proceeded to set to work; but his wife came back all right, and a very short time afterwards he killed himself.

*When they don't kill themselves, they often conspire to kill other people; or in some other way always go against the Eco-system. To control those forces - which are very real and very serious - you must have reached Tiphareth of Tiphareth **fully**, and be totally obedient to your Angel.*

Then there are the Elemental Tablets of Sir Edward Kelly and Dr. John Dee. From these you can extract a square to perform almost any conceivable operation, if you understand the virtue of the various symbols which they manifest. They are actually an expansion of the Tarot. (Obviously, the Tarot itself as a whole is a universal Pantacle—forgive the pleonasm! Each card, especially is this true of the Trumps, is a talisman; and the whole may also be considered as the Lamén of Mercury. It is evidently

an Idea far too vast for any human mind to comprehend in its entirety ...

*It is amusing that he should say so, who had by then created a Code of Morality and a System of Theurgy so complex, so far reaching, so relative (read **related**), that they will revolutionize religious thought and political structures for the next two thousand years, and will certainly influence the flux of the next Aeon, presided albeit by a Goddess, rather than a God - and that not he. Or He...!*

... For it is "the Wisdom whereby He created the worlds.")

The decisive advantage of this system is not that its variety makes it so adaptable to our needs, but that we already possess the Invocations necessary to call forth the Energies required. What is perhaps still more to the point, they work without putting the Magician to such severe toil and exertion as is needed when he has to write them out from his own ingenium. Yes! This is weakness on my part, and I am very naughty to encourage you to shirk the hardest path.

I used often to make the background of my Talismans of four concentric circles, painting then, the first (inmost) in the King (or Knight) scale, the second in the Queen, the third in the Prince, and the outermost in the Princess scale, of the Sign, Planet, or Element to which I was devoting it. On this, preferably in the "flashing" colours, I would paint the appropriate Names and Figures.

Lastly, the Talisman may be surrounded with a band inscribed with a suitable "versicle" chosen from some Holy book, or devised by the Magician to suit the case.

In the British Museum (and I suppose elsewhere) you may see the medal struck to commemorate the victory over the Armada ...

The Spanish Armada, which only failed to conquer England because Elizabeth's astrologer, Dee, and his seer, Kelly, at her request invoked the Enochian Powers against it. Oh, those awful and accursed Satanists! They were probably responsible for you and me, to say nothing of the "United" American

States, and for the advance of civilization in the next thousand years.

... This is a reproduction, perhaps modified, of the Talisman used by Dee to raise the storm which scattered the enemy fleet.

Tradition has it that Queen Elizabeth herself asked her astrologer and cartographer for this portent. Be it as it may, it is well documented that Dee was not only intensely patriotic, but also devoted to his sovereign. It is debatable whether the skeptical Elizabeth valued his magic very much; but she, as everybody else in her government, must have valued his scholarship. It would not be exaggeration to say that without Dee's tireless efforts the expansion of England from an insignificant island kingdom to world-wide Empire would not have occurred. He provided most of the charts that guided Elizabeth's corsairs through the routes the Spaniards jealously guarded or vainly coveted; the Queen's intelligence service was always at his disposal to this end.

You must lay most closely to your heart the theory of the Magical Link (see **Magick** pp. 107 - 122) and see well to it that it rings true; for without this your talisman is worse than useless. It is dangerous; for all that Energy is bound to expend itself somehow; it will make its own links with anything handy that takes its fancy; and you can get into any sort of the most serious kind of trouble.

There is a great deal of useful stuff in **Magick**; pp. 92 - 100, and pp. 179 - 189 ...

We are working on an annotated edition of this at present. It will be published under the title of Book Four Commented Part III, subtitled "Thelemic Magick."

... I could go on all night doing nothing but indicating sources of information.

Then comes the question of how to "charge" the Talisman, of how to evoke or to invoke the Beings concerned, and of—oh! of so much that you need a lifetime merely to master the theory.

Remember, too, please, what I have pointed out elsewhere. that the greatest Masters have quite often

not been Magicians at all, technically; they have used such devices as Secret Societies, Slogans and Books. If you are so frivolous as to try to exclude these from our discourse, it is merely evidence that you have not understood a single word of what I have been trying to tell you these last few hundred years!

May I close with a stray example or so? Equinox III 1 has the Neophyte's Pantacle of Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. The Fontispiece of the original (4 volume) edition of *Magick*, the colors vilely reproduced, is a Lamén of my own Magick, or a Pantacle of the Science, I'm sure I'm not sure which!

*Very few copies of the original edition carry this Pantacle, which is described in the text itself. It will be reproduced in full color in **Thelemic Magick**.*

Most of my Talismans, like my Invocations, have been poems. This letter must be like the Iliad in at least one respect: it does not end; it stops.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

LETTER 21: MY THEORY OF ASTROLOGY

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

A few well-chosen words about Astrology? Madam, I am only too happy to oblige: our aim is to serve. The customer is usually wrong; but statistics indicate that it doesn't pay to tell him so.

It seems a long while since I set up your Nativity, and read it, but it is very clear in my mind that you were astonished, as so many others have been, by the simplicity and correctness of my reading. It began, you remember, by your giving me the usual data when we dropped in for tea at the Anglers' Rest. I calculated the Ascendant on the spot, and remarked "Rubbish!" I looked at you again very carefully: and.

after many grunts, observed, "More likely half-past ten—within an hour one way or the other." You insisted; I insisted. Unwilling to make a Fracas in the Inn ...

Reference to yellow journalism headlines. He had had some.

..., we decided to put you to the trouble of writing to your mother to settle the dispute. Back came the answer: "within a few minutes of eleven. I remember because your father had hung on as long as he could—he had to take the morning service."

This occurrence is very common in my experience; I have contradicted what sounded like ascertained fact and proved on enquiry to have been right; so, considering that the statistics I made many years ago showed me to have been right 109 times out of 120, I think two things are fairly near probation; firstly, I am not guessing—that doesn't matter much; but, secondly, which is of supreme importance, there is a definite connection between the personal appearance and manner of the native, and the Sign of the Zodiac which was rising when he first drew air into his lungs.

Let me add, to strengthen the argument, that on the few occasions where I have erred there has been a good astrological reason for it. Exempli gratia, I might plump for Pisces rising when it was actually Capricornus; but in that case Saturn would have been afflicted by being in Cancer, with bad aspects from Venus and the Moon, thus taking away all his rugged, male, laborious qualities, and in the Ascendant might have been Jupiter, suggesting many of the qualities of Pisces: and so forth.

Now let me start! You want me to explain the system—or no-system!—which I use. I do not "move in a mysterious way My wonders to perform;" for nothing could be simpler. For its origin I have to thank Abramelin the Mage, who empties the vials of his scorn upon the astrologers of his time with their meticulous calculations of "the hours of the planets" and so on. I think he goes too far when he says that a planet can have no influence at all, or very little, unless it is above the horizon; but he meant well,

bless him! And, though he does not say so, I believe that I do my stuff in very much the same way as he did.

The next paragraph is one of the most important in this letter; it gives it warrant to be seriously considered by scientific minds; naturally, Mr. Israel Regardie saw fit to excise it.

Modern astrologers multiply their charts until their desks remind me of a Bargain Basement in the rush hour! They compare and contrast until they are in bat-eyed bewilderment bemused; and when the answer turns out absolutely false, exclaim, what a shout: "By Ptolemy, I forgot to look at the last Luniation for Buda-Pesth!" But then they can **always** find something or other which will explain how they came to go wrong: naturally, when you have several hundred factors, helplessly bound and gagged, it would be just too bad if you couldn't pick out one to serve your turn—after the event! No, dear girl, it should be obvious to an unweaned brat:

(a) they can't see the wood for the trees,

(b) they are using Ruach on a proposition which demands Neschamah. Intellect is quite inadequate; the problem requires mother-wit, intuition, understanding.

*This is the main reason why Astrology is so erratic that it cannot be called a science; it is an art. The people who write for **The Skeptical Inquirer**, which we reviewed in **Book Four Commented Part I**, subtitled "Yoga and Magick," periodically have kittens over astrologers and Astrology. They have proved again and again that it doesn't work; and can attribute the stubborn popularity of the subject with the general public to nothing else but stupidity and escapism. Well, it is not necessarily so, or not always so; unfortunately for official science, once in a while someone comes along who practices Astrology from a Neschamic level, sometimes without even realizing it; and such a person achieves a reasonable efficiency of prediction, say slightly above fifty/fifty; word-of-mouth does the rest. Kepler was an astrologer; he is called an astronomer merely because the scientific establishment decided to adopt him — after Kepler's*

law, what else could they do...? But Kepler made a good living as an astrologer, and is reputed to have been remarkably accurate in his predictions. So was Crowley. The O.T.O. has finally been able to reconstitute his work on Astrology. It covers over four hundred brilliant pages, and we will publish it as soon as we can afford to.

Here is my system in a Number 000 Ampoule.

Meaning, in very few words.

Put up the figure at birth: study it, make notes of the aspects and dignities, concentrate—and turn on the Magical Tap!

Occasionally, when I began, I set up the "progressed figure" to see how the patient was doing this week, but it never seemed to help enough to compensate for the distraction caused by the complication. What I do observe to examine the situation of to—day is Transits. These I have found very reliable; but even with these I usually ignore aspects of minor importance. Truth to tell, conjunctions mean very much more than the rest put together.

Talking of aspects, I think it ridiculous to allow vast "orbs" like 15° for Luna, and 12° for Sol. Astrologers go to extreme lengths to calculate the "solar revolution" figure not to a degree, not to a minute, but to a second: and that when they don't know the exact time of birth within half an hour or more!...

*How can they? Rare is the person who takes time out to jot down the exact moment when a fetus, issuing from a vulva, draws its first breath and complains against the Universe! Times registered in birth certificates are approximate, to put it mildly; and the mother who clocks the issue with a chronometer is so rare as to make astrological study of her child superannuated; for such a mother surely means to supervise the unhappy wretch's conditioning for the rest of its life — unless, of course, she is a true human being. But these are so **rare**...!*

... Talk about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel! Then what does an hour or so matter anyhow, if you are going to allow an aspect, whether it is 2° or 10° off? This even with delicate aspects

like the quintile or semi-sextile. What would you think of a doctor who had a special thermometer made to register $-1/100$ of a degree, and never took notice of the fact that the patient had just swallowed a cupful of scalding hot tea?

In my own work, I disallow a deviation of 5° or 6° from the exact aspect, unless there is some alien reason for thinking that it is actually operative. With the minor aspects, I dislike reckoning with them if they are even 3° away.

Nor do I see any sense in marking the odd minutes in the Ascendant, when one is not sure even of the decan.

That seems to be about all that is necessary for my "morning hate;" ...

He was crotchety in the mornings those days, and when they complained, he — or they — gave rise to this expression. Think about it: one of the most brilliant intellects of any time, easily a hundred years ahead of his contemporaries in morality and social consciousness; ostracized, slandered, libeled, and, worst of all, surrounded by bores like Kenneth Grant, John Symonds and Gerald Yorke; his best and most apt disciple, Karl Johannes Germer, five thousand miles away across the Atlantic; and the Socialists in the saddle! The only wonder is that he neither cut his own throat nor rose every morning to curse you, and me, and the rest of humankind. Heroin — he was a registered addict - England has a few saving graces, and this is one of them (but they only did it to keep The Beast alive, so it was not so much to their credit) — became the only thing that could make him register, in his diary, before going to his hard, cold bed at night, "I have lived through the day." No wonder Fernando Pessoa, in Portugal, drank himself to death! Not everyone can have the moral force of an Aleister Crowley.

...; suppose we go on to the question of interpretation.

Thousands of books have been written on Astrology; nobody could possibly read them all thoroughly, and he would be a great fool to try. But he may do little harm by going into them far enough to observe that hardly any half-dozen are agreed even on the

foundations of their system, hardly any two upon the meaning of any given aspect, dignity, or position; there is not always agreement even upon what questions pertain to which houses.

There are a few completely quack systems, such as those which mix up the science with Toshosophical hypotheses ...

Like Alice Bailey's books, or Peter Ouspensky's, for instance.

...; naturally you discard these. But even of generally acceptable forms of Astrology, such as Mundane and Horary, I tend to be distrustful. I ask, for instance, why, if Taurus rules Poland and Ireland, as is no doubt the case, the crash and massacres of 1939 e.v. and later in the one did not take place in the other. All the seaports of the world naturally come under one of the three watery signs; but we do not find that an affliction of Pisces, which hits Tunis, should do harm to all the other harbours similarly ruled.

This brings us to the first Big Jump in the steeplechase of the whole science. We hear of thousands of people being killed at the same time (within an hour or two, perhaps a minute or two) by earthquake, shipwreck, explosion, battle or other form of violence. Was the horoscope of every one of the victims marked with the probability of some such end? I have known very strange cases of coincidence, but not to **that** extent!

The answer, I believe, is manifold. It might be, for example, that Poland and Ireland are ruled by different degrees of Taurus; that there are major and minor figures, the former overruling the latter, so that the figure of the launching of the "Titanic" swallowed up the nativities of the victims of her wreck.

Something of this sort is really an obvious truth. Flood in China, famine in India, pestilence anywhere, evidently depend on maps of a scale far more enormous than the personal.

Then—on this point I feel reasonably sure—there may be one or more factors of which we know nothing at all, by which the basic possibilities of a figure are set to work. (Just as a car with engine running will not start until the clutch is put in.)

I will conclude by announcing a rather remarkable position.

1. I see no objection at all to postulating that certain "rays," or other means of transmitting some peculiar form or forms of energy, may reach us from the other parts of the solar system; for we can in fact point to perfectly analogous phenomena in the discoveries of the last hundred years or so. But that is no more than a postulate.
2. The objections to Astrology as such, indicated by what I have already pointed out, and several others, would suffice to place me among the most arrogant disbelievers in the whole study, were it not for what follows.
3. The facts with regard to the Ascendant are so patent, so undeniable, and so inexplicable without the postulate in (1), that I am utterly convinced of the fundamental truth of the basic principles of the science.

I said, "I will conclude"; and I meant it. For now that (or so I hope) you respect sufficiently my conviction that Astrology is a genuine science and not a messy mass of Old Wives' Tales, you will obviously demand instruction as to how to learn it, that you may verify my opinion in the light of your own experiments.

But it doesn't; as you will see, you have to work your ass off at it in order to be even half-way "good" at Astrology...

This will look much better if I put it in a separate letter.

'Till then—

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER 22: HOW TO LEARN THE PRACTICE OF ASTROLOGY

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"Up guards, and at 'em!" ...

A quotation. One of those famous historical phrases with which idiots were enthused to get themselves killed to help some king or another spread or sustain social injustice and bad government. He is actually enticing her to get off her ass and do some work of her own; perhaps the first time in history that the phrase was used ecologically.

First, you must know your correspondences by heart backwards and upside down (air connu.) ...

"Air connu" is French. In aviation, it would mean that the air space within a certain territory had been thoroughly explored. One has to explain such tidbits lest you products of modern education, who barely know your own language, believe that some awful Secret Formula of Magic (probably having to do with Sex) is concealed in those sibylline phrases.

... They are practically all in **The Book of Thoth**; but "if anyone anything lacks," ...

Shakespeare. He was not showing off, he was merely an educated man. Before television and disco, believe it or not, lots of people talked like that; and for an Englishman, of course, quoting Shakespeare was normal in those days. It isn't anymore; now they either quote Marx (usually out of context; but Marx is seldom in context anyway) or the B.B.C.

... look for it in "777".

Then, get a book on Astrology, the older the better.

Raphael's Shilling Handbook is probably enough for the present purpose. Get well into your head what the menu says about the natures of the planets, the influence of the aspects, what is meant by dignities, the scope of the houses, and so on.

Dovetail all this with your classical knowledge; the character and qualities, the powers and the exploits, of the several deities concerned.

Next, learn how to set up a figure of the heavens. This need not take an average intelligent person more than an hour at the most. You can learn it from a book. Lastly, get Barley's *1001 Notable nativities*

and *More Nativites*. Also any other collections available. Practice setting up the horoscopes. Use the Chaldean square system; it shows at the first glance what is happening in the angular houses, which are the keys of the whole figure.

Compare and contrast what you know of the natives, from history, with what is said of the aspects (and the rest) in the books you have read.

Put together similar horoscopes; exempli gratia a dozen which have Sagittarius rising, another lot with Jupiter in the mid-heaven, and so on; see if you can find a similarity in their lives with what the books will have led you to expect.

Don't be afraid to criticise; on the contrary, do some research work on your own, and find cases which seem to contradict tradition.

Instance: Saturn in the M.C. is said to cause a spectacular rise in a man's career, ending in an equally notable crash. Examples: Napoleon I and III, Oscar Wilde, Woodrow Wilson, Lord Northcliffe, Hitler. Look for figures with Saturn thus placed, whose natives have jogged along equably and died in the odour of sanctity. Find out why what worked in some cases failed in the others.

By the time you have studied (say) 500 nativities you will be already a fairly competent judge. Work your bloody guns! as Kipling says; get a friend—just this once I allow you human intercourse—to set up for you figures of historical importance, or with some outstanding characteristic (e.g. murderers, champions of sport, statesmen, monsters, philanthropists, heresiarchs) without telling you to whom it refers.

Build up the character, profession, story from the nativity. It sounds incredible; but more than a score of times I have been actually able to name him!

You should remember that this covered hundreds of examples; but it is more than most "astrologers" would be able to do. The problem is, after studying a thousand nativities or so you would naturally have some relevant ones in your memory. The point of the exercise is to help you learn how to work out the astrological symbology to build up a personality

or, as he says, a story.

By the time you have got good at this game—and a most amusing game it is—you may call yourself a very competent astrologer.

Sometimes, even now, you may assign the figure of the Archbishop of York to Jabez Balfour or Catherine de Medici; or mix up Moody and Sankey with Brown and Kennedy; don't be discouraged; perhaps there may be something to be said for you after all!

I believe, as I hope, that you will be surprised at the speed with which you acquire proficiency.

All this time, moreover, you have not been wholly idle.

You will have been running about like a demented rabbit, and trying to spot the rising sign of everybody you know. Look at them full-face, then profile; and note salient characteristics, pendulous lips, receding chins, bulbous noses, narrow foreheads, stuck-out ears, pimples, squints, warts, shape of face (three main types; thin, jutting, for cardinal signs; square, steadfast for cherubic; weak, nondescript, for the rest); then the stature, whether lithe, well-knit, sturdy, muscular, fat or what not; in short every bodily feature in turn; make up your mind what sign was rising at birth, and stick to it!

The following six paragraphs were cut from Mr. Regardie's "edition," which makes nonsense of the one following.

Now to verify your suspicions. The conversation may run thus:

You: "Can you answer a question without answering another which you were not asked?"

It, surprised: "Why, yes, of course I can."

You: "Good. Then, do you know the date of the Battle of Waterloo?"

It: "1815."

You probably have to explain!...

The person, of course, answered a question that had not been asked; the answer should have been 'Yes, I do.' This is a good game for training yourself to answer police interrogations or give depositions in lawsuits. Let the interrogators do the work; you are not there to help them: in fact, they are invading

your privacy!

... In any case you begin all over again, when he has contented himself with "Yes" or "No" you say "Do you know the hour of your birth?" If he says "No," you ask if he can find out, and so on. If he says "Yes;" "Then tell me either the hour or the day and month; **but not both.**" If he gives you the hour, you calculate a bit, and say: "Then you were born on the nth of Xember, within a fortnight either way."

If he tells you his birthday, work it out as before and then: "You were born at P in the morning within an hour either way." (This makes it about 11 to 1 against your being right, in either case, on pure chance.)

Again, you can practise this in cafés, when you visit civilized countries, and it is often possible to scrape acquaintance with people who look specially interesting, and do not, as in England, instantly suspect you of dishonourable advances, and get them to play up. This is sometimes easier when you are already with that friend which I was so lax as to allow you; and it is, I own, very helpful to discuss strange faces if only to make it quite clear to your own mind why you decide on one as ♁, another as ♃.

Both being Earthy signs.

A strange thing happened once; I had explained all this to the girl that I happened to be living with: that is, I taught her the names of the signs; she knew no Astrology, not even the simple correspondences. After about a month, she was better at it than I was! ("Why strange?" you mutter rudely. "Quite right, my dear! I have always been a wretched reader of character. Bless my soul! there was a time when I had hopes of **you**," I savagely retort.) She had picked up the knack, the trick of it; she could select, eliminate, re—compose, compare with past experience, and form a judgment, without knowing the names of its materials.

The phenomenon, however, may not have indicated special capacity in the girl; merely the influence on her of close contact with an Initiate's aura. The rest would be if, after the affair ended, she retained her talent over a period of years. This type of influence is very common, and is not necessarily connected to

the person's sex, or even to sexual relationships. Under the influence of a Master, a pupil often outperforms himself or herself; let the influence be withdrawn, and the person subsides into his or her natural mediocrity. I have known such in my own experience, and examples, of course, abound. Look at Crowley's own life. The pupil who keeps his or her talent, or develops high quality work of some sort, after contact with the Master has ended, is the only kind of pupil who actually gained something from Chelaship. But people of this sort had it in them; the Master merely helped them discover themselves - their True Will, if you like.

Note by David Bersson: Once again, I remind serious student within my Circle, those who are keen on O.T.O. history; or even curiosity seekers to the manifestations of the magick of the Masters of Our System that Claudia Canuto de Menezes is a prime example of a member being stimulated during the Master's lifetime by His aura — only to fall head first into the demonic world when confronted with the dire facts of the reality of her own responsibility. I've stated elsewhere that she seemed at least average intelligence when I knew her — and yet when faced with just that responsibility that would of made her a real member she — without the presence of the Master — slowly deteriorated into a apparent moron who simply could not do so much as handle the simplest issues of her private life. She did much worse than subside into natural mediocrity, as my Superior phrases it in his above commentary — It was as if the Gods Themselves punished her for her lack of that essential sense of duty. Today, she dresses in rags, speaks like a women who has entered a darkness where no light can penetrate. A hopeless, dying soul who pays daily with her private fears, schizophrenia, drunkenness, and mocking faces that taunt her in the cold, dusk wet streets. Here is a poem from my diary at the time her betrayal:

**Mark my words, he said,
not a tear will I shed,
she had a debt to Society,
and she decided to be free,
the mistake is clear
she cannot look herself within the
mirror
without feeling her own inner fear**

When you have got your sea—legs at both these parts of your astrological education, you may (I think) put out to sea with some confidence. Perhaps a fair test of your fitness would be when you got three people right out of four, in a total of a score or so. Well, allow for my being in a "mood" to—night; call it two out of three. If it were guesswork, after all, that means you are bringing it off at seven to one ...

*You may now realize where J.B. Rhine and others got the idea of applying the statistical method to the study of parapsychological phenomena! But if you are still in doubt, look at the section on "Physical clairvoyance" in **Liber E vel Exercitiorum**.*

... Obviously, when you do go wrong, set up the figure, study it more carefully than ever, and find out what misled you.

Remember constantly that the Statistical Method is your one and only safeguard against self—deception.

Within the limits of a letter I could hardly hope to go into matters much more fully or deeply than I have done; but 'pon my soul! I think that what I have said should be enough for an intelligent and assiduous student ...

The rarest kind. What is worse, even when a student is assiduous and intelligent, this does not guarantee that he or she will have the necessary self-control to withstand the Ordeals of discipline and perspective.

... Let me insist that **all** that is worth while comes by experience. Learning one thing will give you the clue to another.

Well do I know to my sorrow how hard it is, as a rule, to learn how to do a thing solely from written instruction; so perhaps you had better arrange to see me one day about the actual setting-up of a figure.

Probably, too, there will be a few points that you would like to discuss.

It goes without saying that she did nothing of the kind. Most pupils ask you how to do things in the hope that they will learn a shortcut — usually some "Ineffable Secret" — that will save them the time and effort they prefer to apply to indulgence in their basest appetites. The moment they realize that serious Magick means serious work they declare you a false teacher and go seek for leisure and escapism elsewhere. That such behavior implies lack of moral character and exhibits rudimentary intellectual courage bothers them, in this writer's experience, not at all.

I will end by betting you six clothing coupons to a pound of sugar that in two years' concentrated work on these lines you will become a better astrologer than ever I was. (This is very cunning of me; in two years we shall all be getting clothes without coupons.)

The war was just over, and England still on coupons. He was right in his prediction. But they must never have checked on it; first, because she probably did not take the trouble to even try to learn Astrology; and second, because two years later he died.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

LETTER 23: IMPROVISING A TEMPLE

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

(This letter has been provoked by points discussed in your recent visit.)

As some of your daily practices are ceremonial, it should not come amiss to vouchsafe a few hints of practical service. For in ritual Magick, it will of

course be the first care to get everything balanced and **tidy**.

If you propose to erect a regular Temple, the most precise instructions in every detail are given in Book 4, Part II. (But I haven't so much as seen a copy for years!) ...

Naturally not; the Regardies of this world had all pounced on them. The reader is referred to Book Four Commented Part II, sub-titled "Yoga and Magick," for a new edition of this work.

... There is a good deal scattered about in Part III (**Magick**, which you have)...

*Soon to be reissued by the O.T.O. under the title **Thelemic Magick**.*

..., especially about the four elemental weapons.

But if circumstances deny you for the moment the means of carrying out this Ædification as the Ideal would have it, you can certainly do your best to create a fairly satisfactory—above all, workable—substitute.

The next paragraph was excised by Mr. Israel Regardie.

(By the way, note the moral aspect of a house, as displayed in our language. "Edification"—"house-making": from Latin Aedes, "house". "Economy"—"house-ruling": from the Greek "ΟΙΚΟΣ", "House" and "ΝΟΜΟΣ", "law.")

I was often reduced to such expedients when wandering in strange lands, camping on glaciers, and so on. I fixed it workably well. In Mexico, D.F. for instance, I took my bedroom itself for the Circle, my night-table for the Altar, my candle for the Lamp; and I made the Weapons compact. I had a Wand eight inches long, all precious stones and enamel, to represent the Tree of Life; within, an iron tube containing quicksilver—very correct, lordly, and damsilly. What a club! Also, bought, a silver-gilt Cup; for Air and Earth I made one sachet of rose-petals in yellow silk, and another in green silk packed with salt. In the wilds it was easy, agreeable and most efficacious to make a Circle, and build an altar, of stones; my Alpine Lantern served admirably for the Lamp. It

did double duty when required: e.g. in partaking of the Sacrament of the Four Elements, it served for Fire. But your conditions are not so restricted as this.

Let us consider what one can do with an ordinary house, such as you are happy enough to possess.

First of all, it is of immense advantage to have a room specially consecrated to the Work, never used for any other purpose, and never entered by any other person than yourself, unless it were another Initiate, either for inspection or in case you were working together.

The aura accumulates with the regularity and frequency of Use.

The first point is the Banishing: Everything is to be removed from the room which is not absolutely necessary to the Work.

In this country, one must attend to the heating. An electric stove in the East or the South, is best: it must not need attention. One can usually buy stoves with excellent appropriate symbolism. (Last time I did this—1913 e.v.—I got a perfect Ferranti at Harrods ...

A fashionable London department store, still extant.

... The circular copper bowl, with the central Disk as the source of heat, is unsurpassable.) The walls should be "self-coloured," a neutral tint—green, grey or blue-grey?— and entirely bare, unless you put up, in the proper quarters, the proper designs, such as the "Watch Towers"—see **The Equinox** I, vii.

Remember that your "East," your Kiblah, is Boleskine House, which is as near as possible due North from Plymouth. Find North by the shadow of a vertical rod and noon, or by the Pole-Star. Work out the angle as usual.

The Stélé of Revealing may be just on the N. Wall to make your "East."

This is the Spiritual East, or Orient, corresponding to the Element of Spirit. Do not confuse with the cardinal point East, the attributions of which remain the same.

Next, your Circle. The floor ought to be "Earth" green;

but white will serve, or black. (A Masonic carpet is not at all bad.) The Circle itself should be as shown in "Book 4", Part II; but as this volume is probably unavailable, ask me to show you the large painted diagram in my portfolio when next you visit me, and we can arrange for it to be copied.

*Again, the reader is referred to the new edition of **Book Four Commented Part II, "Yoga and Magic,"** where there is a diagram of the Circle he mentions.*

This should then be painted in the correct colours on the floor: the Kether Square to the North, your "East."

The Altar must fit exactly the square of Tiphareth; it is best made as a cupboard; of oak or acacia, by preference. It can then be used to hold reserves of incense and other requisites.

Note that the height of the Altar has to suit your convenience. It is consequently in direct relation with your own stature; in proportion, it is a double cube. This then determines the size of your circle; in fact the entire apparatus and furniture is a geometrical function of yourself. Consider it all as a projection of yourself in terms of these conventional formulae. (A convention does really mean "that which is convenient." How abject, then to obey a self-styled convention which is actually as inconvenient as possible!)

Next, the Lamp. This may be of silver, or silver-gilt, (to represent the Path of λ) and is to be hung from the ceiling exactly above the centre of the altar. There are plenty of old church lamps which serve very well. The light is to be from a wick in a floating cork in a glass of olive oil. (I hope you can get it!) It is really desirable to make this as near the "Ever-burning Lamp of the Rosicrucians" as possible; it is **not** a drawback that this implies frequent attention.

Now for the Weapons!

The Wand. Let this be simple, straight and slim! Have you an Almond or Witch Hazel in your garden —or do I call it park?...

The joke because she was a member of the aristocracy and lived in a manor.

... If so, cut (with the magick knife—I would lend you mine) a bough, as nearly straight as possible, about two feet long. Peel it, rub it constantly with Oil of Abramelin (this, and his incense, from Wallis and Co., 26 New Cavendish Street, W.1) ...

*This address is out of date. You cannot obtain true Oil of Abramelin anywhere anymore unless you compose it yourself, and to do this you need Oil of Galangal which, since China went red, became extremely difficult to obtain. The O.T.O. is trying to reach an agreement with a Republic of China company to obtain the root and press the oil elsewhere under rigorous supervision. Persons interested in obtaining genuine Oil of Galangal should write us. An unscrupulous charlatan called Herman Slater, working out of a seedy bookstore called "The Magickal Childe," has recently announced to the public "genuine Oil of Abramelin blessed by the O.T.O." This same individual has been known to affirm that "members of Motta's O.T.O." participate in the "blessing." Mr. Slater is either insane or a liar, probably both. No member of the O.T.O. would participate in such a scheme, for members of the O.T.O. are neither imposters nor thieves. Furthermore, any attempt to "bless" Oil of Abramelin for sale is a blasphemy, and extremely harmful magickally both to the seller and to the buyer. Since this is the Oil used in the Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel, it stands to common sense that none but a full Adeptus Minor could bless it for others; and an Adept would not do such a thing, for the Oil can only be genuinely blessed by the Aspiration of the Candidate, which awakens the response of the Candidate's Angel. In the previous **Oriflamme** number we published an announcement to readers, inviting them to buy a liter of Galangal for themselves, at the price of a hundred dollars a liter. We need at least one hundred buyers to swing the deal, for the Chinese company naturally refuses to take the trouble of selling less than several tons of Galangal root at any one time. We have, up to now, only ten stated intentions of buying. We have received letters requesting to buy only an ounce or so. Readers must*

*understand that we are not a commercial enterprise, nor are we in the oil selling business. One liter of Galangal may cost you a hundred dollars, but it should last the average practicing Magician literally for decades. If you calculate the price you pay for a few ounces of, say, Mr. Slater's false oil (there are many other con-men in this business), and calculate the equivalent price of a liter of **genuine** Galangal, you will realize that you have been offered the bargain of a lifetime. If you do not have enough intelligence to do this simple calculation, or enough empathy to realize our difficulties in merely publishing decent O.T.O. books (much more are going into the oil-selling business), you should not try to become a Magician; try to become an American president instead. If Reagan could, there is no reason why you could not, dumb as you are and insensitive as you are. Oil of Abramelin can be easily composed by anyone: the oils of Myrrh, Cinnamon and Olive are much less expensive and more easily procurable than oil of Galangal. An O.T.O. Lodge, of course, needs a greater quantity of Oil of Abramelin than an individual, in order to perform the Mass for its members on a regular basis. Readers should take all these matters under consideration before they think we are trying to extract more money for less value from them, or that we are in a position to cater to small orders of oil from lazy, stingy or stupid people.*

... and keep wrapped in scarlet silk, constantly, I wrote, and meant it; rub it, when saying your mantra, to the rhythm of that same.

(Remember, "A ka dua" is the best; ask me to intone it to you when you next visit me.)

The Cup. There are plenty of chalices to be bought. It should be of silver. If ornamented, the best form is that of the apple. I have seen suitable cups in many shops.

The Sword. The ideal form is shown in the Ace of Swords in the Tarot. At all events, let the blade be straight, and the hilt a simple cross. (The 32° Masonic Sword is not too bad; Kenning or Spencer in Great Queen Street, W.C.2 stock them—or used to

do.)

Masonic swords, however, are usually made of very poor iron, not even steel.

The Disk. This ought to be of pure gold, with your own Pantacle, designed by yourself after prolonged study, graved thereupon. While getting ready for this any plain circle of gold will have to serve your turn. Quite flat, of course. If you want a good simple design to go on **interim**, try the Rosy Cross or the Unicursal Hexagram.

So much for the Weapons! Now, as to your personal accoutrements, Robe, Lamén, Sandals and the like, The Book of the Law has most thoughtfully simplified matters for us. "I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich headdress." (AL I, 61) The Robe may well be in the form of the Tau Cross; i.e. expanding from axilla to ankle, and from shoulder to—whatever you call the place where your hands come out. (Shape well shown in the illustration in Magick facing page 382)...

This refers to the original edition. Many books, however, lack this illustration. It will be published in our edition, of course.

... You being a Probationer, plain black is correct; and the Unicursal Hexagram might be embroidered, or "applique" (is it? I mean "stuck on"), upon the breast. The best head-dress is the Nemyss: I cannot trust myself to describe how to make one, but there are any number of models in the British Museum, on in any Illustrated Hieroglyphic text. The Sphinx wears one and there is a photograph, showing the shape and structure very clearly, in the Equinox I, 1, frontispiece to Supplement. You can easily make one yourself out of silk; broad black-and-white stripes is a pleasing design. Avoid "artistic" complexities.

Well, that ought to be enough to keep you out of mischief for a little while; but I feel moved to add a line of caution and encouragement.

Listen!

Faites attention!

Achtung!

Khabardar karo!

Just as soon as you start seriously to prepare a place for magical Work, the world goes more cockeyed than it is already. Don't be surprised if you find that six weeks' intense shopping all over London fails to provide you with some simple requisite that normally you could buy in ten minutes. Perhaps your fires simply refuse to burn, even when liberally dosed with petrol and phosphorus, with a handful of Chlorate of Potash thrown in just to show there is no ill feeling! When you have almost decided that you had better make up your mind to do without something that seems really quite unobtainable—say, a sixty-carat diamond which **would** look so well on the head-dress—a perfect stranger comes along and makes you a present of one. Or, a long series of quite unreasonable obstacles or silly accidents interfere with your plans: or, the worst difficulty in your way is incomprehensibly removed by some extraordinary "freak of chance." Or, . . .

In a word, you seem to have strolled into a world where—well, it might be going too far to say that the Law of Cause and Effect is suspended; but at least the Law of Probability seems to be playing practical jokes on you.

This means that your manoeuvres have somehow attracted the notice of the Astral Plane: your new neighbours (May I call them?) are taking an interest in the latest Tenderfoot, some to welcome, to do all they can to help you to settle down, others indignant or apprehensive at this disturbance of routine. This is where your Banishings and Invocations come to the rescue. Of course, I am not here referring to the approach to Sanctuaries which of necessity are closely guarded, but merely to the recognition of a new-comer to that part of the world in general.

Of course all these miracles are very naughty of you; they mean that your magical power has sprung a few small leaks; at least, the water is oozing between some planks not sealed as Hermetically as they should be. But oh and this is naughtier still—it is a blessed, blessed comfort that they happen, that chance, coincidence and all the rest will simply *not*

explain it all away, that your new vision of life is not a dream, but part and parcel of Experience for evermore, a real as any other manifestation of Reality through sense such as is common to all men.

And this brings us—it has been a long way round—from the suggestion of your visit to the question (hitherto unanswered) in your letter.

You raise so vast and razor-edged a question when you write of the supposed antinomy of "soul" and "sense" that it seemed better to withhold comment until this later letter; much meditation was most needful to compress the answer within reasonable limits; even to give it form at all is no easy matter. For this is probably the symptom of the earliest stirring of the mind of the cave-man to reflection, thereunto moved by other symptoms—those of the morning after following upon the night before. It is—have we not already dealt with that matter after a fashion?—evidence of disease when an organ become aware of its own modes of motion. Certainly the mere fact of questioning Life bears witness to some interruption of its flow, just as a ripple on an even stream tells of a rock submerged. The fiercer the torrent and the bigger the obstacle, the greater the disturbance to the surface—have I not seen them in the Bralduh eight feet high? Lethargic folk with no wild impulse of Will may get through Life in bovine apathy; we may well note that (in a sense) the rage of the water seems to our perturbed imagining actually to increase and multiply the obstructions; there is a critical point beyond which the ripples fight each other!

This, a description of how the psychosoma may deal with parapsychological conflicts brought on by mystical or magickal training (or simply by what one might call, a bit vaguely but at least poetically — the vagueness is due to our scanty systematic research in these matters — the "flowering of the soul."), is one of the most important passages of this Book.

That, in short, is a picture of you!

You have mistaken the flurry of passing over some actual snag for a snag in itself! You put the blame on

to your own quite rational attempts to overcome difficulties. The secret of the trick of getting past the rocks is elasticity; yet it is that very quality with which you reproach yourself!

We even, at the worst, reach the state for which Buddhism, in the East presents most ably the case: as in the West, does James Thomson (B.V.) in "The City of Dreadful Night"; we come to wish for—or, more truly to **think** that we wish for "blest Nirvana's sinless stainless Peace" (or some such twaddle—thank God I can't recall Arnold's mawkish and unmanly phrase!) and B.V.'s "Dateless oblivion and divine repose."

"B.V." was James Thomson's pen name. "Arnold" refers to Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia."

I insist on the "think that you wish," because, if the real You did really wish the real That, you could never have come to exist at all! ("But I don't exist."—"I know—let's get on!")

Note, please, how sophistically unconvincing are the Buddhist theories of how we ever got into this mess. First cause: Ignorance. Way out, then, knowledge. O.K., that implies a knower, a thing known—and so on and so forth, thought all the Three Waste Paper Baskets of the Law; analysed, it turns out to be nonsense all dolled up to look like thinking. And there is no genuine explanation of the origin of the Will to be.

How different, how simple, how self-evident, is the doctrine of **The Book of the Law!**

There are any number of passages dealing with this matter in my writings: let's forget them, and keep to the Text!

Cap. I, v. 26 ". . . my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body."

V. 30 "This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all." (There is a Qabalistic inner meaning in this text; "the pain," for instance, O ΑΛΓΟΣ, may be read XVII × 22 "the expression of Star-love," and so on: all too complicated for this time and place!)

"XVII" above being the number of Atu XVII, "The Star," in the Crowley Tarot.

V. 32. "Then the joys of my love" (i.e. the fulfillment of all possible experiences) "will redeem ye from all pain."

V. 58. "I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; . . ."

Here he added the following footnote: "Peace": the glow of satisfaction at achievement. It is not "eternal," rather, it whets the appetite for another adventure. (Peace, H EIPHNH = 189 = 7 × 9 × 13, the Venusian plus Lunar form of Unity.)

This calculation seems to be wrong, but it is hard to say whether the mistake was Crowley's or the copyist's. 189 equals 7x9x3, not 7x9x13, which is 819.

Cap. II, v. 9 "Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains."

(The continuation is amusing!...

In retrospect; if you read his Commentaries to AL, you will see he was not so amused at the time.

... vv. 10 and 11 read:

**O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn
this writing. I see thee hate the hand
& the pen; but I am stronger.**

At that time I was a hard-shell Buddhist, sent out a New Year's Card "wishing you a speedy termination of existence!" And this as a young man, with the world at my feet. It only goes to show . . .)

Vv. 19, 20. "Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. . . . Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us."

This chapter returns over and over again to this theme in one form or another.

What is really more significant is the hidden, the unexpressed, soul of the Book; the way in which it leaps into wild spate of rhapsody on any excuse or no excuse.

This is surely more convincing than some dreary thesis plodding along doggedly with the "proof" (!) that "God is good," every sentence creaking with your chalk-stones and squeaking with the twinges of your toe!

Yet just because I proclaim a doctrine of joy in the language of joy, people—dull camels—say I am not "serious."

*He **was** innocent, wasn't he? He did not realize that the —people— who said such things were in the pay of Christist interests, especially Roman Catholic, with the sole purpose to discredit him. In Brasil, for instance, it was published constantly in magazines in my youth, in short references to Crowley, that he was a despiser of women and thought they should all be slaves.*

Yet I **have** found pleasure in harnessing the winged horses of the Sun to the ploughshare of Reason, in showing the validity of this doctrine in detail. It satisfies my sense of rhythm and of symmetry to explain that every experience, no matter what, must of necessity be a gain of grandeur, of grip, of comprehension and enjoyment ever growing as complexity and simplicity succeed each other in sublime systole and diastole, in strophe and antistrophe chanting against each other to the stars of the Night and of the Morning!

Of course it is easy as pie to knock all this to pieces by "lunatic logic," saying: "Then toothache is really as pleasant as strawberry shortcake:" You are hereby referred to **Eight Lectures on Yoga**. None of the terms I am using have been, or can be defined. All my propositions amount to no more than tautology ...

"Tautology" is the same thing as redundancy: repetition of the same meaning under different words, as for instance when you say, "Are you climbing up?" Which, of course, people do all the time. Few, however, say "Are you descending down?"

...: A. is A. You may even quote **The Book of the Law** itself:

**Now a curse upon Because and his kin! . . .
Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog.
(AL II 28-33)**

These things stink of Ignoratio Elenchi, or something painfully like it: as sort of slipping up a cog, of "confusing the planes" of willfully misunderstanding the gist of an argument. (All magicians, by the way, ought to be grounded solidly in Formal Logic.)

*Symbolic Logic would probably be more efficient than Formal. Ignoratio Elenchi is one of listed wrong forms of reasoning of Formal Logic; the Latin words mean, roughly, disregard for the whole chain of reasoning to concentrate on only one point which cannot of itself represent the final conclusion; and through this to attack the final conclusion. As, for instance, when Mr. Weiser's lawyer tried to insinuate, very subtly, that Donald Weiser had a legal right to pirate us because **The Book of the Law** is immoral.*

Never forget, at the least, how simple it is to make a maniac's hell—broth of any proposition, however plain to common sense.

All the above, now:—Buddhism refuted. Yet it is a possibility andA·A· therefore one facet of Truth. "Rest" is an idea: so immobility is one of the moving states. A certain state of mind is (almost by definition) "eternal," yet it most assuredly begins and ends.

And so on for ever—I fear it would be nugatory, pleonastic (and oh! several other lovely long adjectives!) ...

Yeah. You just look them up in your dictionary from now on. We will elucidate henceforth only expressions that cannot be easily checked. You might as well do some of the work in understanding Crowley yourselves. Boo-hoo.

... to try to guard you from these hydra-headed and protean booby—traps; you must tackle them yourself as they arise, and deal with them as best you can: always remembering that often enough you cannot tell which is you and which is the Monkey Puzzle, or who has won. ("Everybody's won; so everybody must

have a prize" applies beautifully). And none of it all matters a row of haricots verts sautés; for the conclusion must always be Doubt (see that beastly **Book of Lies** again—there's a gorgeous chapter about it) and the practical moral is this: these contradictions don't occur (or don't matter) in Neschamah.

The next paragraph was cut by Mr. Regardie.

Also, it might help you quite a lot (by encouraging you when depressed, or amusing you when you want to relax) to read Sir Palamede the Saracen; Supplement to **The Equinox, Vol. I 4 ...**

We are planning to issue presently a selection of Crowley's poetry. This shall be part of it.

... I expect quite a few of his tragi—comic misadventures will be already familiar to you in one disguise or another.

And if the above remarks should embolden you to exclaim: "Perhaps a little drink would do me no great harm" I shall feel that I have deserved well of my country!

For—see **Liber Aleph**, after Rabelais—the Word of the Last Oracle is TRINC.

You may realize, if you are intelligent, sensitive, and if you like history, how the Temperance Societies reacted to this. The "Dry Law" in the United States, and the anti-drug laws in all countries, were passed after AL was given to the world, at the instigation of the upholders of the established dogmas, who knew perfectly well that their last trumpet had sounded, and wanted to stay alive — if what they do can be called living — as long as they could.

This plaint of yours tails off—and perks up in so doing —with confession of Ambition, and considerations of what you must leave over to your next life. Very right! but all that is covered by your general programme. It is proper to assimilate these ideas with the fundamental structure of your mind: "Perhaps I had better leave 'The Life and opinion of Battling Bill, the Ballarat Bruiser' till, shall we say, six incarnations ahead"—But perhaps you have acquired that already.

And this unconscious memory is what prompts you the feeling that you do not need it at once. Perhaps!

No, better still, concentrate on the Next Step! After all, it is the only one you can take, isn't it! Without lust of result, please!

And I shall leave anything else to the next letter.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

P.S. "Next letter," yes, they are running into one another more than somewhat; it is better so, for life is like that. And we have the bold bad editor to sort them out.

*This was, of course, Mr. Karl Johannes Germer, not Israel Regardie. By leaving this P.S. untouched in the text of his piracy, Mr. Regardie slyly thought to induce the reader to believe that the affectionate reference was to himself. He later tried the same ruse, only more so, when defacing the footnotes to Mr. Germer's edition of *The Vision and the Voice*.*

LETTER 24: NECROMANCY AND SPIRITISM

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Really, you make me ashamed of You! To write to ignorant me to wise you up about necromancy, when you have at your elbow the one supreme classic—Lévi's Chapter XIII in the *Dogme et Rituel*!

*Eliphas Levi's **Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie**, mistranslated by Arthur Edward Waite as *Transcendental Magic*. Waite's translation is so bad, distorts so much the meaning of the original, that the O.T.O. is preparing a new translation, commented by Marcelo Motta. Until then, serious students should strive to read Levi's masterpiece in the original French. People are funny; I wrote this remark in a previous number of *Oriflamme VI* and*

a young man who persists in calling himself a student of mine without doing any serious work to this end complained that I was hard on Americans who do not know French. This young man is the son of a millionaire, and spent his early youth in Europe. He had every opportunity to learn not only French, but several other foreign languages; alas, he was interested in nothing at the time (as he is now) but the grossest and most stupid self-indulgence. This same young man was given every opportunity to help prepare our books by setting the original Crowley material to type, reducing my labor by at least sixty percent, and thus giving me time to work on such things as translations of Levi, to say nothing of other much needed material; but, again, he preferred to indulge himself rather than to serve me, therefore the Order, his country and other English-speaking countries. His complaint about having to wait for a translation of Levi, incidentally, came exactly when, against every possible admonition and advice, he had squandered one hundred thousand dollars of his family's money in one year, and in the process made it impossible for us to use the typesetting machine we had employed up to then. The technical deficiencies and delays in our publications can be ascribed almost entirely to his debauch, presumption, indiscipline, and egotistical stupidity. Leaving aside those limitations not of my making: if you want me to feel sorry for an American who does not know French find me a poor black living in the Chicago ghetto, or a poor Spanish-American living in Dallas, Texas. Who ever said life is "fair?" The very example of this young fool, who will someday inherit millions of dollars, speaks for itself. Life is tough on the poor, the ignorant and the weak — and this is why there are Initiates. Nothing deserves more contempt than a rich person who makes the poor even poorer, or an intelligent person who is too lazy to learn; except perhaps a physically strong person who enjoys pushing the weak around. Actually what all the above means is, if you don't know French and are unwilling to help us work, shut up and wait patiently for our edition; be grateful we are willing to take the trouble; and try never to emulate rich

idle heirs!

Another Note by David Bersson: "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie" is translated properly from French to mean "Dogma and Ritual of High Magic." Had Eliphas Levi, Arthur Edward Waite and the "young man in question" had listened to the Riddle of the Sphinx both would of known that Rien ne se perd, rien ne se cree, tout se transforme — instead of being strangled by the irony. The irony is of course the schools of thought proceeding transform everything. Therefore, one man's treasure is another man's garbage — yet after another matter, if you'll forgive the Alchemical interpretation of the planes of perception. Also, "White is white is the lash of the overseer, white is black is the watchword of the slave." Yet, what is "bound & loathing" for one Master might be a talisman to be whirled as a weapon of war for the Life and Enigma of another Master's school of thought. Of course, without the odd translation of Waite, or, "the young man in question" where We would be all be now? Doing the wrong thing at the right time is just as bad for the True Will, as doing the right thing at the wrong time says the Sphinx slyly knowing full well that the right thing at the right time might be only surface and it will recoil on you anyway. Therefore, use what material you have at hand, or self excise the entire magical gesture altogether by non movement!

What sublimity of approach! What ingenuity of "considerations!" With what fatally sure steps marches his preparation! With what superb technique does he carry out his energized enthusiasm! And, finally, with what exact judicial righteousness does he sum the results of his great Evocation of Apollonius of Tyana!

Contrast with this elaborate care, rightness of every detail, earnestness and intentness upon the goal—contrast, I say, the modern Spiritist in the dingy squalor of her foul back street in her suburban slum.

the room musty, smelling of stale food, the hideous prints, the cheap and rickety furniture, calling up any one required from Jesus Christ to Queen Victoria, all at a bob-a-nob!

Of course, spiritists avidly read Crowley's books — we should know, they are some of our regular customers. This description must have led them to improve their act. Oh, they still call up anyone required, but they do it in clean (though conveniently murky) surroundings, have plush waiting rooms or plush "Camps," and charge much higher fees!

Faugh! Let us return to clean air, and analyse Lévi's experiment; I believe that by the application of the principles set forth in my other letters on Death and Reincarnation, it will be simple to explain his partial failure to evoke Apollonius. You had better read them over again, to have the matter clear and fresh in your mind.

Now then, let me call you attention to the extreme care which Lévi took to construct a proper Magical Link between himself and the Ancient Master. Alas! It was rather a case of building with bricks made without straw; he had not at his command any fresh and vital object pertaining intimately to Apollonius. A "relic" would have been immensely helpful, especially if it had been consecrated and re-consecrated through the centuries by devout veneration. This, incidentally, is the great advantage that one may often obtain when invoking Gods; their images, constantly revered, nourished by continual sacrifice, serve as a receptacle for the Prana driven into them by thousands or millions of worshippers. In fact, such idols are often already consecrated talismans; and their possession and daily use is at least two-thirds of the battle.

The above speculation is incorrect, and Crowley is merely indulging in exhibiting some of his knowledge of the Magical Link in worship. There is absolutely no guarantee that you will make contact with the Teacher through a 'relic' of him or her; on the contrary, the most likely result is that you will attract either an astral cadaver, or an elemental, or a demon, masquerading as that person. The cadaver may well be that of the person whose 'relic' you use

but it will not be the person, just a corpse; and in the case of a real initiate, you will not get even that, for reasons that Crowley will explain himself in his next paragraphs. The motive why Mr. Karl Johannes Germer buried Crowley's ashes under a tree and told no one where (I know where, and even the tree, but I'm not telling either) was to avoid the dear wish of Grady McMurtry and other ghouls to create a "talisman" that would only attract malignant forces, and make the "Demon Crowley" a reality.

Apollonius was indeed as refractory a subject as Lévi could possibly have chosen. All the cards were against him.

Why? Let me remind you of the sublimity of the man's genius, and the extent of his attainment. Apollonius must certainly have made the closest links between his Ruach and his Supernal Triad, and this would have gone seeking a new incarnation elsewhere. All the available Ruach left floating around in the Akasha must have been comparatively worthless odds and ends, true Qlippoth or "Shells of the Dead"—just those parts of him, in a word, which Apollonius would have deliberately discarded at his death.

So what use would they be to Lévi? ...

Or to Grady McMurtry, for that matter. This is the true objection against worship of 'relics' of 'saints.' If they were true saints, the relics would become the focus of unhealthy forces; if they were false saints, the astral shells themselves would come, and vampirize the worshippers.

... Even if there were among them a few such elements as would serve his purpose, they would have been devitalized and frittered away by the mere lapse of the centuries, since they had lost connection with the reality of the Sage. Alternatively, they might have been caught up and adopted by some wandering Entity, quite probably some malignant demon.

Qlippoth—Shells of the Dead—Obsessing Spirits! Here we are back in the pestilent purlieus of Walham Green, and the frowsty atmosphere of the frowsy "medium" and the squalid séance. "Look! but do not

Speak to them!" as Virgil warned Dante.

And do not answer if they speak to you.

So let us look.

No! Let us first congratulate ourselves that this subject of Necromancy is so admirably documented. As to the real Art, we have not only Eliphas Lévi, but the sublimely simple account in the Old Testament of the Witch of Endor, her conjuring up of the apparition of Samuel to King Saul. A third classic must not be neglected: I have heard or read the story elsewhere—for the moment I cannot place it. But it is so brilliantly told in **I Write as I Please** by Walter Duranty that nothing could be happier than to quote him verbatim.

It was the story of a Bolshevik who conversed with a corpse. He told it to me himself, and undoubtedly believed it, although he was an average tough Bolshevik who naturally disbelieved in Heaven and Hell and a Life beyond the Grave. This man was doing 'underground' revolutionary work in St. Petersburg when the War broke out; but he was caught by the police and exiled to the far north of Siberia. In the second winter of the War he escaped from his prison camp and reached an Eskimo village where they gave him shelter until the spring. They lived, he said, in beastly conditions, and the only one whom he could talk to was the Shaman, or medicine man, who knew a little Russian. The Shaman once boasted that he could foretell the future, which my Bolshevik friend ridiculed. The next day the Shaman took him to a cave in the side of a hill in which there was a big transparent block of ice enclosing the naked body of a man—a white man, not a native—apparently about thirty years of age with no sign of a

wound anywhere. The man's head, which was clean-shaven, was outside the block of ice; the eyes were closed and the features were European. The shaman then lit a fire and burnt some leaves, threw powder on them muttering incantations, and there was a heavy aromatic smoke. He said in Russian to the bolshevik, 'Ask what you want to know.' The Bolshevik spoke in German; he was sure that the Shaman knew no German, but he was equally sure he saw the lips move and heard it answer, clearly, in German.

He asked what would happen to Russia, and what would happen to him. From the moving lips of the corpse came the reply that Russia would be defeated in war and that there would be a revolution; the Tzar would be captured by his enemies and killed on the eve of rescue; he, the Bolshevik, would fight in the Revolution but would suffer no harm; later, he would be wounded fighting a foreign enemy, but would recover and live long.

The Bolshevik did not really believe what he had seen although he was certain that he had seen it. I mean that he explained it by hypnotism or auto-suggestion or something of the kind; but it was true, he said, that he passed unscathed through the Revolution and the Civil War and was wounded in the Polish War when the Red Army recovered Kiev.

So also we are most fortunate in possessing the account almost beyond Heart's desire of Spiritism, in Robert Browning's **Mr. Sludge the Medium**. You see that I write "Spiritism" not "Spiritualism." To

use the latter word in this connection is vulgar ignorance; it denotes a system of philosophy which flourished (more or less) in the Middle Ages—read your Erdmann if you want the gruesome details. But why should you?

The model for Mr. Sludge was David Dunbar Home, who was really quite a distinguished person in his way, and succeeded in pulling some remarkably instructed and blue-blooded legs. Personally, I believe him to have been genuine, getting real results through pacts with elementals, demons or what not; for when he was in Paris, arrangements were made for him to meet Eliphas Lévi; forthwith "he abandoned the unequal contest, and fled in terror from the accursed spot."

What annoyed Browning was that he had added to his collection of "Femora I have pulled", those appendages of Elizabeth Barrett; and where R.B. was there was no room for anyone else—as in the case of Allah!

R.B. was accordingly as spiteful as he could be, and that was not a little.

It is not fair to tar all mediums with the Sludge brush; there are many who could advance quite sincerely some of the apologia of Sludge. Why should a medium be immune to self-deception spurred by the Wish-Fiend? While there are people walking about outside the Bug-house who can find Mrs. Simpson and Generals de Gaulle, Franco, Allenby, Montgomery and who else in the "Centuries" of Nostradamus, we should be stupid to assign everything to conscious fraud.

The next paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie from his "edition", possibly because none of the names of the illustrious psychoanalysts mentioned is his own.

In that case what about poor Tiny Aleister? Do please allow me the **happy young Eagles** of the Old Testament; what clearer prophecy of psychoanalysis, it's only the English for Freud and Jung and Adler!

Who all three were Jews. This paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie from his "edition," possibly because none of the names of illustrious psychoanalysts mentioned is his own. Crowley was jesting, of

course; but Mr. Regardie may have resented this piece of free advertisement of a genius and two pupils far above himself in intellect and character.

No, by no means always fraud. Yet at any séance the "investigators" take no magical precautions soever—against, say, the impersonation of Iophiel by Hismael, or the Doves of Venus by the A'arab Zareq. All they attempt especially at "demonstrations" and "materializations," is to guard with great elaboration and (as a rule) complete futility against the deceptions of the common conjuror. They are not expecting any genuine manifestation of the "Spirit World;" and this fact makes clear their true subconscious attitude.

As for those mediums who possess magical ability, they almost always come from the most ignorant classes—Celts are an exception to this rule—and have no knowledge whatever of the technique of the business. Worse, they are usually of the type that delights in the secret dirty affinities, and so naturally and gladly attract entities of the Qliphothic world to their magical circle. Hence tricksters, of the lowest elemental orders, at the best, come and vitalize odds and ends of the Ruach of people recently deceased, and perform astonishing impersonations. The hollow shells glow with infernal fire. Also, of course, they soak up vitality from the sitters, and from the medium herself.

Altogether, a most poisonous performance. And what do they get out of it? Even when the "Spirits" are really spirits, they only stuff the party up with a lot of trashy lies.

To this summary the Laws of Probability insist that there shall be occasional exceptions.

But the occasional exceptions need not be permanent; indeed, rarely are. A "medium" may get a genuine communication on a certain occasion, merely because some legitimate Entity decided that was the line of least resistance to communicate with someone at that particular time — and never in his or her life get a genuine communication again.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

LETTER 25: FASCINATIONS, INVISIBILITY, LEVITATION, TRANSMUTATIONS, "KINKS IN TIME"

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Dear me! dear me! The world's indeed gone topsy—
turvy if you have to ask **me** for the secrets of
Fascination! Altogether tohu-bohu and the Temurah
Thash raq!

So much for a display of Old-World Courtly Manners;
actually rubbish, for you might very well be
fascinating without knowing how you worked the
trick. In fact, I think that is the case ninety-nine
times in a hundred. Besides, I read your letter
carelessly; I overlooked the phrase in which you
mention that you use the word as Lévi did; id est to
cover all those types of "miracle" which depend on
distracting the attention of, or otherwise composing,
the miraclee—I invent a rather useful word, yes?

Not from the point of view of professional miracleers.

So let us see what sort of miracles those are.

To start with, I doubt if we can. Many of such
thaumaturgic phenomena contain elements of
illusion in greater or less degree; if the miraclee's
mind is 100% responsible, I think the business
becomes a mere conjuring trick.

My dictionary defines the verb: "to charm, to enchant;
to act on by some irresistible influence; to captivate;
to excite and allure irresistibly or powerfully."

For the noun it gets even deeper into technical Magic:
"the act or power of fascinating or spell binding,
often to one's harm; a mysterious, irresistible,
alluring influence." (Personally, I have always used,
or heard, it much less seriously: "attractive" hardly

more). Skeat, surprisingly, is almost dumb: p. part. of "to enchant" and "from L. fascinum, a spell."

Yes, surprisingly; for the word is one of the many that means the Phallus ...

*It should not have surprised him; Skeat obviously knew, but had he, in the England of Queen Victoria, announced to the world that fascination came from the penis (or the vulva), he would never have found employment anywhere. The same horrible prudishness is evident even today in such supposedly "enlightened sexologists" as Masters and Johnson, who not only were very careful to avoid giving statistics of penis size, or women's reaction to penis size, in their books, but went so far as to state the outrageous lie that once a penis grows in erection, all men are more or less equal! Recently, in a **Playboy** magazine interview, they admitted that their intention had been to avoid causing pain or inferiority complexes or whatever — not in these exact words. So you have a pair of supposed "scientists" who conceal facts from the public, just like the C.I.A., the K.G.B., the Vatican, Lysenko, and the average politician. Poor Skeat at least was trying to save his job, but one doubts that Masters and Johnson were in jeopardy from anything but their own paternalism—maternalism and Judeo—Christist hypocrisy. Naturally, **Playboy** swears by this pair; almost invariably, when giving sexual advice to readers, they quote Masters and Johnson. This, quite often, spreads erroneous and even harmful information to the public. Kinsey, at least, may have been old-fashioned, but he was objective.*

... The implication is that there is some sexual element in the exciting and alluring quality, which lifts it altogether above mere "pleasing."

I am reminded of a story once told me by Mrs. Germer in Hampton, N.J., about a very strait-laced Aspirant who, in Paris, met a woman whom he thought extremely witty, and told her so. The woman turned to him mockingly, pointed at her crotch and said: "Ça, c'est mon esprit!" (This is my wit!) The Aspirant forthwith fell in love with her, and learned a lot he had not known about life from

the relationship.

To my mind the implication is that there is some quality inherent which is cognate to that too totally irrational quasimagnetic force which has been responsible not only for innumerable personal tragedies—and comedies—but for the fall of dynasties and even the wreck of Empires.

"Christ" is reported as having said: "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me." Interpret this in the light of the Cross as a Phallic emblem, and—how lurid a flash!

Compare AL II 26.

I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

This versicle is deep, devilish deep; and it is chock-a-block with the mysteries of Fascination. Dig into this, dear sister! dig with your Qabalistic trowel; don't blame me if you don't get a Mandrake with the very first thrust!

But most certainly I shall say nothing here. Yes, indeed, nothing was ever more sternly forbidden than prattle on subjects like this! Look! It goes right on:

There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.

(v. 27) The pit is of course the Abyss: see The Vision and the Voice, 10th Aethyr. A very sticky—or rather, unstuck! finish; so 'ware Hawk!

To business! Fascination No! Invisibility, is obviously penny plain S.A.

This is notably an affair of the subconscious; it often masters open dislike and distaste; it never yields to reason. It destroys all sense of values. Its origin is usually obscure. The least irrational base of it is the

sense of smell. It was, if I remember rightly, the Comte de St. Germain who advised Loise de la Vallière to fix her exquisitely brodered kerchief in such wise that it protected her from contact with her saddle, and then, after a morning's hard gallop, to find an excuse for using it to wipe the brows of the perspiring king. It took him years to recover! The story is well known, and the plan widely adopted with remarkably unvarying success. But be careful not to overdo it; for if the source of the perfume is recognized the consciousness takes charge, and the result is antipathy.

This negative reaction of the conscious mind results from a thousand years of relentless condemnation of all things sexual instigated by the insanity of Christism.

Many years ago I composed a scent based on similar principles, which I intended to market under the title "Potted Sex Appeal." We tried it out with the assistance of a certain noble Marquess, whose consequent misadventures—won't he laugh when he reads this!

But there are other senses: "**l'amour de l'oreille**" may refer not only to Othello's way of snaring Desdemona, but subtleties of timbre in the voice...

Yes, yes, you say impatiently, but there isn't any miracle about all this in the ordinary sense of the word.

True, but why the devil do you want me, so long as you're getting what you need? Just being childlike, I suppose! No? Merely that you can explain such matters to yourself well enough. All right; on to No. 2. Shall we look at levitation for a change?

This power—if it be one—is very curious indeed. It connects more directly with magnetism than almost any other. The first thing we think of when someone says "magnet" is picking up iron filings as a child.

Age before honesty! Let Father Poulain S.J. speak first! He is obliged to admit the phenomenon, because the Church has done so. But precisely similar accounts of the levitation of pagans and heretics must be according to him, lies, or Works of the Devil. As for the method, "God employs the

angels to raise the saint, so as to avoid the necessity of intervening Himself." Lazy old parishioner!

Now for a douche of common sense. Hatha-Yoga is quite clear and simple, even logical, about it. The method is plain Pranayama. Didn't I tell you onetime of the Four Stages of Success?

1. Perspiration—of a very special kind ...

It is thick and slick, almost the consistency of semen, sometimes with the odor of semen, sometimes with a peculiar perfume, which may possibly be the that of equivalent female hormones. Rubbed back into the skin it invigorates the body.

2. Sukshma-Khumbakam: automatic rigidity. One stiffens like a dog in a bell-jar when you pump in Carbon Dioxide (is it?)

3. The Bhuchari-Siddhi, "jumping about like a frog." One is wafted, without one's Asana being disturbed, about the floor, rather as fragments of paper, or dry leaves, might be in a slight draught under the door.

4. If one is quite perfectly balanced one cannot be moved sideways; so one rises. And there you are!

*One should perhaps make a remark about Hatha Yoga. The term has often been translated as the Union of Sun and Moon, and it can be so described, but it has also been translated as Union by Courage, and most definitely it can be so described. In order to reach those stages that Crowley is describing the Yogi has to endure formidable bodily pain, great mental and emotional stress, and quite often the sensation that one is going to die if one sticks to the practice a moment longer. This is not an image or an exaggeration: one has to experience it to believe it, but it is a fact. It is possible, indeed, although this writer does not think so, that the experience of levitation is merely a delusion caused by a brief attack of insanity. But there have been eye—witness accounts of this experience from many parts of the world, always related to religious ecstasy, although not of any particular dogma — which may or may not be significant. In his book, **Flim Flam**, which should make part of the library of any serious student of occultism, Mr. James Randi expresses his total disbelief in levitation, and he particularly demolishes the levitation claims of the followers of*

a "Maharishi" whose name I have never bothered to learn, but who is connected directly or indirectly to the Toshosophists, and who founded so-called "Transcendental Meditation." It is difficult to say whether the followers of this cunning millionaire are simply hypnotized or lying when they claim to levitate. It may even be possible that some of them do levitate, briefly; but not at will. The phenomenon is very likely not subject to volition except in very high Initiates, who usually do not have the time or energy to develop it to such a point — we have other priorities. Obviously, it would edify Mr. Randi to see the phenomenon happen under laboratory conditions, but one of the problems involved is that the Yogi would have to be extremely advanced in concentration in order to be able to achieve the kind of condition in which conscious levitation may occur in the presence of witnesses and recording machinery, and it is unlikely that any legitimate Yogi would bother to do this. However, scientists could try to duplicate Yogic phenomena for themselves, and one can think of less satisfactory places to practice Yoga than the seclusion of one's own laboratory. I can personally vouch for the special kind of perspiration and for automatic rigidity, for I achieved these myself. But when the tremors of the third stage were starting with me I reached Dhyana and certain insights, and abandoned Yoga completely, considering that I had achieved the result that I had been striving for. A scientist could at least try to verify those claims before denying them; after all, is not that the Method of Science? Mr. Randi, for instance, could try. But one must, as I said before, have the courage necessary to face the very terrifying sensations of approaching insanity and/or approaching death. True yogis are probably even rarer than true patriots, true statesmen, of true Christians.

Personally, I reached the Bhuchari-Siddhi quite a number of times; but I never observed No. 4. On several occasions other people have seen me levitated, though never to a height of more than a foot or so. Here is the best account of such an incident, of those at my immediate disposal.

He next quotes Virakam's account published in Magick and Mysticism.

Nearly midnight. At this moment we stopped dictating, and began to converse. Then Fra. P. said: "Oh, if I could only dictate a book like the Tao Teh King!" ...

*He did not dictate, but wrote, one at least as good, **The Book of Lies Falsely So-Called**, which we will of course re-issue, annotated.*

Note by David Bersson: This commentary I never received, nor do I know whether it was ever done before my Superior's death. Other commentaries which my Superior mentions in this commentary to be released are also missing — and of course they were supposed to be in those very files which Claudia Canuto de Menezes searched through claiming to me over the telephone that there *must* be another will. What did you do, Claudia Canuto de Menezes???

(This Commentary might of been important for the Advancement of the Law of Θελημα or a scientific study of the Babe of the Abyss from the point of view of a Master other than V.V.V.V.V., yet not having seen it I cannot speculate with any accuracy.) Or perhaps the question should be, what couldn't she show any moral courage and do what the Master wanted in the Declaration of Trust — arrange a vote and print his books as he delegated in his last will.

... Then he closed his eyes as if meditating. Just before I had noticed a change in his face, most

extraordinary, as if he were no longer the same person; in fact, in the ten minutes we were talking he seemed to be any number of different people. I especially noticed the pupils of his eyes were so enlarged that the entire eye seemed black. (I tremble so and have such a quaking feeling inside, simply in thinking of last night, that I can't form letters). Then quite slowly the entire room filled with a thick yellow light (deep golden, but not brilliant. I mean not dazzling, but soft.) Fra. P. Looked like a person I had never seen but seemed to know quite well—his face, clothes and all were of the same yellow. I was so disturbed that I looked up to the ceiling to see what caused the light, but could only see the candles. Then the chair on which he sat seemed to rise; it was like a throne, and he seemed to rise; it was like a throne, and he seemed to be either dead or sleeping; but it was certainly no longer Fra. P. This frightened me, and I tried to understand by looking round the room; when I looked back the chair was raised, and he was still the same. I realized I was alone; and thinking he was dead or gone—or some other terrible thing—I lost consciousness.

This discourse has been thus left unfinished: but it is only necessary to add that the capacity to extract such spiritual honey from these unpromising flowers is the mark of an adept who has perfected his Magick Cup. This method of Qabalistic exegesis is one of the best ways of exalting the reason to the higher consciousness. Evidently it started Fra. P. so that in a moment he become completely concentrated and entranced.

Note that this has nothing at all to do with any Pranayama. It seems a matter of ecstatic concentration, which chose this mode of expression instead of bringing on Samadhi—though that, too, occurred in some of the cases.

By the way, there is a fairly full account of the whole business; I have just remembered—it is in my Autohagiography.

Pranayama produced, firstly, a peculiar kind of perspiration; secondly, an automatic rigidity of the muscles; and thirdly, the very curious phenomenon of causing the body, while still absolutely rigid, to take little hops in various directions. It seems as if one were somehow raised, possibly an inch from the ground, and deposited very gently a short distance away.

I saw a very striking case of this at Kandy. When Allan was meditating, it was my duty to bring his food very quietly (from time to time) into the room adjoining that where he was working. One day he missed two successive meals, and I thought I ought to look into his room to see if all was well. I must explain that I have known only two European women and three European men who could sit in the attitude called Padmasana, which is that usually seen in seated images of the Buddha. Of these men, Allan was one. He could knot his legs so well that, putting his hands on the ground, he could swing his body to and fro in the air between them.

When I looked into his room I found him not seated on his meditation mat, which was in the centre of the room at the end farthest from the window, but in a distant corner ten or twelve feet off, still in his knotted position, resting on his head and right shoulder, exactly like an image overturned. I set him right way up, and he came out of his trance. He was quite unconscious that anything unusual had happened. But he had evidently been thrown there by the mysterious forces generated by Pranayama.

There is no doubt whatever about this phenomenon; it is quite common. But the Yogis claim that the lateral motion is due to lack of balance, and that if one were in perfect spiritual equilibrium one would rise

directly in the air. I have never seen any case of levitation, and hesitate to say that it has happened to me, though I have actually been seen by others, on several occasions, apparently poised in the air. For the first three phenomena I have found no difficulty in devising quite simple physiological explanations. But I can form no theory as to how the practice could counteract the force of gravitation, and I am unregenerate enough to allow this to make me sceptical about the occurrence of levitation. Yet, after all, the stars are suspended in space. There is no à priori reason why the forces which prevent them rushing together should not come into operation in respect of the earth and the body.

The Allan part of this is the best evidence at my disposal. He couldn't have got where he did by hopping, and he couldn't have got into that position intentionally; he must have been levitated, lost balance, and dropped upside down. In any case, there is no trace of fascination about it, as there may have been in Soror Virakam's observation.

About invisibility, now? Of this I have so much experience that the merest outline could take us far beyond the limits of a letter. In Mexico D.F., I worked at acquiring the power by means of ritual. I worked desperately hard. I got to the point where my image in a pier-glass flickered, rather like the very earliest films did. Possibly more work, after more skill had come to me, might have done the whole trick. But I did not persist when I found out how to do it by fascination. (Here we are at last!)

Roughly, this is how to do it. If one is concentrated to the point when what you are thinking of is the only reality in the Universe, when you lose all awareness of who and where you are and what you are doing, it seems as though that unconsciousness were in some way contagious. The people around you just can't see anybody.

At one time, in Sicily, this happened nearly every day. Our party, strolling down to our bathing bay—the loveliest spot of its kind that I have ever seen—over a hillside where there wasn't cover for a rabbit, would lose sight of me, look, and fail to find me, though I was walking in their midst. At first

astonishment, bewilderment; at last, so normal had it become: "He's invisible again."

One incident I remember very vividly indeed; an old friend and I were sitting opposite each other in armchairs in front of a large fire, smoking our pipes. Suddenly he lost sight of me, and actually cried out in alarm. I said: "What's wrong?" That broke the spell; there I was, all present and correct.

Did I hear you mutter "Transmutations? Werwolves? Golden Hawks?" Likely enough; it's time we touched on that.

In certain types of animal there appears, if tradition have any weight, to be a curious quality of—sympathy? I doubt if that be the word, but can think of none better—which enables them to assume at times the human form. No. 1—and the rest are also rans—is the seal. There is a whole body of literature about this. Then come wolves, hyaenas, large dogs of the hunting type; occasionally leopards. Tales of cats and serpents are usually the other way round; it is the human (nearly always female) that assumes these shapes by witchcraft. But in ancient Egypt they literally doted on this sort of thing. The papyri are full of formulas for operating such transmutations. But I think that this was mostly to afford some relaxation for the spirit of the dead man ...

Or woman. The tombs of women also contained such papyri.

...; he nipped out of his sarcophagus, and painted the town all the colours of the rainbow in one animal shape or another.

The only experience I have of anything of this sort was when I was in Pacific waters, mostly at Honolulu or in Nippon. I was practising Astral projection. A sister of the Order who lived in Hong Kong helped me ...

This was Elaine Simpson, dear "Fidelis." See Equinox V 4, subtitled "Sex and Religion," for her.

... I was to visit her, and the token of perfect success was to be that I should knock a vase off the mantelpiece. We appointed certain days and hours—with some awkwardness, as my time—distance from her was constantly growing shorter—for me to pay my

visit. We got some remarkable results; our records of the interview used to tally with surprising accuracy; but the vase remained intact!

This is **not** one of my notorious digressions; and this is how transmutation comes into it. I found that by first taking the shape of a golden hawk, and resuming my own form after landing in her "temple"—a room she had fitted ad hoc—the whole operation became incomparably easier. I shall not indulge in hypotheses of why this should have been the case.

A little over four years later—in the meantime we had met and worked at Magick together—we resumed these experiments in a somewhat different form. The success was much greater; but though I could move her, and even any objects which she was touching, I could make no impression on inanimate objects at a distance from her. The behaviour of her dogs, and of her cat, was very curious and interesting. Strangest of all, there appeared those "kinks in Time" which profane science is just beginning to discuss. Example: on one occasion our records of an "interview" agreed with quite extraordinary precision; but, on comparing notes, it was found that owing to some stupid miscalculation of mine, it was all over in Hong Kong some hours before I had started from Honolulu! Again, don't ask me why, or how, or anything!

The next paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie.

Talking of kinks in Time, I shall now maintain my aforesaid evil notoriety ...

Meaning, his supposed tendency to digress. The word "asynartete" that he uses comes from the Greek and means "not connected." It is of common use in poetics to indicate two consecutive verses that do not have the same rhythm.

... —the story is totally asynartete from fascinations of whatever variety—by recounting what is by far the most inexplicable set of facts that ever came my way.

In the summer of 1910 e.v. I was living at 125 Victoria Street, in a studio converted into a Temple by means of a Circle, an Altar and the rest. West of the Altar was a big fireplace with a fender settee; the East wall was covered with bookshelves. Enter the late

Theodor Reuss, O.H.O. and Frater Superior of the O.T.O. He wanted me to join that Order. I recommended him, in politer language to repeat the Novocastrian Experiment. Undeterred, he insisted: "But you **must**."

(Now we go back, or forward, I know not which, to a night when I found myself stranded in London. I asked hospitality of a stranger; it was readily afforded. Some hours later my hostess fell asleep; I could not do so; something was nagging me. I suddenly took my notebook, and wrote a certain passage in a certain book, since published.)

"Must, my foot!" He persisted: "You have published the secret of the 9th degree of O.T.O., and you must take the corresponding oaths." "I have done nothing of the sort. I don't know the secret. I don't want to know it. I don't . . ." He interrupted me; he strode across the room; he plucked a book from the shelves; he opened it; he thrust it under my nose; he pointed out a passage with a minatory index. I began to stammer. "Yes, I wrote that. I don't know what it means; I don't like it; I only put it in because it was written in rather curious circumstances, and I was too lazy—or perhaps a little afraid—to reject it and write what I wanted." He fastened on one point: "**You don't know what it means?**" I repeated that I did not, even now that he had claimed it as important. He explained it to me, as to a child. I was merely surprised; it didn't sound possible. (Sister, all this while I've been lying to you like an Archbishop; it is connected with fascinations; indeed, it has very little to do with anything else!)

Finally, he won me over, I went down to his G.H.Q., took the Oaths, was installed in the Throne of the X° of O.T.O. as National Sovereign Grand Master General, and began to establish the Order as a going concern.

Well, you say, that is a very simple story, nothing specially hard to believe in it.

True, but consider the dates.

That scene in Victoria Street, is as clear and vivid in my mind, in every detail, as if it were yesterday. That secret is published only in that passage of that book.

And—the book was not published until three years later, and from an address of which in 1910 e.v. I had not so much as thought of. The date of my adhesion to the O.T.O. (which, by the way, upset every principle and plan that I had ever held) is equally certain by virtue of subsequent published writings.

Now go away and explain that!

The simplest explanation, of course, is that he was mistaken as to the date. This, also, is related to fascination.

Well I've given you a fair account of some of the principal fascinations; as to the rest, bewitchments, sorceries, inhibitions and all that lot, it is enough if I say that they follow the regular Laws of Magick; in some, fascination proper plays a prominent part; in others, it is barely more than walking on to say "My lord, the carriage waits!" But—even that can be done well or ill, and a small mistake may work a mighty mischief.

It certainly may. I've seen it done by others, and have done it myself.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

LETTER 26: MENTAL PROCESSES—TWO ONLY ARE POSSIBLE

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"Occult" science is the most difficult of them all. For one thing, its subject-matter includes the whole of philosophy, from ontology and metaphysics down to natural history. More, the most rarefied and recondite of these has a direct bearing upon the conduct of life in its most material details, and the simplest study of such apparently earthbound

matters as botany and mineralogy leads to the most abstruse calculations of the imponderables.

With what weapons, then, are we to attack so formidable a fortress?

The first essential is clear thinking.

In a previous letter I have dealt to some extent with this subject; but it is so important that you must forgive me if I return to it, and that at length, from the outset, and in detail.

Let us begin but having our own minds clear of all ambiguities, ignoring for the purpose of this argument all metaphysical subtleties. I want to confine it to the outlook of the "plain man."

What do we do when we "think?"

There are two operations, and only two, possible to thought. However complex a statement may appear, it can always be reduced to a series of one or other of these. If not, it is a sham statement; nonsense masquerading as sense in the cloak of verbiage and verbosity.

Analysis, and Synthesis; or,
Subtraction, and Addition.

1. You can examine A, and find that it is composed of B and C. $A = B + C$.
2. You can find out what happens to B when you add C to it. $B + C = A$.

As you notice, the two are identical, after all; but the process is different.

Example: Raise Copper Oxide to a very high temperature; you obtain metallic copper and oxygen gas. Heat copper in a stream of oxygen; you obtain copper oxide.

You can complicate such experiments indefinitely, as when one analyzes coal-tar, or synthesizes complex products like quinine from its elements; but one can always describe what happens as a series of simple operations, either of the analytical or the synthetic type.

(I wonder if you remember a delightful passage in Anatole France where he interprets an "exalted" mystical statement, first by giving the words their

meaning as concrete images, when he gets a magnificent hymn, like a passage from the *Rig-Veda*; secondly, by digging down to the original meaning, with an effect comical and even a little ribald. I fear I have no idea where to find it; in one of the "odds and ends" compilations most likely. So please, look somebody; you won't have wasted your time!)

I mean criticisms such as "Definition is impossible;" "All arguments are circular;" "All propositions are tautological." These are true, but one is obliged to ignore them in all practical discussions.

This has been put in a sort of text, because the first stumbling-block to study is the one never has any certainty as to what the author means, or thinks he means, or is trying to persuade one that he means.

Try something simple: "The soul is part of God." Now then, when he writes "soul" does he mean Atma, or Buddhi, or the Higher Manas, or Purusha, or Yechidah, or Neschamah, or Nepheshch, or Nous, or Psyche, or Phren, or Ba, or Khu, or Ka, or Animus, or Anima, or Seele, or what?

The next paragraph was excised from Mr. Regardie's "edition," for reasons that will be not be obvious to anybody but a member of the "Moral Majority," in which undoubtedly Mr. Regardie should be included.

As everybody, will he nill he, creates "God" in his own image, it is perfectly useless to inquire what he may happen to mean by that.

That, of course, includes both the legendary "Moses" and Ms. Gloria Steinem.

But even this very plain word "part." Does he mean to imply a quantitative assertion, as when one says sixpence is part of a pound, or a factor indispensable, as when one says "A wheel is part of a motor-car" ...

The next sentence was also excised by Mr. Regardie for the same reason he excised the revealing paragraph above.

("Part" actually means "a share, that which is provided," according to Skeat; and I am closer to the place where Moses was when the candle went out than I was before!)

That is, of course, in the dark

The fact is that very few of us know what words mean; fewer still take the trouble to enquire. We calmly, we carelessly assume that our minds are identical with that of the writer, at least on that point; and then we wonder that there should be misunderstandings!

The fact is (again!) that usually we don't really want to know; it is so very much easier to drift down the river of discourse, "lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily, In the noonday sun."

Why is this so satisfactory? Because although we may not know what a word means, most words have a pleasant or unpleasant connotation, each for himself, either because of the ideas or images thus begotten, of hopes or memories stirred up, or merely for the sound of the word itself. (I have gone a month's journey out of my way to visit a town, just because I liked the sound of the name!)

Then there are devices: style—rhythm, cadence, rime, ornamentation of a thousand kinds. I think one may take it that the good writer makes use of such artifice to make his meaning clear; the bad writer to obscure it, or to conceal the fact that he has none.

Always the innocent. He forgets the writer of exceptional style who deliberately uses all of his or her technique to put across a false idea as if it were truth.

One of the best items of the education system at the Abbey in Cefalu was the weekly Essay. Everyone, including children of five or six, had to write on "The Housing Problem," "Why Athens Decayed," "The Marriage System," "Buddhist Ethics" and the like; the subject didn't matter much; the point was that one had to discover, arrange and condense one's ideas about it, so as to present it in a given number of words, 93 or 156, or 418 as like as not, that number, neither more nor less. A superb discipline for any writer.

Mr. Regardie, however, would probably prefer a limit of 365 words and a half. The last two paragraphs of this letter retell the deaf O.T.O. candidate's story in a previous letter. It seems probable that it was that incident which gave Crowley the idea for the

Abbey's weekly Essay.

I had a marvellous lesson myself some years earlier. I had cut down a certain ritual of initiation to what I thought were the very barest bones, chiefly to make it easy to commit to memory. Then came a candidate who was deaf—not merely "a little hard of hearing;" his tympana were ruptured—and the question was How?

All right for most of it; one could show him the words typed on slips. But during part of the ceremony he was hoodwinked; one was reduced to the deaf-and-dumb alphabet devised for such occasions. I am as clumsy and stupid at that as I am at most things, and lazy, infernally lazy, on top of that ...

Oh, sure. Here he was, almost seventy two years old, writing long letters to morons.

... Well, when it came to the point, the communication of the words became abominably, intolerably tedious. And then! Then I found that about two-thirds of my "absolutely essential" ritual was not necesasary at all!

That larned 'im.

The expression above, which Crowley seemed to like, was of course used by Mark Twain in Huckleberry Finn.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER 27: STRUCTURE OF MIND BASED ON THAT OF BODY (HAECKEL AND BERTRAND RUSSELL)

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Was the sudden cloudburst at the end of my last letter

somewhat of a surprise, and more that somewhat of a shock? Cheer up! The worst is yet to come.

The reference is obviously not connected to the letter preceding this in the book; it must have been either a letter too personal to be included, or a few paragraphs of the same sort, or a letter included elsewhere in the series. The next paragraph was excised in Mr. Regardie's "edition."

This is where clean thinking—a subject whose fringes I seem to remember having touched—wins the Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society.

It is surely the wise course to accept the plain facts; to try to explain them away, or to excuse them, is certain to involve one in a maelstrom of sophistry; and when, despite these laudable efforts, the facts jump up and land a short jab to the point, one is even worse off than before.

This has to be said, because Sammasati is assuredly one of the most useful, as well as one of the most trustworthy and most manageable, weapons in the armoury of the Aspirant.

You stop me, obviously with a demand for a personal explanation. "How is it," you write, "that you reject with such immitigable scorn the very foundation-stones of Buddhism, and yet refer disciples enthusiastically to the technique of some of its subtlest super-structures?"

Which question proves, of course, that the lady cannot lift her mind above the chains of dogma any more than can the Romish Popes. Hitler may have been a villain, Begin may be a villain; yet Hitler was a great organizer and Begin is a shrewd politician. So far as this writer has been able to verify, the only creed of human(?)kind that has no rewarding features whatsoever is Christism; this because, being a deliberate falsification of the truth, it is rotten at the core, and the rottenness pervades all its facets. At first sight, at least its emotional disciplines seem to deserve attention; but they are tainted by sin and guilt complexes. Liber 175 includes and surpasses Francis of Assisi, Francis Xavier, Juan de La Cruz and Ignacio de Loyola in every detail. Of the Christist mystics, only those

considered unorthodox, such as Molinos and à Kempis, are even remotely useful reads for Aspirants. The others, of course, make interesting study for parapsychopathologists.

I laff.

It is the old, old story. When the Buddha was making experiments and recording the results, he was on safe ground: when he started to theorize, committing (incidentally) innumerable logical crimes in the process, he is no better a guesser than the Arahats next door, or for the matter of that, the Arahats' Lady Char.

This "Lady Char" is not a member of the nobility. The expression refers to the British "charwoman," and can be roughly translated as "domestic female servant."

So, if you don't mind, we will look a little into this matter of Sammasati: what is it when it's at home?

It may be no more than a personal fancy, but I think Allan Bennett's translation of the term, "Recollection," is as near as one can get in English. One can strain the meaning slightly to include Recollection, to imply the ranging of one's facts, and the fitting of them into an organized structure. The term "sati" suggests an identification of Being with Knowledge—see *The Soldier and the Hunchback: ! and ? Equinox I, 1*. So far as it applies to the Magical Memory, it lays stress on some such expedient, very much as is explained in *Liber Thisarb*.

The next paragraphs were also excised in Mr. Regardie's "edition."

But is it not a little strange that "The Abomination of Desolation should be set up in the Holy Place," as it were? Why should the whole-bearded search for Truth and Beauty disclose such hateful and such hideous elements as necessary components of the Absolute Perfection?

Never mind the why, for a moment; first let us be sure that it is so. Have we any grounds for expecting this to be the case?

We certainly have.

This is a case where "clean thinking" is most absolutely helpful. The truth is of exquisite texture; it blazons the escutcheon of the Unity of Nature in such delicate yet forceful colours that the Postulant may well come thereby to the Opening of the Trance of Wonder; yet religious theories and personal pignickiness have erected against its impact the very stoutest of their hedgehogs of prejudice.

Who shall help us here? Not the sonorous *Vedas*, not the *Upanishads*, Not Apollonius, Plotinus, Ruysbroeck, Molinos; not any gleaner in the field of **à priori**; no, a mere devotee of natural history and biology: Ernst Haeckel.

Enormous, elephantine, his work's bulk is almost incredible; for us his one revolutionary discovery is pertinent to this matter of Sammasati and the revelations of one's inmost subtle structure.

He discovered, and he demonstrated, that the history of any animal throughout the course of its evolution is repeated in the stages of the individual. To put it crudely, the growth of a child from the fertilized ovum to the adult repeats the adventures of its species.

This doctrine is tremendously important, and I feel that I do not know how to emphasize it as it deserves. I want to be exceptionally accurate; yet the use of his meticulous scientific terms, with an armoury of quotations, would almost certainly result in your missing the point, "unable to see the wood for the trees."

Let me put it that the body is formed by the superposition of layers, each representing a stage in the history of the evolution of the species. The foetus displays essential characteristics of insect, reptile, mammal (or whatever they are) in the order in which these classes of animal appeared in the world's history.

Now I want to put forward a thesis—and as far as I know it is personal to myself, based on my work at Cefal—to the effect that the mind is constructed on precisely the same lines.

If, as materialists insist, the mind is but a function of the body, this would be an immediate corollary to

the above.

You will remember from my note on "Breaks" in meditation how one's gradual improvement in the practice results in the barring-out of certain classes of idea, **by** classes. The ready-to-hand, recent fugitive thoughts come first and first they go. Then the events of the previous day or so, and the preoccupations of the mind for that period. Next, one comes to the layer of reveries and other forms of wish-phanstasm; then cryptomnesia gets busy with incidents of childhood and the like ...

Perhaps the reader is beginning to understand where L. Ron Hubbard got the ideas for his Dianetics and Scientology cons.

...; finally, there intrudes the class of "atmospherics," where one cannot trace the source of the interruption.

All these are matters of the conscious rational mind ...

The next sentences, and the following two paragraphs, including the verse quotation, were excised by Mr. Regardie.

...; and when I explored and classified these facts, in the very first months of my serious practice of Yoga, I had no suspicion that they were no more than the foam on a glass of champagne: nay, rather of

**"black wine in jars of jade
Cooled all these months in hoarded
snow,
Black wine with purple starlight in
its bosom,
Oily and sweet as the soul of a brown
maid
Brought from the forenoon's
archipelago,
Her brows bound bright with many a
scarlet blossom
Like the blood of the slain that
flowered free
When we met the black men knee to
knee."**

How apt the verses are! How close are wine and snow
to lust and enlightenment!

The closeness may not be evident to your mind or mine, but was to his.

I have been digressing, for all that; let us return to our goats!

The structure of the mind reveals its history as does the structure of the body.

(Capitals, please, or bang on something; that has got to sink in.)

Just as your body was at one stage the body of an ape, a fish, a frog (and all the rest of it) so did that animal at that stage possess a mind correlative.

Now then! In the course of that kind of initiation conferred by Sammasati, the layers are stripped off very much as happens in elementary meditation (Dharana) to the conscious mind.

(There is a way of acquiring a great deal of strange and unsuspected knowledge of these matters by the use of Sulphuric Ether, $(C_2H_5)_2O$, according to a special technique. I wrote a paper on it once, 16 pp. 4{to}, and fearing that it might be lost had many copies made and distributed. Where is it? I must write you a letter one day.

Accordingly, one finds oneself experiencing the thoughts, the feelings, the desires of a gorilla, a crocodile, a rat, a devil-fish, or what have you! One is no longer capable of human thoughts in the ordinary sense of the word; such would be wholly unintelligible.

I leave the rest to your imagination; doesn't it sound to you a little like some of the accounts of "The Dweller on the Threshold?"

However, it is not the same thing.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

**LETTER 28: NEED TO DEFINE
"GOD", "SELF", ETC.**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Artless remark! Oh you!

A note by Mr. Germer states: "Refers to a pious phrase at the end of her letter."

Well, I suppose it's a gift—to stir Hell to its most abysmal horror with one small remark slipped in at the end. Scorpion!

"Higher self"—"God within us."

Dear Lady, you could never have picked five words from Iroquois, or Banti, or Basuto or the Jargon of Master François Villon, or Pictish, which severally and together convey less to my mind.

No, no, not **Less**: I mean **More**, so much more that it amounts to nothing at all. Spencer Montmorency Bourbon Hohenstaufen sounds very exclusive and aristocratic, and even posh or Ritzy; but if you bestow these names upon every male child, the effect tends to diminish ...

This sentence was excised in Mr. Regardie's piracy, one cannot really understand why.

... The "Southern Gentleman" Lee Davis recently hanged for rape and murder, was not a near relation either of the General or the President: he was a Nigger.

One wonders; did Regardie wish to "protect" Crowley's reputation against being attributed color prejudice? Or did he just want to sell more copies of his piracy to black people? Anyone of any intelligence and fair-mindedness who knew the state of the Southern United States around 1945 e.v. must know exactly what he meant by the example. Possibly the scion of Robert Lee and Jefferson Davis really raped and murdered; more likely, he merely seduced or was seduced, and then tried to defend himself against the kind of mind that thinks a woman is property, and that a white woman can only be owned by white-skinned slavers. One cannot really believe that Crowley's reputation mattered to Regardie; we have already seen how he butchered his Master's thought merely to serve himself, and we will have copious further

demonstrations of his dishonesty, both legal and moral. Crowley's true attitude towards the lynching of blacks in the Southern United States, by the way, is very clear in one of the "Simon Iff" tales. He disapproved of it thoroughly; yet, was able to understand the motivations of the people who committed those atrocities much better than they understood themselves.

Gimme the old spade, I've got to go digging again.

1. Higher. Here we fall straight into the arms of Freud. Why "higher?" Because in a scrap it is easier to strangle him if you are on top. When very young children watch their parents **in actu coitus**, a circumstance exceedingly usual almost anywhere outside England, and even here where housework is restricted, the infant supposes that his mother, upon whom he depends entirely for nourishment, is being attacked by the intrusive stranger whom they want him to address as "Dad." ...

*Not if the child's intelligence exceeds that of the average clod; an observant boy or girl will perceive that the act is violent but not angry, and will often get the first localized flowering of the sexual instinct from such a sight. The conflict comes only in less intelligent minds, particularly in societies conditioned by sexual restriction. Naturally, for the average Jew, and for Freud himself, his interpretation was apt. It was also apt for the average Christist. But it would not have been apt for South Sea islanders before, as Mark Twain put it, the Christist missionaries taught them the meaning of hell; and it was not apt to this writer's reaction, which we detailed in our introduction to **The Bagh I Muattar** in **Equinox V 4**. Wilhelm Reich's analysis of the sexual instinct in children is much wiser than Freud's; but then, as we ourselves pointed elsewhere, Freud, although a genius, labored under a big handicap, poor fellow: he had never been psychoanalysed or undergone Thelemic training!*

- ... From this seed springs an "over-under complex," giving rise later on, in certain cases to whole legions of neuroses.

The problem is, however, a little ampler than that. Most societies presuppose that what is "higher" is "better." This is not related merely to Freudian—Jewish—Christist sexual hangups; it is related to the simple fact of brute force. If it is taller than you, it is usually bigger than you, and if it is bigger than you, it is higher than you for the simple reason that it can beat the living crap out of you. This comes from the primeval slime itself. If women were bigger physically than men, it is very likely that the male would be fighting for an E.R.A. right now, rather than the other way around. Sociobiology deserves serious study from statesmen and from jurists, but is unlikely to get it as long as Christist prejudice lingers in the average human mind.

Now then make it a little clearer, please, just what you mean by "higher."

Skeat seems to connect it with hills, swellings, boils, the maternal breast; is that reason enough for us to connect it with the idea of advantage, or—"superiority" merely translates it into Latin!—worth, or—no, it's really too difficult. Of course, sometimes it has a "bad" meaning, as of temperature in fever; but nearly always it implies a condition preferable to "low."

Why, yes, of course; from the point of view of the healthy animal, it is better to beat than to get beaten! So what 'higher' simply means is that, unless you are the one looking down, you are cowed and defeated and subservient. This is related to masochism and to the human mind's capacity for self—deception in order to preserve an illusion of self—respect. He is bigger than I, and can beat me up; therefore, let me try to find some arguments by which I may convince myself that it is right and proper that he be the ruler, and I the rulee. The invention of weapons went a long way towards changing the material odds in this game, but the moral odds have not changed. It may no longer be the bigger man or woman who rules, but it is still the man or woman with the most efficient sexual weapon. If this, incidentally, can be applied to the sexual organs, it is difficult to say. The mystique of male member size seems to be that the bigger it is,

the better; but the male's mystique of the female organ seems to be that the tighter it is, therefore the smaller, the better. As we observed before, Masters and Johnson have done their best to confuse sexual competitiveness, when they, with their type of research, were above all other scientists in a position to clear it for keeps. Given their reticence, and given the "egalitarian" and socialistic tendencies of the modern so-called "liberal" mind, it is quite possible that the mystique of penis size is actually based on statistics, at least to an extent. Future scientists will probably have to work on this. If you think it is not important, you do not understand very well how what is between your legs influences that which is between your shoulders. The point of this note, however, is simply that the concept of "higher" does not have any "uplifting" qualities to it (I really find it hard to resist a pun.) It merely indicates the slave's recognition of his or her state of subjugation to his or her tyrant.

Applied to the "self," it becomes a sort of trade name; nobody tells me if he means Khu, or Ba, or Khabs, or Ut of the *Upanishads* or Augoeides of the Neo-Platonists, or Adonai of Bulwer-Lytton, or — — here we are with all those thrice-accurs't alternatives. There is not, cannot be, any specific meaning unless we start with a sound skeleton of ontogenic theory, a well-mapped hierarchy of the Cosmos, and define the term anew.

From the point of view of space—travellers, for instance, the term is either totally relative or totally meaningless.

Then why use it? To do so can only cause confusion, unless the context helps us to clarify the image. And that is surely rather a defeatist attitude, isn't it?

When I first set myself to put a name to my "mission"—the contemplation carried me half—way across South—West China ...

It is interesting, and perhaps even significant, that he should have conceived it there.

... —I considered these alternatives. I thought to cut the Gordian Knot, and call it by Abramelin's title the

"Holy Guardian Angel" because (I mused) that will be as intelligible to the villagers of Pu Peng as to the most learned Pundits; moreover, the implied theory was so crude that no one need be bound by it.

Little did he know. the next paragraph was taken out by Mr. Regardie.

All this is rubbish, as you will see when we reach the discussion on "self:" To explain now would lead to too unwieldy a digression.

2. "Within." If you don't mind, we'll tackle this now, while "higher" is fresh in our minds; for it is also a preposition. First you want to go **up**; then you want to go **in**. Why?

Because it is 'safe,' of course. It is related to the troglodyte, or any other animal, retreating into its lair. So you see that the combination of 'higher' and 'within' merely underlines two of the human being's most ancient negative attitudes: subservience and retreat.

As "higher" gave the idea of aggression, of conquest, "within" usually implies safety. Always we get back to that stage of history when the social unit, based on the family, was little less than condition No. 1 of survival. The house, the castle, the fortified camp, the city wall; the "gens," the clan, the tribe, the "**patrie**," to be outside means danger from cold, hunger and thirst, raiding parties, highway robbers, bears, wolves, and tigers. To go out was to take a risk; and, your labour and courage being assets to your kinsmen, you were also a bad man; in fact, a "bounder" or "outsider." "Debauch" is simply "to go out of doors!" St. John says: "without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and adulterers and idolaters and..."—so on.

Of course, like everything else in the "New Testament," "St. John" is purely a pen name for the unscrupulous forgers, who took genuine tracts from genuine mystics, not all of them Essene by any means, and set them down intercalated with sectarian tall tales within a pot—pourri of Dying Dog legends. As a matter of fact, it occurs to this annotator as he writes that the forgers of the "Gospels" had minds very much of the caliber of Mr.

Regardie's. It is difficult to say how far this man would have gone in his manipulation of Crowley's texts if we had not appeared on the scene.

We of Θελημα challenge all this briskly. "The word of Sin is Restriction." (AL I, 41). Our formula, roughly speaking, is to go out and grab what we want ...

Please keep in mind that 'what' is not 'who,' and that the Law is for all. Of course, some people cannot be defined as 'whos,' they must be defined as 'whats.' But it so happens that the tyrants of humankind, for all their seeming humanity, or even superhumanity, are really 'whats' in the core of their "selves." He goes on to make this very clear.

... We do this so thoroughly that we grow thereby, extending our conception of "I" by including each new accretion instead of remaining a closely delineated self, proud of possessing other things, as do the Black Brothers.

We are whole-hearted extroverts; the penalty of restricting oneself is anything from neurosis to down right lunacy; in particular, melancholia.

This is correct even from the point of view of orthodox psychiatry, and explains the tone of most Christist mystic tracts, especially those of their so-called 'saints.' Try to understand, however, that this "extrovertedness" goes much deeper than simple outward personality traits. You may be naturally a shy person, or a retiring person; the important thing is that you should never in your mind and soul deny the existence or significance of other things, especially those which you consider painful or evil. We grow by uniting ourselves by love under will, with all things, one at a time. The serious reader is referred to the letter on the Formula of the Aeon, O=2.

You ask whether these remarks do not conflict with my repeated definition of Initiation as the Way In. Not at all; the Inmost is identical with the All ...

If you remember that you must include all things, even those you find within yourself that you consider shameful or "evil." Cf. LXVI 44-46 and many other passages in the Holy Books of Θελημα.

As you travel inward you become able to perceive all

the layers which surround the "Self" from within, thus enlarging the scope of your vision of the Universe. It is like moving from a skirmishing patrol to G.H.Q.; and the object of so doing is obviously to exercise constantly increasing control over the whole Army. Every step in rank enables you both to see more and to do more; but one's attention is inevitably directed outward.

When the entire system of the Universe is conterminous with your comprehension, "inward" and "outward" become identical.

*This, of course, is not "logical" at first reading. But the paradox is one that has been found in higher mathematics, and is solvable by Symbolic Logic. See **Bertrand Russell's Principles of Mathematics.***

But it won't do at all to seek anything within but a point of view, for the simple reason that there is nothing else there!

This is the truth that the "Black Brethren" fear above all, and which leads them to avoid crossing the Abyss. Dogmatic religions which are obviously based on negative defense mechanisms, such as Christism, are one of the fruits of their retreat from Reality.

It is just like all those symbols in **The Book of Thoth**; as soon as you get to the "end" of anything, you suddenly find it is the "beginning."

To formulate the idea of "self" at all, you must posit limitations; anything that is distinguishable is a mere temporary (and arbitrary) selection of the finite from the infinite; whatever you chose to think of, it changes, it grows, it disappears.

You have got to train your mind to canter through those leafy avenues of thought upon the good green turf of Indifference; when you can do it without conscious effort, so that up—down, in—out, far—near, black—white (and so on for everything) appears quite automatically, you are already as near an Initiate as makes no matter.

If, however, at that point you think, like Mr. Regardie, that 'yours—mine' applies to someone else's copyrights, you have simply developed a slight case

of autism...

3. "Self." For a full discussion of this see Letter 42.

4. "God." This is really too bad of you!

Of all the hopelessly mangled words in the language, you settle with unerring Sadism on the most brutally butchered.

Crippen was an amateur.

Compared to her, that is. Mr. Germer added the following note: "Crippen was a famous English poisoner who was caught and hung." When, oh when will the police catch the Romish "Popes"..?

Skeat hardly helps us at all, except by warning us that "good" has nothing whatever to do with it ...

Meaning, that the similarity in lettering between the two words is mere coincidence, as should be clear from the difference in the sound of the vowels. But in English spelling, as with the Christist "God," everything is possible, and for a very simple reason. When Rome invaded the British Isles for the second time, much after the great Caesar was first there and admired the Druids, Rome was already in the clutches of the Roman—Alexandrines, and a plague of missionaries descended, of course, upon the islands, just as they later did in the South Seas to Mark Twain's chagrin (to say nothing of ours, or of the intelligent natives of that region.) The islanders had their own language and their own alphabet — the Runic alphabet — and the two were phonetically related, which means that words were written in the same way they are pronounced. But the Runic alphabet was also related to the local religion, which was Druidism; and this would never do. So the missionaries declared the Runic alphabet "evil" and "satanic," burned the Druids alive, and had hanged or tortured to death anyone who should be found writing in runes. Since it was impossible to make the entire population speak Latin, the missionaries started transliterating the local language into the "holy alphabet:" meaning the Latin alphabet, of course. However, perhaps because they were too busy at their devotions, such as raping, torturing, and killing, they were not very systematic about it. And that is the reason why, to

this day, English is one of the most difficult languages in the world to spell. Whenever a young English-speaker gets an F in high school English, he or she should remember to thank the Roman Church for this, as for so many other "advantages" it has brought to his or her culture, to say nothing of our species as a whole.

... **Dieu** comes from Deus, with all its Sol—Jupiter references, and Deos, which Plato thought meant a runner; hence, Sun, Moon, Planets.

The best I can do for you, honest Injun! is the Russian word for god 'Bog'; connected probably, though the Lithuanian, with the Welsh **Bwg**, a spectre or hobgoblin. "Bugge", too. Not very inspiring, is it, to replace the Old Hundredth by "Hush! Hush! Hush! here come the Bogey Man." Or is it?

But, although perhaps he was not consciously trying to make the point, that is exactly what the Christist "God" is: a complicated version of the 'Bogey Man,' dressed in the rags of Dogma to disguise the craven fear and servilism of the worshippers. Mr. Begin's "Jehovah" is precisely the same kind of menacing Father Figure. Step Father, as in the fairy tales, maybe...?

Enough of this fooling! Out, trusty rapier, and home to the stone heart of the audacious woman that wrote "God within us."

I know you thought you knew more or less what you meant when you wrote it; but surely that was a mere slip. An instant's thought would have warned you that the word wouldn't stand even the most superficial analysis. You meant "Something which seems to me the most perfect symbol of all that I love, worship, admire"—all that class of verb.

But nobody else will have the same set of qualities in his private museum; you have, as every one has always done, made another God in your own image.

Then the Vedantists define God as "having neither quality nor quantity;" and some Yogis have a practice of setting up images to knock them down at once with "Not that! Not that!"

*Which is actually where he got his Exempt Adept
Motto ammuau*

And the Buddhists won't admit any God at all in anything at all like the sense in which you use the word. (One of the most amusing passages of irony is to be found in "The Questions of King Milinda" where the Arahata Nagasena demolishes Maha Brahma.)

It was not amusing to the Brahmins. But I suppose we don't amuse Christians very much either. Do we amuse Buddhists at all...?

What's worse, whatever you may mean by "God" conveys no idea to me: I can only guess by the light of my exceedingly small knowledge of you and your general habits of thought and action. Then what sense was there in chucking it at my head? Half a brick would have served you better.

You think you can explain to me **viva voce**, perhaps? Don't you dare try! Whatever you said, I should prove to be nonsense, philosophically and in a dozen other ways. And the County Council Ambulance would bundle you off in your battered and bewildered débris to the Bug-house, as is so etymologically indicated.

Do see it simply; the word must in any event connote ideas of Neschamah, not of Ruach.

"But you use the word all the time." Yes, I do, and rely on the context to crystallize this most fluid—or gaseous—of expressions.

5. "Us." Why "Us"?

Is this a reference to the Old School Tie, or that Finishing School in Brussels, and the ticket to the Royal enclosure at Ascot? I do not suppose for a moment that you meant it that way: but it's there. And so—

Anecdote of Lao-Tze.

The Old One was surrounded as usual by a galaxy of adoring disciples, and they were trying to get him to show them where the Tao was to be found.

It was in the Sun and Moon, he admitted; it was in the Son of Heaven

and in the Superior Man. (Not George Nathaniel Curzon, however). It was in the Blossoms of Springtide, and in the chilling winds that swept over from Siberia, and in the Wild Geese that it bore Southward when their instinct bade them. In short, the catalogue began to look as if it were going to extend indefinitely ...

As well it should.

...; and an impatient disciple, pointing to certain traces left by a mule in its recent passage, asked: "And is the Tao also in that?" The Master nodded, and echoed: "Also in that."

Then what becomes of this privileged "us"? We are obliged to extend it to include everything. Then, as we have just seen, "God" also is unfettered by definitions.

Net result: "God within us" means precisely nothing at all.

And so it does, By Bradman!

"Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!"

(AL I 22 - 23)

I implore you not to point out that, this being the case, words like "hurt" and "chief" cannot possibly mean anything. The fact is that if we are to get on peaceably in the Club, we have to know when to take any given expression in a Pickwickian sense.

In the Ruach all the laws of logic apply: they don't in Neschamah.

The real meaning of the passage is simple enough, if you understand that it refers to a specific **result of Initiation**. You have to be able to reckon up the Universe as a whole and in every part; and to get rid

of all its false or partial realities by discarding everything but the One Reality which is the sole truth in, and of Illusion.

There is one set of equations which express the relation of the Perceiver and the Perceived, adjusted in accordance with the particular limitations on both sides; another cancels out all the finite terms, and leaves us with an ultimate $x = 0 = 0^\circ$.

See?

I know I'm a disheartening kind of bloke, and it does seem so unfriendly to jump down a fellow's throat every minute or so when she tries to put it ever so nicely, and it is so easy—isn't it?—to play the game of Sanctimonious Grandiloquence ...

Since the lady in question was obviously Lady Frieda Harris, anyone having some ideas of her hot temperament can visualize how angry she became reading all this! We do not think she learned from it; at least, not enough, or she would have bequeathed her paintings to the O.T.O., and not to that sanctimonious and grandiloquent dodderer, Gerald Yorke.

..., and surely what was said was perfectly harmless, and

No, N.O., no: not harmless at all. My whole object is it train you to silence every kind of hypothetical speculation, and formulae both resonant and satisfying. I want you to—

abhor them
abominate them
despise them
detest them
escew them

hate them
loathe them
and da capo.

and to get on with your
practice

. Then when you get the results, you can try, albeit uselessly, to fit your own words to the facts, if you

should wish to communicate, for any good reason,
your experiences to other people.

Then, despairing of your impotence, how glad you will
be that you have been trained not to let anyone fob
you off with phrases.

*You must remember that she was a pupil, an Aspirant;
thus, at least theoretically, a human being aspiring
to honesty. He was not talking to the average
politician or ecclesiastic of any party, or any
"church," upon the earth or anywhere else.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,

666

LETTER 29: WHAT IS CERTAINTY?

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

*The first six lines of this letter were excised by Mr.
Regardie.*

Well, I suppose I ought to have expected you to cock
that wise left eyebrow at me! Right you are to
wonder precisely what I mean by "certainty," in the
light of:

**"On Soul's curtain
Is written this one certainty, that
naught is certain."**

Then there is that chapter in **The Book of Lies**
(again!)

**The Chinese cannot help thinking
that the Octave has five notes.**

**The more necessary anything
appears to my mind, the more
certain it is that I only assert a
limitation.**

**I slept with Faith, and found a corpse
in my arms on awaking; I drank and
danced all night with Doubt, and
found her a virgin in the morning.**

I wouldn't start to argue with the Chinese, if I were you; they might remind you that you exude the stench peculiar to corpses.

Again, that other "Hymn to St. Thomas" ...

*He means Thomas Aquinas, the specious hypocrite who declared 'Credo quia absurdum,' and thus made it possible for the Roman Church to burn people alive for centuries on a basis of false logic. Aquinas single-handedly delayed scientific progress for a thousand years. No wonder the Romish Popes made him a "saint!" ("Credo quia absurdum" is Latin for "I believe because it is absurd." Aquinas argued that if it were not absurd it would not be necessary to believe, for one would know. "Faith" was, therefore, the quality of attachment to things manifestly absurd and unreal, and it was a Christist virtue. This may seem at first glance to be the same doctrine as that of the Supernals, but it isn't. The experience of the Supernals is untranslatable in terms of normal reason, but it is experience nevertheless, and can be expressed in terms of higher mathematics; while the "absurd" Aquinas was referring to was merely the Romish dogma, and specifically the Nicene Creed. The serious reader is reminded of our and Crowley's remarks on Athanasius in **Book Four Commented Part I**, "Yoga and Magick."*

..., as I ought perhaps to have called it:

Doubt.

Doubt Thyself.

Doubt even if thou doubttest thyself.

Doubt all

Doubt even if thou doubttest all.

**It seems sometimes as if beneath all
conscious doubt there lay some
deepest certainty. O kill it! slay the
snake!**

**The horn of the Doubt-Goat be
exalted!**

**Dive deeper, ever deeper, into the
Abyss of Mind, until thou unearth
that fox**

**THAT. On, hounds! Yoicks! Tally-
ho! Bring THAT to bay!**

Then, wind the Mort!

"Wind the Mort" — blow the trumpet called "Mort," French for "Death." Fox-hunting, incidentally, was not always as it is now, a ridiculous occupation. These animals used to be as numerous as wolves, and to plague the chickenyards of the peasantry. In the old days chickens ran around loose, instead of being penned in torture chambers as they are now. The hunt, therefore, effectively kept down the fox population, thus amusing the nobility and helping the peasants at the same time. People who have no knowledge of history can be utterly dense even when they are scientists. When you read books on wolves these days, for instance, you are led into the belief that those noble animals never ate a human in a thousand years. The fact is simply that wolves aggressive towards humans have been persistently killed off over a period of centuries, leaving only those animals alive who were intelligent enough to avoid attacking the human being. The wolf of the Middle Ages would cheerfully dine on an elderly peasant or a small child if given a chance, as is abundantly clear from the records.

Once more—what a book that is: I never realized it until now!...

*He is referring to **The Book of Lies**. The reader should try not to think of Crowley here as beating his own drum in a vulgar sense, or trying to advertise his works, although he was perfectly capable of doing both, as who isn't? Please visualize this seventy-year old man looking back at work that had been written by a much younger Crowley, of a totally different level of experience. Like any other living being, albeit perhaps on an ampler scale, an Initiate is a community of planes of*

recognize ourselves in some of our past, and even present, masks. As would any other human being trying self-analysis. **The Book of Lies** is one of the masterpieces of humankind, but centuries may pass before the world at large realizes this. Crowley in his old age was genuinely surprised at the levels of insight he had been able to put across in a few words in such a short book — less than a hundred pages without the commentaries and notes, remember. When an initiate is just out of a Trance, or fresh from a Magickal Retirement, he or she may produce work that later on, re-reading it, will surprise him or her. The Inner Being is the same, but the personality is functioning at a much lower rate of vibration and may even exclaim to itself in surprise: 'Did I write this?!' Crowley, in trying to explain things to his correspondent, whoever she or he was in this particular letter or any of the others, was constantly surprised at being reminded of how cogently he had put the necessary explanation so many years ago, drunken with ecstasy. Let us consider my own, admittedly much more modest case. When I reached my second initiation I asked my Angel to take away all the "rewards" — meaning "siddha," etc. — of my grade except those absolutely necessary to serve those under my care in the Order. The purpose of this request was to make possible that, by going further more nakedly into every by-way of my being, I would ensure that my next meeting with the Angel would be much intenser in all directions than it would be if I were allowed to enjoy the comfort of "powers." The request was granted, and as a result I often find myself reading my letters to pupils, or the annotations I write to Crowley's books, in order to cull some insights for myself. The "Scribe" can literally be a scribe.

... it says—see that double page at the onset, one with "?" and the other with "!" alone upon the blank. Moreover you should read the long essay The Soldier and the Hunchback: ! and? in the first volume and number of **The Equinox**.

Mr. Regardie excised the reference to *The Equinox*, probably to avoid competition with the true thing, since he had just published his so-called "Gems

from the Equinox" to line his own pockets with the produce of his Master's thoughts. Meanwhile, Mrs. Germer was slowly starving to death a few hundred miles away from him in California.

But every one of those—rather significant, *nich wahr?*—slides into a rhapsody of exaltation, a dithyramb, a Paean ...

At this point he introduced a long footnote, including a quotation from Browning. The whole thing was excised by Mr. Regardie. Here it is:

It seems natural to me - apodeictic after a fashion - to treat Doubt as positive, even aggressive. There is none of the wavering, wobbling, woebegone wail of the weary and bewildered wage-slave; it is a triumphant challenge, disagreement for its own sake. Irish!

Browning painted a quite perfect picture of my Doubt.

**Up jumped Tokay on our table,
Like a pigmy castle—warder,
Dwarfish to see but stout and able,
Arms and accoutrement all in order;
And fierce he looked North, then
wheeling South
Blew with his bugle a challenge to
Drouth,
Cocked his flap-hat with the tosspot
feather,
Twisted his thumb in his red
moustache,
Jingled his huge brass spurs
together,
Tightened his waist with its Buda
Sash,
And then, with an impudence nought
could abash
Shrugged his hump—shoulder, to tell
the beholder,
For twenty such knaves he should
laugh but the bolder;
And so, with his sword-hilt gallantly
jutting,**

**And dexter hand on his haunch
abutting,
Went the little man, Sir Ausbruch,
strutting!"**

It's not the least bit like Tokay; rather the Bull's Blood its neighbor, or any rough strong red wine like Rioja. Curious, though, his making him a hunchbacked dwarf; there must be something in this deep down. I wonder what! (Ask Jung!)

Perhaps it was the reference to Jung that irked Mr. Regardie. "Bull's Blood" is a type of red wine which supposedly has some actual ox blood mixed in it.

... No good here. For what you want is a penny plain pedestrian prose Probability —Percentage. You want to know what the Odds are when I say "certain."

A case for casuistry? At least, for classification. It depends rather on one's tone of voice? Yes, of course, and as to the classification, off we jog to the Divine Pymander, who saw, and stated, the quiddity of our query with his accustomed lucidity. He discerns three degrees of Truth; and he distinguishes accordingly:—

1. True
2. Certain without error
3. Of all truth.

Clear enough, the difference between 1 and 2: ask me the time, I say half-past two; and that's true enough. But the Astronomer Royal is by no manner of means satisfied with any approximation of that kind. He wants it accurate. He must know the longitude to a second; he must have decided what method of measuring time is to be used; he must make corrections for this and for that; and he must have attached an (arbitrary)

interpretation to the system; the whole question of Relativity pops up. And, even so, he will enter a caveat about every single ganglion in the gossamer of his calculations.

Well then, all this intricate differentiation and integration and verification and Lord knows what leads at last to a statement which may be called "Certain without Error."

It is interesting to see a man who did so much towards emancipating human mind from its feast who in fact was this very moment at the job, using expressions like "Lord knows" and "God" this and "God" that. Did he mean the Lord of the Aeon? But the Lord of the Aeon does not know everything; He just knows a little more than we do, is a little further ahead. Such expressions, even when they are purely rhetoric, should be vigorously avoided by Thelemites. The following two paragraphs were excised in Mr. Regardie's "edition." Possibly he thought they were a digression, but they are obviously an illustrative actual example of the relativity of all measurement:

Excuse me just a moment! When I was staying at the Consulate of Tengyueh, just inside the S.W. frontier of China, our one link with England, Home, and Beauty was the Telegraph Service from Peking. One week it was silent, and we were anxious for news, our last bit of information having been that there was rioting in Shanghai, seventeen Sikh policemen killed ...

As well they should be. What were Sikh policemen doing in China, anyway?

... For all we knew the whole country might rise en masse at any moment to expel the "Foreign Devils." ...

But to fall in Chiang Kai Chek's greedy paws!

... At last the welcome messenger trotted across from the city in the twilight with a whole sheaf of telegrams. Alas, save for the date of dispatch, the wording in each one was identical: each told us that it was noon in Peking!

They had to be relayed at Yung Chang, and both the operators had taken ten days off to smoke opium, sensible fellows!

But Hermes Trismegistus is not content with any such fugues as the Astronomer, however cunning and colossal his Organ; his Third Degree demands much more than this. The Astronomer's estimate has puttied every tiniest crack, he concedes it, but then waves it brusquely away: all the time the door is standing wide open!

The Astronomer's exquisitely tailored figure stands in abashed isolation, like a gawky young man at his first Ball; he feels that he doesn't belong. For this D.S.T., or Greenwich, or what not, however exact in itself, is so only in reference to some other set of measurements which themselves turn out to be arbitrary; it is not of any ultimate import; nobody can dispute it, but it simply doesn't matter to anybody, apart from the particular case. It is not "Of all Truth."

What Hermes means by this it will be well to enquire.

May we call it "a truth of **Religion**?" (Don't be shocked! The original word implies a binding-together-again, as in a "Body of Doctrine:" compare the word "Ligature." ...

"Religion" comes from the Latin "re—ligare," meaning "to bind again."

... It was only later by corruption, that the word came to imply "piety;" re—ligens, attentive (to the gods) as opposed to neg

—ligens, neglectful.)

I think that Hermes was contemplating a Ruach closely knitted together and anchored by incessant Aspiration to the Supernal Triad; just such an one, in short, as appears in those remarks on the Magical Memory, a God-man ready to discard his well—worn Instrument for a new one, bought up to date with all the latest improvements (the movement of the Zeitgeist during his past incarnation, in particular) well wrought and ready for his use.

This being so, a truth which is "of all Truth" should mean any proposition which forms an essential part of this Khu—this "Magical Identity" of a man.

The next five paragraphs were excised by Mr. Regardie.

How how curious it must appear at the first glance to note that the truths of this order should prove to be what we call Axioms—or even Platitudes—

..... What's that noise?

..... I think I hear Sir Ausbruch!

Meaning Doubt, of course in his healthy sense of scientific skepticism.

And in full eruption too! And hasn't he the right? For all this time we've bluffed our way breezily ahead over the sparkling seas, oblivious of that very Chinese Chinese—puzzle that we started with, the paradox (is it?) of the Chinese Gamut.

(We shan't get into doldrums; there's always the way out from "?" to "!" as with any and every intellectual problem whatsoever: it's the only way. Otherwise, of course, we get to A is A, A is not-A, not-A is not—A, not—A is A, as is inevitable).

"The more certain I am of anything, the more certain it is that I am only asserting

a limitation of my own mind."

Very good, but what am I to do about it? Some at least of such certainties must surely be "of all Truth." The test of admission to this class ought to be that, of one were to accept the contradictory of the proposition, the entire structure of the Mind would be knocked to pieces, as is not at all the case with the Astronomer's determination, which may turn out to be wrong for a dozen different reasons without anybody getting seriously wounded in his tenderest feelings.

The Statesman knows instinctively, or at worst, by his training and experience, what sort of assertion, harmless enough on the surface, may be "dangerous thinking," a death-blow to his own idea of what is "of all Truth," and strikes out wildly in a panic entirely justifiable from his own point of view ...

This sort of "statesman," however, must disappear from government if humankind is to progress in the next thousand years. Scientific truth, however relative in itself, should be the yardstick of all politics. If this necessitate change, so much the better.

... Exhibit No. 1: Galileo and that lot. What could it possibly matter to the Gospel story that people should think that the Earth moves round the Sun? (Riemann, and oh! such a lot of things, have shewn that it didn't and doesn't! This sort of "Truth" is only a set of conventions.)

Riemann is the German mathematician who invented elliptic geometry and revolutionized many concepts of higher mathematics.

"Oh, **don't** gas away like this! I want to know what to *do* about it. Am I to accept this cauerwauling Gamut, and enlarge my

Mind, and call it an Initiation? Or am I to nail my own of—all—Truth Tonic Solfa to the Mast, and go down into the Maelstrom of Insanity with colours flying? Do you really need Massed Bands to lull Baby to sleep?

The Master of the Temple deals very simply and efficiently with problems of this kind. "The Mind" (says he) of this Party of the First Part, hereinafter referred to as Frater N (or whatever his $8^\circ = 3^\circ$ motto may be) is so constructed that the interval from C to C is most harmoniously divided into n notes; that of the Party of the Second Part hereinafter referred to as—**not** a Heretic, an Atheist, a Bolshie, ad Die-hard, a Schismatic, an Anarchist, a Black Magician, a Friend of Aleister Crowley, or whatever may be the current term of abuse—Mr. A, Lord B, the Duke of C, Mrs. X, or whatever he or she may chance to be called—into five. The Structure called of—all—Truth in neither of us is affected in the least, any more than in the reading of a Thermometer with Fahrenheit on one side and Centigrade on the other.

You naturally object that this answer is little better than an evasion, that it automatically pushes the Gamut question outside the Charmed of—all—Truth Circle.

No, it doesn't really; for if you were able to put up a Projection of those two minds, there would be, firstly, some sort of compensation elsewhere than in the musical section; and secondly, some Truth of a yet higher order which is common to both.

Not unaware am I that these conceptions are at first exceedingly difficult to formulate clearly. I wouldn't go so far as to say that one would have to be a Master

of the Temple to understand them; but it is really very necessary to have grasped firmly the doctrine that "a thing is only true insofar as it contains its contradiction in itself." (A good way to realize this is by keeping up a merry dance of paradoxes, such as infest Logic and Mathematics. The repeated butting of the head against a brick wall is bound in the long run to shake up the little grey cells (as Poirot might say) ...

Poirot is, of course, "Hercule Poirot," the favorite fictional detective of the late British popular novelist, Agatha Christie.

... teach you to distrust any train of argument, however apparently impeccable the syllogisms, and to seek ever more eagerly the dawn of that Neschamic consciousness where all these things are clearly understood, although impossible to express in rational language.)

The prime function of intellect is differentiation; it deals with marks, with limits, with the relations of what is not identical; in Neschamah all this work has been carried out so perfectly that the "rough working" has passed clean out of mind; just so, you say "I" as if it were an indivisible Unity, unconscious of the inconceivably intricate machinery of anatomical, physiological, psychological construction which issues in this idea of "I."

We may then with some confidence reaffirm that our certainties do assert our limitations; but this kind of limitation is not necessarily harmful, provided that we view the situation in its proper perspective, that we understand that membership of the of-all-Truth class does not (as one is apt to think at first sight) deepen the gulfs which separate mind from mind but on the contrary put us in a

position to ignore them. Our acts of "love under will," which express our devotion to Nuit, which multiply the fulfillments of our possibilities, become continually more efficacious, and more closely bound up with our Formula of Initiation; and we progressively become aware of deeper and vaster Images of the of-all-Truth class, which reconcile, by including within themselves, all apparent antinomies.

It is certain without error that I ought to go to bed.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

LETTER 30: DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You are quite right, as usual. True, we have gone over a great deal of the ground in various learned disquisitions of Gods, Angels, Elves, **et hoc genus omne**.

But God with a capital "G" in the singular is a totally different pair of Blüchers—**nicht wahr?**

Let me go back just for a moment to the meaning of "belief." We agreed that the word was senseless except as it implies an opinion, instinct, conviction—what you please!—so firmly entrenched in our natures that we act automatically as if it were "true" and "certain without error," perhaps even "of the essence of truth." (Browning discusses this in **Mr. Sludge the Medium**.) Good: the field is clear

for an enquiry into this word God.

We find ourselves in trouble from the start.

We must define; and to define is to limit;
and to limit is to reduce "God" to "**a** God"
or at best "**the** God."

He must be omniscient (Mercury)
omnipotent, (Sulphur) and omnipresent
(Salt); (note:these symbols still need to
be inserted.) yet to such a Being no
purpose would be possible; so that all
the apologies for the existence of "evil"
crash. If there be opposites of any kind,
there can be no consistency. He cannot
be Two; He must be One; yet, as is
obvious, he isn't.

How do the Hindu philosophers try to get
out of this quag? "Evil" is "illusion;" has
no "real" existence. Then what is the
point of it?

They say "Not that, not that!" denying to
him all attributes; He is "that which is
without quantity or quality." They
contradict themselves at every turn;
seeking to remove limit, they remove
definition. Their only refuge is in
"superconsciousness." Splendid! but now
"belief" has disappeared altogether; for
the word has no sense unless it is subject
to the laws of normal thought... Tut! you
must be feeling it yourself; the further
one goes, the darker the path. All I have
written is somehow muddled and
obscure, maugre my frenzied struggle for
lucidity, simplicity

Is this the fault of my own sophistication? I
asked myself. Tell you what! I'll trot
round to my masseuse, and put it up to
her. She is a simple country soul, by no
means over-educated, but intelligent;
capable of a firm grasp of the principles of
her job; a steady church-goer on what she
considers worthwhile occasions; dislikes
the rector, but praises his policy of

keeping his discourse within bounds. She has done quite a lot of thinking for herself; distrusts and despises the Press and the Radio, has no use for ready-made opinions. She shares with the flock their normal prejudices and phobias, but is not bigoted about them, and follows readily enough a line of simply-expressed destructive criticism when it is put to her. This is, however, only a temporary reaction; a day later she would repeat the previous inanities as if they had never been demolished ...

In this lies the power of established dogma. When a person has been unconsciously conditioned from birth by environment, parents, teachers and personal relationships to a set code of morals or a standard of behavior, that person will find extreme difficulty in ridding himself or herself of those acquired behavior patterns. Intellectual awareness of their falsity or relativity or even of their harmfulness or hostility to your self will not rid you of them. A new set of behavior patterns must be decided for and consciously acted upon, persistently, often for a period of many years, before a real personality change is effected. Such a change is always psychosomatic. One of the reasons why many Aspirants to the Secret Wisdom fail to reach Initiation is their neglect of this important fact, or incapacity to act on it. Cf. LXV V 52-56.

... In the late fifties, at a guess. I sprang your question on her out of the blue, à la "doodle-bug;" premising merely that I had been asked the question, and was puzzled as to how to answer it. Her reply was curious and surprising: without a moment's hesitation and with great enthusiasm, "Quickly, yes!" The spontaneous reservation struck me as extremely interesting ...

He means the reservation implied in the use of the adverb 'quickly,' meaning simply 'without taking time to think about it' in this context. It is quite possible that without the influence of Crowley's aura she would not have been aware of the reservation at all.

... I said: of course, but suppose you think it over—and out—a bit, what am I to understand? She began glibly "He's a great big—" and broke off, looking foolish. Then, although omnipotent, He needed our help—we were all just as powerful as He, for we were little bits of each other—but exactly how, or to what end, she did not make clear. An exclamation: "Then there is the Devil!"

She went on without a word from me for a long while, tying herself up into fresh knots with every phrase. She became irreverent, then downright blasphemous; stopped short and began to laugh at herself. And so forth—but, what struck me as curious and significant, in the main her argument followed quite closely the lines which came naturally to me, at the beginning of this letter!

Please remark that this was all probably the influence of the Freedom imparted by the resonance of the Initiate's Aura. Her answer to the same question put by, say, her pastor, might have been totally mechanical, superficial, blind and self-satisfied.

In the end, "curiouser and curiouser," she arrived at a practically identical conclusion: she believed, but what she believed in was Nothing!

As to our old criterion of what we imply in practice when we say that we believe, she began by saying that If we "helped" God in His mysterious plan, He would in some fashion or other look after us. But about

this she was even more vague than in the matter of intellectual conviction; "helping God" meant behaving decently according to one's own instinctive ideas of what "decently" means.

Except that, as we observed before, such "instinctive ideas" are usually not based on true instinct, but on acquired behavior patterns due to conditioning by some dogma.

It is very encouraging that she should have seen, without any prompting on my part, to what a muddle the question necessarily led; and very nice for me, because it lets me out, cara soror!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. I thought it a good plan to put my fundamental position all by itself in a postscript; to frame it. My observation of the Universe convinces me that there are beings of intelligence and power of a far higher quality than anything we can conceive of as human; that they are not necessarily based on the cerebral and nervous structures that we know; and that the one and only chance for mankind to advance as a whole is for individuals to make contact with such Beings.

LETTER 31: RELIGION— IS ΘΕΑΗΜΑ A "NEW RELIGION"?

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"Would you describe your system as a new

religion?" A pertinent question, you doubtless suppose; whether it may happen to mean anything is—is—is—well, is what we must try to make clear.

True, it's a slogan of A·A·: "The method of science—the aim of religion.& Here the word "aim" and the context help the definition; it must mean the attainment of Knowledge and Power in spiritual matters—or words to that effect: as soon as one selects a phrase, one starts to kick holes in it! Yet we both know perfectly well all the time what we do mean.

But this is certainly not the sense of the word in your question. It may clear our minds, as has so often happened, if we examine it through the lens of dear old Skeat.

Religion, he says, Latin: **religio**, piety. Collection or paying attention to: **religens** as opposed to **negligens**, neglecting; the attitude of Gallio. But it also implies a binding together i.e. of ideas; in fact, a "body of doctrine." Not a bad expression. A religion then, is a more or less coherent and consistent set of beliefs, with precepts and prohibitions therefrom deducible. But then there is the sense in which Frazer (and I) often use the word: as in opposition to "Science" or "Magic." Here the point is that religious people attribute phenomena to the will of some postulated Being or Beings, placable and moveable by virtue of sacrifice, devotion, or appeal. Against such, the scientific or magical mind believes in the Laws of Nature, asserts "If A, then B"—if you do so—and—so, the result will be so—and—so, aloof from arbitrary interference. Joshua, it is alleged, made the sun stand still by supplication, and Hezekiah in the same way cause it to "go back upon the dial of Ahaz:" Willett did it by putting the clock

back, and getting an Act of Parliament to confirm his lunacy. Petruccio, too "It shall be what o'clock I say it is!" The two last came close to the magical method; at least, to that branch of it which consists of "fooling all the people all the time." But such an operation, if true Magick were employed, would be beyond the power of any magician of my acquaintance; for it would mess up the solar system completely. (You remember how this happened, and what came of it, in a rather clever short story by H.G. Wells.) For true Magick means "to employ one set of natural forces at a mechanical advantage as against another set"—I quote, as closely as memory serves, Thomas Henry Huxley, when he explains that when he lifts his water—jug—or his elbow—he does not "defy the Law of Gravitation." On the contrary, he uses that Law; its equations form part of the system by which he lifts the jug without spilling the water.

To sum up, our system is a religion just so far as a religion means an enthusiastic putting—together of a series of doctrines, no one of which must in any way clash with Science or Magick.

Call it a new religion, then, if it so please your Gracious Majesty; but I confess that I fail to see what you will have gained by so doing, and I feel bound to add that you might easily cause a great deal of misunderstanding, and work a rather stupid kind of mischief.

The word does not occur in **The Book of the Law**.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

Θελημα is not a religion: it is a mode of Theurau. As such. it should remain

rigorously experimental and documental; scrupulously follow the scientific method, as this was defined by Descartes, Poincare, Russell, and Whitehead. It is, essentially, a form of spiritual research; we use the word research here in its most limited scientific definition. However, Crowley did renew and inspire the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church, which is, in a sense, a form of religion. But even in this, the message is, and should remain, that etched in Chapters 113 to 117 of Liber Aleph.

LETTER 32: HOW CAN A YOGI EVER BE WORRIED?

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

That question I have been expecting for a very long time! And what **you** expect is to see my middle stump break the wicket-keeper's nose, with the balls smartly fielded by Third Man and Short Leg!

The references are to the game of cricket.

I admit that it looks like a strong case. Here (you put it in your more elegant prose) we have a Yogi, nay more, a Paramahansa, a Bodhisattva of the best: yea, further, we have a Master of the Temple—and is not his Motto "**Vi veri universonom vivus vici?**" and yet we find him fussing like an old hen over the most trivial of troubles; we find him wrapped in the lacustrine vapours of Avernus, fretting himself into a fever about

imaginary misfortunes at which no normal person would do more than cast a contemptuous glance, and get on with the job.

Yes, although you can scarcely evade indictment for unnecessarily employing the language of hyperbole, I see what you mean. Yet the answer is adequate; the very terms of his Bargain with Destiny not only allow for, but imply, some such reaction on the part of the Master to the Bludgeonings of Fate. (W. E. Henley)

*Here Mr. Germer added the following note:
"An English poet."*

There are two ways of looking at the problem. One is what I may call the mathematical. If I have ten and sixpence in the world and but a half-guinea cigar, I have no money left to buy a box of matches. To "snap out of it" and recover my normal serenity requires only a minute effort, and the whole of my magical energy is earmarked for the Great Work. I have none left to make that effort. Of course, if the worry is enough to interfere with that Work, I must detail a corporal's file to abate the nuisance.

The other way may be called the Taoist aspect. First, however, let me explain the point of view of the Master of the Temple, as it is so similar. You should remember from your reading what happens in this Grade. The new Master is "cast out" into the sphere appropriate to the nature of his own particular Great Work. And it is proper for him to act in true accordance with the nature of the man as he was when he passed through that Sphere (or Grade) on his upward journey. Thus, if he be cast out into $3^{\circ} = 8^{\circ}$, it is no part of his work to aim at the virtues of a $4^{\circ} = 7^{\circ}$; all that has been done long before ...

In theory, at any rate. In practice, it is possible to obtain insights of a Grade before attaining the technical expertise of another, perhaps "lower" Grade. The subject is too difficult and too ample, besides being too confidential, for a short discourse.

... It is no business of his to be bothering his head about anything at all but his Work; so he must react to events as they occur in the way natural to him without trying to "improve himself." (This, of course, applies not only to worry, but to all his funny little ways.)

The Taoist position differs little, but it is independent of all considerations of the man's attainment; it is an universal rule based on a particular theory of things in general. Thus, "benevolence and righteousness" are not "virtues;" they are only symptoms of the world-disease, in that they should be needed. The same applies to all conditions, and to all modes of seeking to modify them. There is only one proper reaction to event; that is, to adjust oneself with perfect elasticity to whatever happens.

That tiger across the paddy-field looks hungry. There are several ways of dealing with the situation. One can run away, or climb a tree, or shoot him, or (in **your** case) cow him by the Power of the Human Eye; but the way of the Tao is to take no particular notice. (This, incidentally, is not such bad Magick; the diversion of your attention might very well result in your becoming invisible, as I have explained in a previous letter.) The theory appears to be that, although your effort to save yourself is successful, it is bound to create a disturbance of equilibrium elsewhere, with results equally disastrous. Even more so; it might be that to be eaten by a tiger is just

what you needed in your career through the incarnations; at that moment there might well be a vacancy somewhere exactly where it will do most good to your Great Work ...

By "vacancy" in this sense he means an opportunity for incorporation, usually in a fetus. It has been alleged that in some cases it may be the True Will of a human being to invite the Magician to indwell his or her instrument of flesh. We opine that, from the perspective of the Lower Sephiroth, this would be an extremely rare occurrence if the arrangement were to last more than a moment of time. The British thriller writer Edgar Wallace wrote an interesting novel on this theme.

... When you press on one spot, you make a corresponding bulge in another, as we often see a beautiful lady, unhappy about her waist-line, adopt drastic measures, and transform herself into the semblance of a Pouter Puffin!

In theory, I am particularly pleased about this Method, because it goes for everybody, requires no knowledge, no technical training, "no nuffin." All the same, it won't do for me, except in a much modified form, and in very special cases; because no course of action (or inaction) is conceivable that would do great violence to my nature.

So let me worry along, please, with the accent on the "along;" I will grin and bear it, or, if it gets so bad that I can't do my Work, I will make the necessary effort to abate the nuisance, always most careful to do as little damage as possible to the main current of my total Energy.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

LETTER 33: THE GOLDEN MEAN

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the
Law.

You would think that one who like myself
has the Sun, the Lord of His Horoscope,
in Libra, with Venus who rules that sign
in close conjunction with him, with
Saturn trine, Uranus sextile, Mars square
and Luna quincunx to him, would wear
the Golden Mean as a breastplate, flaunt
it on my banneret, quarter it on my
escutcheon, and grave it on the two-edged
blade of my thrice trusty falchion!

Just so, objects that instinct itself! "Had
you been born a few hours earlier, with
Aries rising, its lord Mars aggravated by
the square of Sol and Venus, you would
indeed have been a Wild Man of the
Woods, arrogant, bigoted, domineering,
incapable of seeing a second side to any
question, headstrong, haughty, a seething
hell-broth of hate; and this fact disables
your judgment."

All perfectly true. My equable nature is
congenitally hostile to extreme measures,
except in imagination. I cannot bear
sudden violent movements. Climbing
rocks, people used to say that I didn't
climb them, that I oozed over them!

This explains, I think, my deep-seated
dislike of many passages in **The Book of
the Law**.

**O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn
this writing. I see thee hate the hand
& the pen; but I am stronger.**

(AL II 10-11)

Well, what is the upshot of all this? It

answers your question about the value to be attached to this Golden Mean. There is no rule about it; your own attitude is proper for yourself, and has no value for anybody else. But you must make sure exactly what that attitude actually is, deep down.

Let us go back for a moment to the passage above quoted. The text goes on to give the reason for the facts.

**Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.
(AL II 12-13)**

The unexpected use or disuse of capitals, the queer syntax, the unintelligibility of the whole passage: these certainly indicate some profound Qabalistic import in these texts.

So we had better mark that Strictly Private, and forget it.

The serious reader is referred to Marcelo Motta's notes on this passage in The Commentaries of AL.

One point, however, we have forgotten: although my Libra inclinations do bias me personally, they also make me fair-minded, "a judge, and a good judge too" in the memorable phrase of the late William Schwenk Gilbert ...

*Who, incidentally, was a Jew. I keep up these reminders because of the insistent Zionist campaign accusing Crowley of anti-semitism. Many people whom he admired were Jews by birth, and he did not admire them any less because of it. One of the few of his friends whom he never criticized, about whom he had only complimentary things to say, was Oscar Eckenstein, to whom we dedicated our edition of **The Commentaries of AL.***

So I will leave you what is to be said for and

against this Golden Mean.

As usual, nobody has taken the trouble to define the term. We know that it was extolled by both the Greek and the Chinese philosophers; but I cannot see that they meant much more than to counsel the avoidance of extremes, whether of measures or of opinions; and to advocate moderation in all things.

James Hilton has a most amusing Chinese in his *Lost Horizon*. When the American 100% he-man, mixer, joiner, and go-getter, agrees with him about broadmindedness in religious beliefs, and ends "and I'm dead sure you're right!" his host mildly rebukes him, saying: "But we are only moderately sure." Such thought plumbs the Abysses of Wisdom; at least, it may quite possibly do so. Forgive me if I emulate the teacher!

But this is not as simple as it sounds. There is great danger in this Golden Mean, one of whose main objects is to steer clear of shipwreck, Scylla being as fatal as Charybdis. No, this lofty and equable attitude is worse than wrong unless it derives from striking the balance between two very distant opposites. One of the worst perils of the present time is that, in the reaction against ignorant bigotry, people no longer dare to make up their minds about anything. The very practice, which the A:A: so strongly and persistently advocates, tends to make people feel that any positive attitude or gesture is certainly wrong, whatever may be right. They forget that the opposite may, **within the limit of the universe of discourse**, amount to nothing.

They fall into flabbiness.

I avoid this—see the example at the very outset of this letter—by saying: "Yes, I hate so-and-so like hell; I want to

exterminate the very memory of the bastard from the earth, after I have personally superintended having him 'Seven years a—killing' winding up by hanging, disembowelling, and quartering him. But of course I'm not necessarily right about this in any sense; it is merely that I happened to be born the kind of man that feels like that!"

Of course, in no case does the Golden Mean advise hesitating, trimming, hedging, compromising; the very object of ensuring an exact balance in your weapon is that its blow may be clean and certain.

You know how all our faults love to disguise themselves as virtues; very often, as what our neighbours call virtues, not what we ourselves think them. We are all ashamed to be ourselves; and this is sheer, stark stultification. For we **are** ourselves; we cannot get away from it; all our hypocrisies and shams are just as much part of ourselves as what we like to think is the real man. All that we do when we make these pretenses is to set up internal strain and conflict; there is nothing objective in it. Instead of adding to our experience, which is the Great Work, we shut ourselves up in this citadel of civil turmoil; it is the Formula of the Black Brothers.

The Golden Mean is more valuable as the extremes which it summarizes are distant from each other; that is the plain mechanics of the lever. So don't pay too much attention to these remarks; they are no more than the quiet fireside reflections of a man who has spent all his life breaking records. The Golden Mean at its best can only keep you from extravagant blunders; it will never get you anywhere.

The Book of the Law constantly implies a
new different policy, listen to its alimony

exhortation:

But exceed! exceed!
(AL II 71)

Remember that which is written:
"Moderate strength rings the bell: great strength returns the penny." It is always the little bit extra that brings home the bacon. It is the last attack that breaks through the enemy position. Water will never boil, however long you keep it at 99° C. You may find that a Pranayama cycle of 10-20-30 brings no result in months; put it up to 10-20-40, and Dhyana comes instantly. When in doubt, push just a little bit harder. You have no means of finding out what are exactly the right conditions for success in any practice; but all practices are alike in one respect; the desired result is in the nature of orgasm.

I guess that's about what I think.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

LETTER 34: THE TAO

(1)

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

This is the hardest question you have yet put to me: to explain the Tao. The only proper answer would be Silence, trusting to the slow dispersion and absorption of the disturbance created by your asking it. In that sentence there lies, really, the whole explanation: but I see well enough

that it won't do for you. You are not yet old or wise enough to understand that the only way to clear muddy water is to leave it alone. Still, you doubtless expect me to tell you just how that comes to pass; I will not disappoint you. First of all, what is the Tao? No proposed equivalent in any other language comes within a billion light—years of giving even an approximation. For one thing, it is itself a paradox; for another, it has several meanings which are apparently quite distinct. For instance, one sinologist calls it "Reason"; another, "The Way"; another "Tat" or "Shiva." These are all true in one sense or another. My own "White Hope" (see **The Book of Thoth**) is to identify it with the Qabalistic Zero. This last attribution is useful, as I will show presently, for hard practical reasons; it is an assumption which indicates the method of the Old Wise One who approaches the Tao.

As you know, the supreme classic of this subject, is the **Tao Teh King**; and I must suppose that you have read this in at least one of the several translations, else I should have to start by pushing my own version at you. (This has been ready for a quarter of a century, and I seem to be unable to get it printed!) ...

This has now been done. See Equinox V 3 subtitled "The Chinese Texts of Magick and Mysticism."

Note by David Bersson: I have had an extreme aversion towards the Dao (or Tao) for many years — sensing it was supposed to be included in the Curses in Third Chapter of The Book of the Law concerning the crapulous creeds of the Mongol. Not knowing for sure whether this is a private prejudice,

or a ripple in My Hair, or a karmic handicap, or something else entirely — I have reserved myself to silence about the issue of my repulsion toward the Dao. Have I changed my mind and attitude toward the Dao after so many years of meditation and caution with regards on whether it is a crapulous creed of the Mongol to be cursed? No, I haven't. I read *The Book of the Law* & feel the vigor and excitement of its words — yet when I read the Dao I feel like I will take a dark and demonic turn from my aspiration and Path by partaking of its essence. Therefore, stand warned that I may have been right all these years!

... None of these published translations, learned and admirable though they may be as such, can be of use except to familiarize you with the terminology; for not one of these scholars has the most nebulous idea of that Laotze was talking about ...

The next fourteen lines of Crowley's text were cut out of Mr. Regardie's "edition".

... I can hardly hope to emphasize sternly enough how deep and wide is the "Great Gulf fixed" between the initiate and the profane, when questions of this kind are on the Magic Carpet. Suppose you were transported (on that Carpet!) to a planet where the highest means of reproduction was germination; try to make the denizens understand Catullus, Shelley, Rossetti, or Emily Brontë! It is, honestly, quite as bad as that. How can anyone grasp the idea of perfect and absolute negation being at the same time the sole motive force of all that exists?

"Tao hath no will to work;

~~~~~



**The Moon and Sun rejoice  
to run  
Among the starry Seven."**

**King Kang Khang.**

*A variant reading of the second verse is "Yet by its way of Heaven." This reading is in our personal copy of the translation by Crowley given us by Mr. Germer, and is the one we used in **Equinox V 3**.*

**The Book of the Law** states the doctrine of Tao very succinctly:

**...thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no other shall say nay. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.**

**(AL I, 42-44)**

**"Thus also the Sage, seeking not any goal, attaineth all things; he does not interfere in the affairs of his body, and so that body acteth without friction. It is because he meddleth not with his personal aims that these come to pass with simplicity." Tao Teh King, VII 2.**

The ideal analogy seems to be that of a planet in its orbit. It has its "true motion;" it meets the minimum of friction from circumambient space. When it suffers the attraction of another body, it sways slightly to make the proper adjustment without effort or argument; it can, consequently, continue indefinitely in its orbit

This is roughly the plan of the Taoist in his attitude to life. Having ascertained the Path which satisfies the equations of his Nature (as we say, "found his True Will") he continues "without lust of result," acting only when it happens to be necessary to adjust himself to any external stress that affects him, and so proceeds happily

**"thinking of a way  
To feed oneself on batter,  
And so go on from day to  
day  
Getting a little fatter."**

—assuming that his "True Will" is of that variety. Basil King Lamus asserts this in **The Diary of A Drug Fiend** when he says: "If I were a dog, I should bark; if I were an owl, I should hoot." It is rather like the pattern in the game of dominoes; you put the card that matches. No other consideration comes into it at all.

It is the extreme simplicity of this idea which baffles people's minds, and the universal quality of impatience which makes everybody fidget, and so injure the delicacy of the "fine adjustment" which is the essence of the work.

*The next twenty five lines were excised from Mr. Regardie's piracy.*

When I used to climb rocks, I never jumped, I never grabbed, I never made a sudden or a violent movement; therefore, with thin smooth arms like a young girl's, and legs, tough enough it is true but always slow and steady, I used to find myself at the top of pitches that had beaten all the gymnasts.

In every sport worth the name one may observe similar facts. Consider the delicacy required for big breaks at billiards; the problem is always to secure

favourable readjustment with a minimum of disturbance. Of course, there are positions which demand drastic treatment; but that is the best evidence that the balls have got into the worst possible mess from your point of view. But it was an exquisitely delicate "safety shot" that got them like that. True, there are games in which brute force is the way to victory; but such games never make progress in themselves. The "tug-of-war" or "tossing the caber" are exactly as they were fifty—or five hundred—years ago. Contrast the advance in "positional" chess!

Oh yes, this is all old stuff! Of course it is; but it remains a useful sort of basis for meditation when you are seeking to understand one aspect of the Way of the Tao.

Anyhow (you protest) this is getting away from the question as to what Tao actually is. Good; but I want you to abstain from trying to make an intellectual image of it, still less to visualize it. I tried at one time to do something of the sort with the **Fourth Dimension**: Hinton gives a practice involving complex patterns of cubes; and I was never able to make anything of it.

As I said above, it is a matter of Neschamah; but what follows may help you.

Why is the Tao translated "Reason"? Because by "Reason" is here meant the structure of the mind itself; a Buddhist who had succeeded with Mahasatipatthana might call it the Consciousness of the Tendency to Perceive the Sensation of Anything. For in the last resort, and through the pursuit of one line of analysis, this structure is all that we can call our consciousness. Everything of which we can in any way be aware may be interpreted as being some

function of this structure.

**Note by David Bersson: Well, my previous remarks on the Dao are only emphasized by the Dao having for its definition "reason". Now, what does it state in The Book of the Law about "reason"? My recommendation is to curse the Dao as a crapulous creed of the Mongol — and this in spite of the apparent reverence that my Superiors in the A·A·V and the O.T.O. have held toward its current. My initiations and experiences are not those of my superiors — and My School of Thought and estimation on these issues are clearly elaborated on within my numerous essays. Wake up! The Book of the Law is therefore stating that the Dao is a lie, for as already remarked Dao has for its definition as "reason". The truth is, the Tao is mystical philosophy that has for its manifestation of the asexual old man who has forgotten the vitality of his youth — and mistaken his lack of life force in his old age for wisdom. This has initiated the dogmatic propaganda in the Orient that old age is equivalent to wisdom — a lie perpetuated by those who would confuse the attitude of youthful frivolity with lack of wisdom. The Law of Θελημα rips into this delusion and tears it to pieces like so much tissue paper — the vigor of the Eternal Child & the awakening of the Magical Child with leaping laughter manifests from the core of our being as we move forth with life, liberty and volition. I quote those brilliant and powerful words from The Book of the Law:**

**Beauty and strength, leaping  
laughter and delicious languor, force  
and fire, are of us.  
(AL II vs. 20)**

Note! **Function.** For now we see why Tao may also be translated "The Way"; for it is the **motion** of the structure that we observe. There is no Being apart from Going.

You are familiar with the Four Powers of the Sphinx, attributed by the Adepts of old time to their Four Elements. Air is to Know, Scire; Fire is to Will, Velle; Water is to Dare, Audere; and Earth is to Keep Silence, Tacere ...

*It is interesting, however, that elsewhere he gives a different attribution, in which Fire is to Dare and Water is to Will; for this latter definition is much more in accordance with the entire Method of the Yellow School. See page 314, first paragraph, Equinox V, 3, "The Chinese Texts of Magick and Mysticism." Should this attribution hold, then the Powers of the Sphinx as referred to the elements are Spirit To Move (or Go), Fire To Dare, Water To Will, Air To Know and Earth To Keep Silence. Again, in Liber Aleph vel CXI Crowley goes into the Powers of the Sphinx very deeply but from an entirely different direction. The reader must of course decide for himself or herself which interpretation accords most with his or her True Will, or find a different one! Crowley's attribution of Will to Water was first put down in his notes to his copy of Legge's translation of the Yi Jing, which was in Mr. Germer's possession and from which, with our instructor's consent, we made our copies of his notes. Those notes were written, in many cases, in the last three years of his life; thus the definition of Water as To*

*Will may have come after he wrote the above explanation, and if so must represent his more mature thought on the subject.*

... But now that a fifth Element, spirit, is generally recognized in the Qabalah, I have deemed it proper to add a Fifth Power corresponding: to Go, Ire. (**Book of Thoth**, p. 275)

*The O.T.O. is preparing a new, annotated edition of this book. The introduction of Spirit in the concept of the Elements, which was first proposed by the old so-called "Rosicrucians" of the late Middle Ages of Europe, is in great part due to Ms. Blavatsky's influence on pupils like Franz Hartmann and Rudolph Steiner, who after her death, noticing the total moral corruption of Besant and Leadbeater, withdrew from the Tosphosopic Society to work in the O.T.O.*

Then, as Spirit is the Origin, the Essence, and the Sum of the other four, so is to Go in relation to those powers. And to Go is the very meaning of the name God, as elsewhere shewn in these letters; hence the Egyptian Gods were signalized as such by their bearing the Ankh, which is a Sandal—strap, and in its form the Crux Ansata, the Rosy Cross, the means whereby we demonstrate the Godhead of our Nature. See then how sweetly each idea slides into the next! How *right* this is, that the Quintessence should be dynamic and not static! For if there were some form of Being separate from Going, it would necessarily be subject to decay; and, in any case, a thing impossible to apprehend, since apprehension is itself an Act, not an idea immobile which would be bound to change in the very moment of grasping it.

As I have tried to show in another letter, the

"Point-Event" (or whatever it is) of which we are **aware** is a change, or, less inaccurately, the memory of one; the things that change remain relentlessly unknown.

*This is an initiatic perception, and the result of advanced Yoga practice, especially Pratyahara. It is very unsettling to the mind to perceive for the first time that, far from being the origin of "thoughts," it is merely a means of manipulating impressions, and that these impressions themselves are unreal in the first place, being effects and not causes of organized life. The mind must be taught to control "thoughts" if it is to be an efficient servant of the Will. What we call a "thought" is nothing but the ultimate impression made upon our brains of organic changes of the most infinitesimal sort, bioelectricity moving along the nerves. The entire system is unstable, constantly changing; permanence of consciousness is merely the ability to keep jumping across the sea of impressions from the tip of an iceberg to another, without ever taking stock of what is under the waves. It is thus not "permanence" at all. Stability depends on continual Change. It is also not "real consciousness" at all, for it perceives symbols of phenomena, rather than the phenomena themselves. Direct perception of phenomena, if it be possible, must exist on a level quite other than that of the normal brain activity even of a scientific genius; much more, then, than the "brain" of a theologian!*

It does seem to me, young woman, that you ought to go over these ideas again and again, familiarizing yourself intimately with this process of passing from one to another, so intimately that it becomes automatic and spontaneous for you to run

round the circle in perfectly frictionless ease; for otherwise your mind will be for ever pestering you all your life, and even your conscience reproaching you; they will say "But you have never got a definite answer to any single one of your original questions." We are all—most of us, anyhow—born with this hankering after the definite; it is our weakness that yearns for repose. We do not see that this is death; if any of these answers could be cut off short and neatly trimmed with paper frills like a ham, it would no longer be even an approximation to truth.

I am quite sure that this is the Doctrine of the Tao, and of opinion that no other body of teaching puts forward its thought more clearly or more simply.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## LETTER 35: THE TAO (2)

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You are only one of a number of people who are interested in my translation of the **Tao Teh King**. Naturally, I want to publish it; but so many other things come first. So I am sending you the Introduction, in the hope that it will stimulate that interest to the point of getting some other publisher to give it sea-room.

*You must understand his plight, which he himself, in his Pure Fool's innocence, did*



not understand very well. He was the subject of a relentless campaign of vilification, libel, slander, and smear, fomented mostly, at first, by the Vatican. Then the Zionists, the Tosphosopists, and other Christist denominations took it up. The continuous articles and bits of "news" published about him in the yellow press were unbelievable; any human being guilty of half what was attributed to him would have either been executed for murder or spent the rest of his life in jail. There was absolutely no chance of his work finding a publisher at the time, but many unscrupulous third-raters were waiting cagily for his death, hoping to profit from it. Men like Israel Regardie and Donald Weiser — if such creatures can be called "men" at all — were planning ahead to make money off him without having to pay royalties to anyone but themselves, and without having to ask permission to publish things that they knew they would not be permitted to publish anyway. What real Thelemite would want to have his or her name associated with Regardie, Weiser, Grant and others of their ilk? We ourselves, as soon as we discovered, from researching the facts, the depth of moral corruption of those people, cut contact with them forever. Crowley's translation of the **Dao De Jing** is finally available to the public in a legitimate, Thelemic edition, from which the genuine O.T.O. — his O.T.O., and it only — will benefit for at least a century. Serious readers who have not bought our material before are referred to Equinox V, 3, "The Chinese Texts of Magick and Mysticism," for a complete and faithful edition of all Crowley's work on the Method of the Yellow School, with the exception of the **Shi Yi Jien**, which will be published separately due to its bulk.

*and special format. If you cannot find "The Chinese Texts of Magick and Mysticism" in your local bookshop, you may order it directly from us, with the advantage that you will be put on our mailing list, and be informed of any new planned publications, sometimes with a chance to acquire them at pre-publication prices much below retail. Also remember that our first editions invariably become bibliophile treasures, and thus are excellent investments in every way. The rest of this letter is a direct quote from Crowley's planned introduction to his translation of Lao Zi's masterpiece. We omit our notes, which the reader will find in our edition of this, the best translation of the classic of Daoism for the next thousand years at least. Whoever may produce a better one in the future will owe as much to Crowley as to Lao Zi.*

I bound myself to devote my life to Magick at Easter 1898 (era vulgari) and received my first initiation on November 18 of that year.

*Crowley never mentioned details of this initiation. What actually happened was that he invoked the "Devil," since he was absolutely revolted with the results of so-called Christianity; and was flabbergasted when he was visited by the "Christ" as effect of his "satanic" invocations. This being was, of course, Aiwass Himself, though it was years before Crowley understood this. Cf. VII, vii 15, and VII iv 34-48.*

My friend and climbing companion, Oscar Eckenstein ...

*A very high initiate, and a Jew by human birth.*

... gave me my first instructions in learning the control of the mind early in 1901 e.v.,

in Mexico City. Shri Parananda, Solicitor General of Ceylon, an eminent writer upon, and teacher of, Yoga from the orthodox Shaivite standpoint, and Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya, (Allan Bennett) the great English Adept, who was one of my earliest instructors in Magick, and joined the Sangha in Burma in 1902 e.v., gave me my first groundings in mystical theory and practice. I spent some months of 1901 in Kandy, Ceylon with the latter, until success crowned my work.

*This success was absolute in Hatha Yoga, but only relative in Raja Yoga at the time. He conquered Asana, Pranayama and Dharana; but upon experiencing Dhyana abandoned mystical progress until much later. We marvel at the insouciance of the average occultist. We knew a lady once who considered herself to have attained the Grade of Adeptus Minor, and who calmly lent us Jung's annotated edition of The Secret of the Golden Flower, insinuating that it would do for us what Book Four Part I and Eight Lectures on Yoga would not or could not. Yet, this creature was incapable of sitting her fat ass still through asana for more than five minutes—if this much.*

I also studied all varieties of Asiatic philosophy, especially with regard to the practical question of spiritual development, the Sufi doctrines ...

*His study of the Sufi doctrines is reflected in that subtle work, the Bagh—I—Muattar, which was so shocking to John Symonds' prurient mind that this incompetent biographer could not believe it had a serious intention behind its ribald depiction of Arab homosexuality.*

... the Upanishads, the Sankhara, Veda and Vedanta, the Bhagavad Gita and Purana

the Dammapada, and many other classics, together with numerous writings on the Tantra and Yoga of such men as Patanjali, Vivekananda, etc., etc. Not a few of these teachings are as yet wholly unknown to scholars. I made the scope of my studies as comprehensive as possible, omitting no school of thought however unimportant or repugnant.

*This quality of intellectual courage was perhaps the most outstanding aspect of Crowley as a scholar. Very few people at this end of the Twentieth Century e.v. can even begin to fathom what it took to publish **EQUINOX VOL. I** in England, and the wave of malignant hatred that fell on the Magus.*

I made a critical examination of all these teachers in the light of my practical experience. The physiological and psychological uniformity of mankind guaranteed that the diversity of expression concealed a unity of significance. This discovery was confirmed, furthermore, by reference to Jewish, Greek, and Celtic traditions. One quintessential truth was common to all cults, from the Hebrides to the Yellow Sea; and even the main branches proved essentially identical. It was only the foliage that exhibited incompatibility.

*Cf. Liber LXI vv. 1-5, 7, 17-18, 22-24.*

When I walked across China in 1905-6 e.v., I was fully armed and accoutred by the above qualifications to attack the till&mdashthen&mdashinsoluble problem of the Chinese conception of religious truth. Practical studies of the psychology of such Mongolians as I had met in my travels, had already suggested to me that their acentric conception of the universe might represent the correspondence in consciousness of their actual psychological characteristics.

*Here, Crowley commits his first inexactitude, but due more to the scant knowledge available about the "yellow" races at his time than to personal prejudice. The psychology of the Mongolian was vastly different from the Chinese prior to Lao Zi's emigration (we are not trying to suggest a chain of cause and effect) to the Mongol steppes. The Mongols practiced shamanism of the simplest sort, and could safely be called fetishists. The Chinese had an extremely sophisticated corpus of mysticism, which unfortunately continue to be misunderstood by most western scholars. The equation of "heaven" with the Judeo-Christian vulgar concept of the after-life, for instance, is ridiculous. What the Chinese meant by "Heaven" was roughly the same as the Thelemic qabalist means when he or she speaks of the Supernals, at least in terms of level of discourse. No single deity or location is meant or could be meant by the term that we translate as "heaven." The simple shamanism of the Mongols is best exemplified by Genghis Khan, who tolerated all religions, and enforced the toleration of all religions, as long as he lived, and received not only Jewish scholars but Christian priests in his tent. He allowed and even encouraged his children and his chieftains to hear their discourses yet, kept faithful to the religion of his forefathers to the day of his death, and above all venerated the totem of his tribe, which happened to be the hawk. The infusion of Chinese sophistication in Mongolian psychology came only when Kublai Khan, Genghis' grandson, abandoned the life of the steppes and became even more Chinese than the Chinese themselves. This marked the end of the rule of the Hordes.*

I was therefore prepared to examine the doctrines of their religious and philosophic Masters without prejudice such as had always rendered nugatory the efforts of missionary sinologists; indeed, all oriental scholars with the single exception of Rhys Davids. Until his time, translators had invariably assumed, with absurd naïveté, or (more often) arrogant bigotry, that a Chinese writer must be putting forth either a more or less distorted and degraded variation of some Christian conception, or utterly puerile absurdities. Even so great a man as Max Müller, in his introduction to the Upanishads, seems only half inclined to admit that the apparent triviality and folly of many passages in these so-called sacred writings might owe their appearance to our ignorance of the historical and religious circumstances, a knowledge of which would render them intelligible.

During my solitary wanderings among the mountainous wastes of Yun Nan, the spiritual atmosphere of China penetrated my consciousness, thanks to the absence of any intellectual impertinences from the organ of knowledge.

*It is perhaps worthwhile to remark on this sentence. The average, we hope healthily, skeptical reader may ponder that he or she cannot understand how one can learn about the people of a country wandering in its wastes. We could be half-facetious and remark that the average interplanetary traveler might learn a lot about our "civilization" by examining the garbage deposits of any big city. But what is actually meant is something else, and perhaps the defense (if not the justification) a magickal or mystical retirements. The geography of a country cannot but*

*impose cultural modifications in the inhabitants. Should one draw away from the noise and frenzy of those inhabitants and wander in the wilds of their territory, one might perceive some of the roots of their appetites and fears. Also, one might get telepathic insights on a level impossible otherwise. But this, as Rudyard Kipling might say is another story. This is the sort of thing that in the absence of an adequate number of experimenters to provide parameters of measurement must remain at least for the time being, subject to purely personal evaluation. We recommend the experiment as a useful exercise.*

The **Tao Teh King** revealed its simplicity and sublimity to my soul ...

*In James Legge's translation.*

... little by little, as the conditions of my physical, no less than of my spiritual life, penetrated the sanctuaries of my spirit. The philosophy of Lao Tze communicated itself to me, in despite of the persistent efforts of my mind to compel it to conform with my preconceived notions of what the text must mean. This process, having thus taken root in my innermost intuition during those tremendous months of wandering Yun Nan, grew continually throughout succeeding years. Whenever I found myself able once more to withdraw myself from the dissipations and distractions which contact with civilization forces upon a man, no matter how vigorously he may struggle against their insolence, to the sacred solitude of the desert, whether among the sierras of Spain or the sands of the Sahara, I found that the philosophy of Lao Tze resumed its sway upon my soul, subtler and stronger on each successive occasion.

But neither Europe nor Africa can show any such desolation as America. The

proudest, stubbornest, bitterest peasant of deserted Spain, the most primitive and superstitious Arab of the remotest oases, are a little more than kin and never less than kind at their worst; whereas in the United States one is almost always conscious of an instinctive lack of sympathy and understanding with even the most charming and cultured people.

*This situation has been changed to a degree since, mostly by Frater Saturnus X<sup>o</sup> having taken residence, during the last years of his life, in that country. What Crowley did not understand during his stay in America was that he was under constant magickal attack; this attack manifested particularly through pseudo-American Masons. In this respect, it is illuminating to read Simburne Clymer's works on Rosicrucianism, and particularly attacks against A.M.O.R.C. Mr. Clymer's works were written with the purpose of proving that A.M.O.R.C. was not the 'real' Rosicrucian society in America. But who can prove or disprove the legitimacy of a Rosicrucian, unless he (or she) is a legitimate member of that ancient group of people? And, as every serious student knows, the Rosicrucians were forbidden by their own vows, to expose themselves as such. Mr. Clymer's (or whoever wrote under this name) works are, therefore, self-defeating insofar as the intention was to prove or disprove the legitimacy of any Rosicrucian movement. But they thoroughly illuminate (if you will pardon the pun!) the level of shallowness, malice, vulgarity and pettiness of which Mr. Clymer and his supporters were capable. To say nothing of their leverage on corrupt policemen and dishonest judges.*

It was therefore during my exile in America



that the doctrines of Lao Tze developed most rapidly in my soul, ever forcing their way outwards until I felt it imperious, nay inevitable, to express them in terms of conscious thought.

*The pearl is a symbol of this process.*

No sooner had this resolve taken possession of me than I realized that the task approximated to impossibility. His very simplest ideas, the primitive elements of his thought, had no true correspondences in any European terminology. The very first word "Tao" presented a completely insoluble problem. It had been translated "Reason", "The Way", "To Ov." None of these convey any true conception of the Tao.

The Tao is reason in this sense, that the substance of things may be in part apprehended as being that necessary relation between the elements of thought which determines the laws of reason. In other words, the only reality is that which compels us to connect the various forms of illusion as we do.

*Or, in still other words, since all that which we can think of is not true, but merely an image of reality falsified through the lens of the Ego, the gestalt of the process by which we reason is the only reality, since it equates with our psychosomatic tendencies. The Ego is thus, a polity or again, a gestalt, rather than a Monad. A resultant cannot be called the only force since it is a function and not a constant. Indeed, the only constants are the conditions under which the gestalts occur—and these are syndromes, not Monads.*

It is thus evidently unknowable, and expressible neither by speech nor by silence.

*Now, this is going too far; and in our opinion, Crowley himself would have*

*qualified this statement had computer analysis and the computer itself been available for his perusal at the time it was written. In our opinion, all yields to mathematical analysis; and the computer over a period of a few hundred years of time, will be able to fathom many unknowns of the human brain – provided it is programmed by an Adept!...*

All that we can know about it is that there is inherent in it a power (which however is not itself) by virtue whereof all beings appear in forms congruous with the nature of necessity.

*This necessity is again, the structure of the human psychosoma; as Euclidean geometry for instance, has been demonstrated to be nothing more than a very unsophisticated extension of the concept of space awakened in the mind of a child by the movements of the physical human body.*

The Tao is also "the Way"—in the following sense. Nothing exists except as a relation with other similarly postulated ideas. Nothing can be known in itself, but only as one of the participants in a series of events. Reality is therefore in the motion, not in the thing moved.

*In this sense, 'Way' becomes a peculiarly apt description, since the word means simultaneously manner (or process) and path. The reader should note that again, it is a gestalt that is sought through the concept. (We use the word 'gestalt,' rather loosely, and not at all in its accepted psychoanalytical sense, to indicate a coherent summation in the mind of stimuli occurring in several levels. These levels in themselves, being up to a point part of the stimuli; and yet, simultaneously, parameters of the conditions through which the stimuli can*

*occur.)*

We cannot apprehend anything except as one postulated element of an observed impression of change. We may express this in other terms as follows. Our knowledge of anything is in reality the sum of our observations of its successive movements, that is to say, of its path from event to event. In this sense the Tao may be translated as "the Way." It is not a thing in itself in the sense of being an object susceptible of apprehension by sense or mind.

As a way or process, however, it can be apprehended—or we would not be talking about it here! Its enormous complexity of operation, however, makes any attempts at analysis confusing and even misleading. It is not susceptible to intellectual apprehension in the normal sense; indeed, any one intellectual formulation of it can but be partial, as A.C. is demonstrating as he goes, and as Lao Zi himself stated very simply and firmly in the first paragraph of his book.

It is not the cause of anything; it is rather the category underlying all existence or event ...

*This breath-taking concept is of a daring unequalled by theologians at any time, and makes Lao Zi, perhaps, the deepest thinker of all ages. It must be clearly apprehended, especially by minds of scientific bent. Lao Zi states as we did, that our apprehension of reality is limited by our psychosoma, but he goes still further and says that the way in which our psychosoma is formed, and the manner in which our psychosoma functions, are precipitations or projections of the cosmic balance of forces, or the "All-Dao." He therefore takes us into an assessment—or attempt at assessment—of the origin of intelligent life. His postulate is then*

*similar to that of the Thelemic Qabalah: not only has all life (and even all form) the same origin, but there is also an essential underlying 'fraternity' in all that lives, since all comes from the same source. The main difference between Lao Zi and theologians consists in that scientists can—and will—study the Dao; in fact, are studying it every time they work. While no scientist gifted with the slightest common sense would waste his or her time studying for instance, the Christist 'God!' ...*

... and therefore true and real as they are illusory, being merely landmarks invented for convenience in describing our experiences.

*Reality is relative and the grossest concepts of reality are always subjective. Toothache can be excruciating to whoever experiences it; but not only the tooth but also the bacteria working in it are nothing but enormously complex force-fields; and so is the trigeminus; so as a matter of fact, is the brain. Naturally, the sufferer of toothache will have a few well-chosen words to say about the above statement; but unless a mind achieve the level of apprehension and apparent detachment we describe, the cure of toothache is impossible. We stressed apparent because in reality, the level of apprehension encouraged by Lao Zi is much closer to the origin of phenomena—thus, to efficient manipulation of them—than the level of the average sufferer of toothache. At least at the time the toothache is occurring! The subjectiveness of any concept of reality is inescapable as long as man is the only intelligent species with which men can communicate. Hence, it would be wise to try to talk to the cetaceans, rather than kill them for*

*blubber. The advances in science deriving from success in communication are a priori incalculable, but the potentialities are staggering.*

The Tao possesses no power to cause anything to exist or to take place.

*Being the 'Universal Balance of Forces,' the All-Dao in itself, is totally indifferent to the occurrence of events.*

Yet our experience when analyzed tells us that the only reality of which we may be sure is this path or Way which resumes the whole of our knowledge.

*This point of view is clearly arguable; but it is arguable in the last quarter of the Twentieth Century, after cybernetics, computer analysis, integrated circuitry, the neutron, the positron, the neutrino, et al.; to say nothing of the fact that we who say it is arguable, have reached the position of stating so by following the very psychological and ethical theories established by Crowley. The All-Dao has no 'power' to cause anything to exist or to take place; yet, things **do** exist and **do** take place (this last expression by the way, deserved careful attention from physicists, advanced mathematicians and psychologists with a modicum of scientific training-unhappily, few as yet). Why? This question is related to the Mystery of the Magus and perhaps, the Ipsissimus; it is presumptuous for us to go into it except to state, again, that Point-Events **do** occur and perhaps, to add that as the Atheists say, **There is no god but man**; at least, as long as we keep slaying the cetaceans for meat and blubber.*

As for TO ON ...

*TO is the Greek article of **the**, ON is the present participle of the verb to be; hence, The **Being**, or that which is*

*'absolute existence.' It may surprise most modern speakers of the English language to learn that 'being' is not an original Anglo-Saxon word, but an attempt to translate Platonic concepts of existence into English; and this indirectly, since the influence was that of Thomas Aquinas! It may also surprise not only modern speakers of English, but many pseudo-philosophers and scholars, that TO ON is in essence, the same thing as the Hindu ATMAN. This concept is totally un-Thelemic. Cf. Liber VII IV,51. In a very restricted sense, what A.C. means by his objections to the use of TO ON as a translation of the Dao is that the Platonic concept of existence is connected with the Platonic ideal 'Archetypes.' From the Thelemic point of view, those archetypes, which were so useful to Christist theologians, beginning with Aquinas are merely expressions of cultural prejudice at its worst.*

... which superficially might seem the best translation of Tao as described in the text, it is the most misleading of the three. For To On possesses an extensive connotation implying a whole system of Platonic concepts, than which nothing can be more alien to the essential quality of the Tao. Tao is neither "being" nor "not being" in any sense which Europe could understand. It is neither existence, nor a condition or form of existence. Equally, TO MH ON gives no idea of Tao. Tao is altogether alien to all that class of thought. From its connection with "that principle which necessarily underlies the fact that events occur ...

*But it so happens that as we have already stated, it is **NECESSARILY** not one principle, but a gestalt of forces, conditions, planes of operation, and interactions among all these things. Nor*

*is the 'Resultant,' necessarily **TO ON** itself in the Platonic definition, which is- if philosophers will pardon our frankness-**the outlook of slave-minds.***

... one might suppose that the "Becoming" of Heraclitus might assist us to describe the Tao. But the Tao is not a principle at all of that kind. To understand it requires an altogether different state of mind to any with which European thinkers in general are familiar.

*The greater subtlety of Eastern thought is at least partly of genetic origin. The 'yellow' races tend to have a higher average IQ than the blacks and the whites. But dogmatic religion there as here, has always produced monstrous aberrations.*

It is necessary to pursue unflinchingly the path of spiritual development on the lines indicated by the Sufis, the Hindus and the Buddhists; and, having reached the trance called Nerodha-Sammapati, in which are destroyed all forms soever of consciousness ...

*This is roughly the equivalent of Shivadarshana in Shivaite Yoga and Vedanta nomenclature. There are many levels and modification of this Trance, as of all others.*

... there appears in that abyss of annihilation the germ of an entirely new type of idea, whose principal characteristic is this: that the entire concatenation of One's previous experiences and conceptions could not have happened at all, save by virtue of this indescribable necessity.

I am only too painfully aware that the above exposition is faulty in every respect. In particular, it presupposes in the reader considerable familiarity with the subject, thus practically begging the question. It

must also prove almost wholly unintelligible to the average reader, him in fact whom I especially aim to interest.

For his sake I will try to elucidate the matter by an analogy. Consider electricity. It would be absurd to say that electricity **is** any of the phenomena by which we know it. We take refuge in the *petitio principii* ...

*Naturally, this expression also presupposes in the average reader, some knowledge of Latin and of formal logic. Crowley's average reader therefore, is someone of considerable general culture and interested in metaphysics and parapsychology-not exactly the average citizen in Mobile, Alabama or Irkutsk, Siberia! 'Petitio principii' means the same thing as 'begging the question.'*

... of saying that electricity is that form of energy which is the principal cause of such and such phenomena. Suppose now that we eliminate this idea as evidently illogical. What remains? We must not hastily answer "Nothing remains." There is some thing inherent in the nature of consciousness, reason, perception, sensation, and of the universe of which they inform us, which is responsible for the fact that we observe these phenomena and not others; that we reflect upon them as we do, and not otherwise. But, even deeper than this, part of the reality of the inscrutable energy which determines the form of our experience, consists in determining that experience should take place at all. It should be clear that this has nothing to do with any of the Platonic conceptions of the nature of things.

*In short, it is not conceptions (no matter how glorious or all-including!) that are being investigated, but the conceiving faculty itself. Obviously a very difficult thing to do, as well as a long to*



*magnifying itself. Hence the pressing need of establishing communication with intelligent life forms other than our own. They can examine us while we examine them, and perhaps reach much more realistic conclusions than were possible even to a sage of Lao Zi's magnitude. Need we repeat that we might find conversation with the cetaceans more profitable and less risky (at least as a first step) than the frantic search of slave minds after little green men (or whatever) in flying saucers? Surely Damon Knights classic story, "To Serve Man," cannot be entirely forgotten! No one has established yet that the cetaceans are out to cook and eat us—rather the contrary.*

The least abject asset in the intellectual bankruptcy of European thought is the Hebrew Qabalah.

*Now that is a fine phrase, and perhaps Jewish scholars will understand better why we prefer the expression **Thelemic** Qabalah. For the Jewish Qabalists in their majority are as foolish and as dogmatic as the Christist theologians. We remember meeting a Jew, a high—grade old—aeon Mason, who as very shocked when we insinuated that perhaps the Qabalah had been made for men and not men for the Qabalah! We will go further and state here, knowing that we shock many orthodox Zionists in so doing, that the Qabalah was made **by** men and not by in A.C.'s fine phrase, some gaseous (rhymes with nauseous) vertebrate of the male sex with flashing eyes and a white beard! It is almost impossible to trace the origin of the diagram called the Tree—of—Life because undoubtedly, it was conceived little by little and confirmed by the spiritual experience (never forget that*

experience results from experiment) of a great number of wise and courageous men (and perhaps even a few women— Cf. Du Guesclin's famous wife) at a time of the most narrow-minded and bloodthirsty religious persecutions in the history of the Western world. The Qabalists had to walk a razor's edge, with the burning stake on one side of the threat of madness at the other. Perhaps at some future date the history of this period of formation of the modern Qabalah—the experimental Qabalah of mystics and magickians—will be determined; perhaps the records are hopelessly lost by now. At any rate, the Qabalah that we prefer to call Thelemic started making an appearance during the Middle Ages, probably at the same time that Masonry began to form (see our **Letter to a Brazilian Mason**). Undoubtedly it was known by the Alchemists, consequently also by the Rosicrucians (so-called). During the reign of Frederick the Second, perhaps, Arab and Jewish scholarship was able to confer and coalesce the Qabalah that eventually pervaded the mystical fraternities of the following centuries. The word 'occultism,' still so much in use, should be mentioned in this context. Obscurantism was never the intention of the early and legitimate Masons, Rosicrucians and Alchemists. They kept their findings and their experiments secret in order to spare themselves and their descendants (as well, and perhaps foremost, as their successors) the most hideous death at the hands of demented bigots. It was never the intention of those honest and brave men, whose memory honors our race, to cast a veil of secrecy around their findings in order to keep themselves the superiors (?!) of

*slave—concept. They fully intended to make their findings public as soon as they could do so without foolishly sacrificing themselves—only megalomaniacs yearn after martyrdom, and only the Christists among megalomaniacs, at that. And they **did** make their findings public, skillfully and patiently. Many died in the process, having been too optimistic about the level of intellectual awareness and emotional control of the people to whom they made their revelations. Giordano Bruno and Michel Servet are but two examples.*

... Properly understood, it is a system of symbolism indefinitely elastic, assuming no axioms, postulating no principles, asserting no theorems, and therefore adaptable, if managed adroitly, to describe any conceivable doctrine.

*In the same way in which Gregory IX placed in the 'Holy Sepulchre' under interdict after Frederick the Second excommunicated, became the first Christian (we do not mean Christist!) to achieve a successful Crusade to make it safe for visitation by Christists, we expect orthodox Jewish Qabalists to abjure and deplore this view of the Qabalah. It is a measure of Crowley's genuine love and respect for his fellowmen that he never conceived such a possibility. In spite of his childhood and the attacks he suffered throughout his life, he never really understood the extent of stupidity and blind hatred among human beings until in his late forties. And he spent the next thirty years of his life wishing he were dead—but forced to go on living in order to remain—the Beast.*

It has been my continual study since 1898, and I have found it of infinite value in the

study of the "**Tao Teh King.**" By its aid I was able to attribute the ideas of Lao Tze to an order with which I was exceedingly familiar, and whose practical worth I had repeatedly proved by using it as the basis of the analysis and classification of all Aryan and Semitic religions and philosophies. Despite the essential difficulty of correlating the ideas of Lao Tze with any others, the persistent application of the Qabalistic keys eventually unlocked his treasure-house. I was able to explain to myself his teachings in terms of familiar systems.

This achievement broke the back of my Sphinx. Having once reduced Lao Tze to Qabalistic form, it was easy to translate the result into the language of philosophy. I had already done much to create a new language based on English with the assistance of a few technical terms borrowed from Asia, and above all by the use of a novel conception of the idea of Number and of algebraic and arithmetical procedure to convey the results of spiritual experience to intelligent students.

*Indeed, this was perhaps the foremost achievement of Crowley as a scholar. Something of the sort had been attempted by William James before him in **Varieties of Religious Experience.** But although there is no denying the depth of James' psychological insight, he was not himself, a mystic. And A.C.'s achievement far surpasses his in every sense.*

It is therefore not altogether without confidence that I present this translation of the **Tao Teh King** to the public. I hope and believe that careful study of the text, as elucidated by my commentary, will enable serious aspirants to the hidden Wisdom to understand (with fair

accuracy) what Lao Tze taught. It must however be laid to heart that the essence of his system will inevitably elude intellectual apprehension, unless it be illuminated from above by actual living experience of the truth. Such experience is only to be attained by unswerving application to the practices which he advocates. Nor must the aspirant content himself with the mere attainment of spiritual enlightenment, however sublime. All such achievements are barren unless they be regarded as the means rather than the end of spiritual progress; allowed to infiltrate every detail of the life, not only of the spirit, but of the senses.

*Cf. LXV iv 18-21; 26; 42-46. Also LXV v 8-10; 20-26.*

The Tao can never be known until it interprets the most trivial actions of every day routine. It is a fatal mistake to discriminate between the spiritual importance of meditation and playing golf. To do so is to create an internal conflict.

**Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.**

He who knows the Tao knows it to be the source of all things soever; the most exalted spiritual ecstasy and the most trivial internal impression are from our point of view ...

*Now, this 'we' in which Crowley so blissfully includes his readers, actually refers to the deepest and most brilliant minds on the surface of the planet. Nor do these minds necessarily belong to (at least superficially!) top Initiates. Some pure scientists (especially those trained*

*in mathematics) also have achieved that level of existence and thought. It is one of the purposes of the A.:A.: to increase their number.*

... equally illusions, worthless masks, which hide, with grotesque painted pasteboard false and lifeless, the living face of truth. Yet, from another point of view, they are equally expressions of the ecstatic genius of truth—natural images of the reaction between the essence of one's self and one's particular environment at the moment of their occurrence. They are equally tokens of the Tao by whom, in whom, and of whom, they are. To value them for themselves is to deny the Tao and to be lost in delusion. To despise them is to deny the omnipresence of the Tao, and to suffer the illusion of sorrow. To discriminate between them is to set up the accursed dyad, to surrender to the insanity of intellect, to overwhelm the intuition of truth, and to create civil war in the consciousness.

*This is the foremost reason why the hermits in this Aeon are to be found in the midst of society, and not secluded in forests and in mountains. Vivekananda has an interesting apologue as to this. He tells of a hermit who by dint of much practice became able to keep snow frozen against his breast, and out of fraternal love decides to visit his brother who lives in the filth of a city's daily life. Upon his getting there, he shows his brother the pure snow nestled against his breast. His brother a merchant gravely thanks him for the gift. A beautiful young woman enters his shop and begins to haggle. The brother takes a live coal from the shop's central brazier and to the hermit's astonishment, drops it between his tunic and his breast while he haggles with the pretty young lady. After she leaves, he*

*turns to his brother and takes out the coal now dead, and bares his breast; no burn is visible on his skin. Then he says: "Look brother, your snow is melting." And it is. Love is the law, love under will.*

From 1905 to 1918 e.v. the **Tao Teh King** was my continual study. I constantly recommended it to my friends as the supreme masterpiece of initiated wisdom,...

*Why not Liber Legis, instead?—the incipient fanatic may ask. It is because the purpose of Liber Legis was to integrate all existing psychological research (this includes religious experience, although it does NOT include religious dogma) into one equation; specifically,  $2=0$ . Liber Legis is not a metaphysical treatise (as in a sense, the Dao De Jing), but a Code of Ethics. In short, it is a set of Commandments—we hope better and more inclusive than any given before; but certainly, not the last. It is indeed, the only religious code in history that predicts its own demise. Cf. AL iii 34. If we are permitted to add some autobiographical data here, it was the very fact that Liber Legis not only admitted its limitations, but predicted the conditions under which it would become invalid that was foremost in our decision to accept it as our personal guide and rule of life, on all planes until the time when the **Lady** of the Sword and the Scales shall rise.*

... and I was as constantly disappointed when they declared that it did not impress them, especially as my preliminary descriptions of the book had aroused their keenest interest.

*We have had a similar experience on recommending Liber CCCXXXIII, **The Book of Lies**, to intelligent people as the supreme masterpiece of initiated*

*wisdom-greater even, than the Dao De Jing!...*

I thus came to see that the fault lay with Legge's translation, ...

*Now, here the two-edge sword of Reason is being wielded. The Magus is a Liar and a Cheat. His curse is precisely that he must be a con artist; at least, as long as humankind keeps slaying cetaceans for blubber, rather than trying to talk with them. How could poor Legge hope to translate Lao Zi's thought correctly? The fault is not with the translator, but with the readers, as we have learned throughout the years, by recommending Liber 333 to all and sundry. Legge did as good a job as could be expected from an honest, and highly intelligent scholar; unless he were also a mystic and an M.T. at least!*

... and I felt myself impelled to undertake the task of presenting Lao Tze in language informed by the sympathetic understanding which initiation and spiritual experience had conferred on me. During my Great Magical Retirement on Aesopus Island in the Hudson River during the summer of 1918 e.v., I set myself to this work, but I discovered immediately that I was totally incompetent. I therefore appealed to an Adept named Amalantrah, which whom I was at that time in almost daily communication.

*This, although possible is unlikely. Crowley was very fond at that time, of imitating the con artist practices of Blavatsky regarding the Hidden Mahatmas and so forth. Undoubtedly, he was in touch with some entity that gave Amalantrah as its name; but the translation of the Dao De Jing that follows is an obvious adaptation of Legge's translation to Thelamic nomenclature. It is no less*



*precious (to Thelemites, that is!) for this reason. Cf. LXI viii, the last sentence.*

He came readily to my aid, and exhibited to me a codex of the original, which conveyed to me with absolute certitude the exact significance of the text. I was able to divine without hesitation or doubt the precise manner in which Legge had been deceived.

*Whether Amalantrah provided a codex or not (which we repeat, we strongly doubt, although it **is** possible), a comparison between Legge's, Lin Yutang's and Crowley's version indicates clearly that Legge was limited by his cultural circumstances, and Lin Yutang also so; although to a smaller extent. Crowley's version we can attest as an Initiate, is not only faithful to the original as has the added advantage of being couched in Thelemic expressions. In this sense, it provides added insight into some of the higher and subtler meanings of **Liber Legis**.*

He had translated the Chinese with singular fidelity, yet in almost every verse the interpretation was altogether misleading. There was no need to refer to the text from the point of view of scholarship. I had merely to paraphrase his translation in the light of actual knowledge of the true significance of the terms employed. Any one who cares to take the trouble to compare the two versions will be astounded to see how slight a remodeling of a paragraph is sufficient to disperse the obstinate obscurity of prejudice, and let loose a fountain and a flood of living light; to kindle the gnarled prose of stolid scholarship into the burgeoning blossom of lyrical flame.

I completed my translation within three days, but during the last five years

*This places the date of the present translation in 1923 e.v., and explains why it was not listed in the **Syllabus** in Equinox, Vol. III, No. 1. Crowley was still working on it.*

**Note from Jelks Cabiness III aka Frater Oz: We think that the Author is here confusing the Syllabus of the Official Instructions of the A·A·: in EQUINOX VOL. I No. 10, with the A·A·: Praemonstrance in EQUINOX VOL. III No. 1. We refer the reader to page 15 of the latter, where it does indeed list the DAO DE JING).**

*Note from Marcelo Motta aka Frater Parzival: Publishers should be exterminated, especially when they are right.*

**Note from David Berssson aka Frater Sphinx to Jelks Cabiness III aka Frater OZ:  
Damn it, Jelks!!!**

... I have constantly reconsidered every sentence. The manuscript has been lent to a number of friends, scholars who have commended my work, and aspirants who have appreciated its adequacy to present the spirit of the Master's teaching. Those who had been disappointed with Legge's version were enthusiastic about mine. This circumstance is in itself sufficient to assure me that Love's labour has not been lost, and to fill me with enthusiastic confidence that the present publication will abundantly contribute to the fulfillment of my True Will for which I came to earth. Let us wring from labour and sorrow the utmost of which humanity is capable. Fulfill my Will to open the portals of spiritual attainment to my

fellowmen, to bring them to the enjoyment of that realization of Truth, beneath all veils of temporal falsehood, which has enlightened mine eyes and filled my mouth with song.

*We were in touch at one time, with a majority of the surviving Crowley disciples, at least in America. The only one who was always outspokenly enthusiastic about Crowley's translation of the Dao De Jing was Mr. Karl Johannes Germer. But we do not doubt that many outstanding scholars, scientists and writers became acquainted with it. Crowley was intimate, or on friendly terms with men of the level of J.W.N. Sullivan, J.B.S. Haldane, A.N. Whitehead and Bertrand Russell. Certainly lesser minds than his in his specialty, but at least some of them, outstanding pioneers in their own fields. Those men never advertised their acquaintance with the 'wickedest man in the world.' Undoubtedly they felt embarrassed in some cases, or decided it was better to lurk in others. Anyhow, through their acquaintance, Crowley had a much deeper influence in the thought of his time and subsequent time, than is generally realized. Jung for example, owes much to Crowley, although he never acknowledged it. We believe it can be stated with complete truth that no outstanding mystic, philosopher, psychologist, sociologist, metaphysician or even statesman since Crowley has failed to owe some debt to that strange (to the jejune and the bourgeois) man's thought and work.*

So there you are.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

# LETTER 36: QUO STET OLYMPUS: WHERE THE GODS, ANGELS, ETC. LIVE

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the  
Law.

We settled what Gods, angels, demons,  
elementals **were** some little while ago;  
we also wrote of **how** they live, so now,  
insatiable Seeker, you ask **where**.

But surely, even as a child—did you not sing  
that immemorial Gregorian plain-chant

**"There's a Friend for little  
children  
Above the bright blue sky."**

Simple enough. A nice flat earth: sun,  
moon, stars, planets, satellites hung up to  
dry, with occasional meteorites and  
comets jazzing about to vary the  
monotony; above all that, this bright blue  
floor based upon Reckitts' and  
advertisements for the Riviera.

Just like that. And above that again, the  
Jew Jeweller's hashish dream of heaven:  
see the Apocalypse. A vulgarization of  
Baudelaire's still, shining, mirror world!

*The reference is to the description of the  
"heavenly Jerusalem" as a city of jewels.  
Baudelaire, of course, used the same  
image under the influence of hashish.*

How right Rome was when she put her foot  
down on great Galileo and his upstart  
kind! But she did not do the job  
properly. She should have brewed a  
bogus bogey-tale to frighten people off  
astronomy for ever. But perhaps it was  
already too late! The mischief had struck

roots too deep for her.

*Considering the evident imbecility of some of our correspondents, it is perhaps wise to point out that the above paragraph is pure irony. It was already too late to put people off Crowley as well.*

What had these wizards wrought?

Those lovely mediaeval Charts Celestial that still enchant us by sheer beauty and sublimity ...

*They have never enchanted me. Behind the glowing colors I could always perceive the blood thirst and insane hatred of reality that are the real fact behind the Vatican's teary hypocrisy. What is beautiful is not necessarily true; but what is true is always beautiful. At least for the brave.*

... had been made mockery by those sinister adepts of sorcery!

No more flat earth on four pillars—on?—

In India the earth was supported by an elephant who stood on a tortoise—who . . . ? No floor above. Nothing but empty space with swarming galaxies; no **room** for "heaven." Simpler to call Olympus or Meru the home of the Gods—believe it or not! don't ask questions!

Yet all the time the difficulty is of our own silly making. The most elementary consideration of the nature of Gods, angels, demons, and the rest, as shown by their peculiar faculties, stamps them all instantly as Beings pertaining to more than three dimensions! Just as no number of lines is enough to produce the smallest plain, as a cube is capable of containing an infinite number of squares, so, far from there being no room for heaven, there is absolutely nothing but room!

Yet of course the nature of that space is for



Yours fraternally,

666

## LETTER 37: DEATH— FEAR—"MAGICAL MEMORY"

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You ask me, very naturally, for details of the promise of Nuit (AL I 58) "...certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; ..."

In the first place, I think that it means what it says. There may be, probably is, some Qabalistic inner meaning: Those four nouns most assuredly look as if there were; but I don't feel at all sure what the Greek (or Hebrew, or Arabic) words would be; in any case, I have not yet made any attempt in this direction.

To the straightforward promise, then! Certainly no word more reassuring could be given. But avoid anxiety, of course; remember "without lust of result," and AL III, 16: "Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; ..." Now, full speed ahead!

Like most promises of this type, it is, one must suppose, conditional.

Such a power is clearly of the Siddhi; and my instinct tells me that it is a result of devotion to Our Lady of the Stars. Somehow I can't think of it as a sort of Birthday Present to a Favourite Nephew. "Why not?" You're right, as usual: **anything** may be a "Play of Nuit." Still, I feel that this would be a rare case.

"But doesn't everything have to happen to

but don't keep on interrupting! I was coming to something interesting.

I insist of putting forth the immediately useful point of view: "devotion to Nuit" must mean the eager pursuit of the fulfillment of all possibilities, however unpleasant.

Good: now see how logical this is." For how else could one have reasonable "certainty," as contrary with "faith" (=interior conviction) ...

*Please notice that he defines "faith" in a manner totally diverse from the Christist, especially the Aquinas, definition.*

..., otherwise than by the acquisition of the "Magical Memory"—the memory of former lives. And this must evidently include that of former deaths. Indeed "Freudian forgetfulness" is very pertinacious on such themes; the shock of death makes it a matter of displaying the most formidable courage to go over in one's mind the incidents of previous deaths. You recall the Buddhist "Ten Impurities;"—The Drowned Corpse, the Gnawed-by-wild-beasts-Corpse, and the rest.

*A much improved form of this Buddhist practice is given in **Liber HHH**, one of the instructions of the A·A·A·.*

Magick (though I says it as shouldn't) ...

*He means **Book Four Commented Part III**, subtitled "Thelemic Magick," which is supposed to follow this book in the Oriflamme VI series.*

... gives a very full and elaborate account of this Memory, and Liber CMXIII (Thisarb) a sound Official Instruction on the two main methods of acquiring this faculty. (None of my writings, by the way, deal with the First Method; this is because I could never make any headway with it.



none at all. Frater Iehi Aour, on the other hand, was a wizard at it; he thought that some people could use that way, and others not: born so ...

*Frater Iehi Aour is the same Allan Bennett who was Crowley's first instructor in Magick, and then became his second instructor in Yoga in Ceylon. Unfortunately, Bennett's refusal to accept the Book of the Law occasioned a quick deterioration of his subtler vehicles in the last part of his life, precisely as it happened to Grudjieff and has happened to many others since.*

... If it should happen that you have that faculty, and no gift at all for the other, it's just too bad; you'd better buzz off, and get another Holy Guru less one-legged.)

There are, however, as I find on reading over what I have written else- where, quite a few lacunae in the exposition; and I may as well now do my best to stop one or two obvious gaps.

The period of my life which was the climax of my work on this subject is those weeks of Thaumaturgy on the Hudson River—I fear the Magical Diary **The Hermit of Aesopus Island** is irretrievably lost—when I was shown the Codex of the **Tao Teh King** from which my (still unpublished) translation is taken, and when the veil was no more than a shimmering, scintillating gossamer, translucent to the ineffable glory that glows behind it. For in those weeks I was able to remember and record a really considerable number of past lives. (I half believe, and hope, that the relevant passages were copied into one of my Cefalu diaries; but who will struggle through those still extant on the chance?)

"But what about the intervals?" you ask, Shabash! Rem acu tetigisti.

It strikes me with immense and poignant power a right shrewd blow—what of the other side? What of the periods between successive incarnations?

Let us look back for a moment to **Little Essays Toward Truth** and see what it says about the Fabric of a man. (No, I'm not dodging your query: I'll get there in my own good time. Let a fellow breathe!) Nothing to our purpose, as your smiling shake of the head advises me. And yet—The theory is that the Supernal Triad constitutes (or, rather, is an image of) the "eternal" Essence of a man; that is, it is the positive expression of that ultimate "Point of View" which is and is not and neither is nor is not etc. Quite indestructible.

Now when a man spends his life

(a) building up and developing the six Sephiroth of the Ruach so that they cohere closely in proper balance and relation,

(b) in forging, developing and maintaining a link of steel between this solid Ruach and that Triad, Death merely means the dropping off of the Nephesh (Malkuth) so that the man takes over his instrument of Mind (Ruach) with him to his next suitably chosen vehicle. The tendency of the Ruach is of course to disintegrate more or less rapidly under the impact of its new experiences of after—death conditions.

*The next paragraph was, for very obvious reasons, deleted from Mr. Regardie's "edition" of this book.*

(Hence the supposed Messages from the Mighty Dead, usually Wish-phantasms or outbreaks of the during—life—suppressed Subconscious, often very nasty. The "Medium" gets into communication with the "Shells of the Dead"—Qliphoth, the Qabalists call them. A month or so

perhaps a year or so in the case of minds very solidly constructed or very passionately attached, and the Shells' "Messages" begin to be less and less coherent, more and more fragmentary, more murderously modified by the experiences it has met in its aimless wanderings. Soon it is altogether broken up, and no more is heard of it.)

It is therefore of the very first importance to train the mind in every possible way, and to bind it to the Higher Principles by steady, by constant, by flaming Aspiration, fortified by the sternest discipline, and by continuously reformulated Oaths.

*Unless, of course, the "Medium" is a charlatan, in which case, as time passes, you hear more and more — but hardly on the intellectual or moral level of the dead person! You get Victor Hugo writing bad prose, or Bertrand Russell spouting faulty mathematics, or "Jesus Christ" asserting the holiness of the Vatican, Et Cetera., et cetera., et cetera.*

Such a man will be fully occupied after his death with the unremitting search for his new instrument; he will brush aside—as he has made a habit of doing during life—the innumerable lures of "Reward" and the like. (I am not going to ask you to waste any time on the fantastic fairy tales of Devachan, Kama Loka and the rest; this must come up if you want to know about Paccheka—Buddhas, Skooshoks, the Brahma—lokas and so on—but not now, please!)

There is one Oath more important than all the rest put together, from the point of view of the A·A·°. You swear to refuse all the "rewards," to acquire your new vehicle without a moment's delay, so that you may carry on your work of helping

interruption. Like all true Magical Oaths, it is certain of success.

*A Magickal Oath is "true" when it expresses the True Will of the individual uttering it.*

So then we have a man not only very well prepared to reincarnate at once—this means about six months after his death, for his vehicle will be a foetus about three months old, but to extirpate more deliberately all impressions that may assail its integrity.

Alternatively, there may be something in the nature of such impressions that is unsuitable for carrying over into the **conscious** mind of the new man. Or there may be a rule—*exempli gratia* the draught of the waters of the River Lethe—and it might be possible for some Adept (whose initiation is of a higher degree than, or of a different type to, mine) to make his way through that particular barrier.

Enough of may, might, perhaps, and all that harpy brood! The plain fact is that I remember nothing at all of any Post Mortem experiences, and I have never known anyone else who does.

There is one exception. I do remember the **first**, almost momentary, reaction. I am in my Astral Form, in my best Sunday—go—to—meeting Ceremonial Vestments, and with my Wand I seem to hold this raised, attaching great importance to the act—looking down upon the corpse, **exactly** as one does at the outset of an "Astral Journey" in one's days of learning how to do it.

I recall no impression at all made by this sight; neither regret nor relief nor even surprise.

But there is one intensely strong reaction—I fancy I have mentioned this already—

when one first remembers one of one's deaths: "By Jove! that **was** a narrow squeak!"

What was it that one feared? I haven't the foggiest.

*What one feared was the severance of the links between the incarnated self and the Higher Triad.*

And that is what I had to tell you about the Magical Memory. No: just one point to go to sleep on: suppose two or more people claim simultaneously to have been Julius Caesar, or Shakespeare, or—oh! always one very great gun! Well, fifty or sixty years ago or more there was a regular vogue for this sort of thing, especially among women. It was usually Cleopatra or Mary Queen of Scots or Marie Antoinette: something regal and tragic preferred, but unsurpassable beauty the prime essential as one would expect.

*Except that some of those women were not "beautiful" at all in the conventional sense.*

Of the Mary Queen of Scots persuasion was old Lady Caithness, who seems moreover to have had a sense of humour into the bargain, for she gave a dinner—party in Paris to twelve other ladies, each of whom had also been the luckless victim of Henry VIII's failure to produce of his own loins a durable male succession. (His marriages were so many desperate efforts to save England from a second innings of the devastation of the Wars of the Roses, from which his father, who was **not** a miser, but a sound financier and economist, had rescued the country. You must understand this if English History is to be at all intelligible to you. The tragedy began with the early death of the Black Prince; the second blow, that of Henry V coupled with the futility of his

son and the murder of Prince Edward at Tewkesbury.)

Well, that was a big laugh, of course; it tended to discredit the whole theory of Reincarnation.

Quite unnecessarily, if one looks a little deeper.

What do I mean when I say that I think I was Eliphaz Lévi? No more than that I possess some of his most essential characteristics, and that some of the incidents in his life are remembered by me as my own. There doesn't seem any impossibility about these bundles of Sankhara being shared by two or more persons. We certainly do not know enough of what actually takes place to speak positively on any such point. Don't lose any sleep over it.

*I have not, and maybe she did not, but Oskar Schlag may have tossed about in bed for a while. When he came to me in Brasil to spy on me for the C.I.A., or Shin Beth, or the Vatican, or all three at once, and I told him that I was the reincarnation of the Count of Saint Germain, he got very angry and snapped that he was sure he was that. I told him, "But it is quite possible that we both are" — which only made him all the madder. So what? If it made him any happier to think that "Saint Germain" would be reborn to be a traitor to true occult science, a sold spy of repugnant international cartels, and a pawn of Vatican and "Israeli" torturers and murderers, let him. To each his or her own.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

# LETTER 38: WOMAN— HER MAGICAL FORMULA

Issa:

Wine rots the liver; fever  
swells the spleen;  
Meat clogs the belly; dust  
inflames the eye;  
Stone irks the bladder:  
gout—plague—leprosy!  
Man born of woman is  
most full of trouble;  
God, a gorged fool that  
belches him, a bubble!  
But of all plagues  
wherewith a man is cursed,  
Take my word for it,  
woman is the worst!

## The World's Tragedy

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the  
Law.

*The next twelve lines of the original were  
'expurgated' from Mr. Regardie's edition.*

**"Pibroch of Dhonuil Dhu,  
Kneel for the onset!"**

for this letter is to put Woman once and for  
ever in her place.

But (as usual!) let us first of all make clear  
what we are to mean by Woman.

Not that amorphous (or rather, as the poet  
says, "oniscoid with udders") dull and  
clamorous lump, bovine, imbecile,  
giggling, truthless, nymphomaniac yet  
sexless, malignant, interminable, of  
whom Schopenhauer rhapsodized in his

most famous panegyric: apparently his sentimental softness understood only the best side of her. No! let us observe, shudder, and lay down the pen.

That makes me feel better; my duty to conscience is done.

*You can see why Mr. Regardie excised this. The type of "woman" that Crowley has just described is the type of cattle that orthodox Jews have carefully cultivated for centuries (and would still cultivate to this day if it weren't for the Betty Friedans), and which Christists, especially Roman Catholics, esteem as much as do Saudi tyrants and Persian ayatollahs. This kind of creature, he explicitly states, is **not** what he means by Woman. But any other kind would probably have scared Mr. Regardie into his pants, rather than out of them.*

The eternal antagonism between the sexes is mere illusion. As well suppose the male the enemy of the female screw. Understand the spiritual reality of each, grasp their magical formulae; the sublime necessity of the apparent opposition will be apparent.

The **ultimate** of Woman is Nuit; that of Man, Hadit. **The Book of the Law** speaks very fully and clearly in both cases. I quote the principal passages.

#### **A. Nuit.**

**Had! The manifestation of  
Nuit.**

**(AL I 1)**

**Come forth, o children,  
under the stars, & take  
your fill of love!**

**I am above you and in you.  
My ecstasy is in yours. My  
joy is to see your joy.**



**Above, the gemmed azure  
is**

**The naked splendour of  
Nuit;**

**She bends in ecstasy to kiss  
The secret ardours of  
Hadit.**

**The winged globe, the  
starry blue,**

**Are mine, O Ankh-af-  
na-khonsu!**

**(AL I 12—14)**

**...Since I am Infinite Space,  
and the Infinite Stars  
thereof, do ye also thus. ...**

**(AL I 22)**

**...And the sign shall be my  
ecstasy, the consciousness  
of the continuity of  
existence, the  
omnipresence of my body.**

**(AL I 26)**

**Dictated: "the  
unfragmentary non-atomic  
fact of my universality.  
(Write this in whiter  
words, But go forth on)."  
Ouarda wrote into the MS,  
later, the five words as in  
text.)**

*"Ourda" was the Magickal  
Name of Rose Crowley, his  
first wife. The name means  
"rose" in Arabic.*

**"O Nuit, continuous one of  
Heaven, let it be ever thus;  
that men speak not of Thee  
as One but as None; and let  
them speak not of thee at**

**all, since thou art  
continuous!**

**(AL I 27)**

**"None, breathed the light,  
faint & faery, of the stars,  
and two.**

**"For I am divided for love's  
sake, for the chance of  
union.**

**"This is the creation of the  
world, that the pain of  
division is as nothing, and  
the joy of dissolution all.**

**(AL I 32)**

**"Obey my prophet! follow  
out the ordeals of my  
knowledge! seek me only!  
Then the joys of my love  
will redeem ye from all  
pain. This is so: I swear it  
by the vault of my body; by  
my sacred heart and  
tongue; by all I can give, by  
all I desire of ye all.**

**(AL I 32)**

**"...the Law is for all.**

**(AL I 34)**

**"I give unimaginable joys  
on earth: certainty, not  
faith, while in life, upon  
death; peace unutterable,  
rest, ecstasy: nor do I  
demand aught in sacrifice.**

**"My incense is of resinous  
woods & gums; and there is  
no blood therein: because  
of my hair the trees of  
Eternity.**

**"My number is 11, as all  
their numbers who are of  
us. The Five Pointed Star,  
with a Circle in the Middle,**

& the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

"But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. ...

"...I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!

(AL I 58—61)

## **B. Hadit.**

**Nu! the hiding of Hadit.**

Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.

Yet she shall be known & I never.

(AL II 1-4)

**I am the flame that burns  
in every heart of man, and  
in the core of every star. I  
am Life, and the giver of  
Life, yet therefore is the  
knowledge of me the  
knowledge of death.**

**I am the Magician and the  
Exorcist. I am the axle of  
the wheel, and the cube in  
the circle. 'Come unto me'  
is a foolish word: for it is I  
that go.**

**Who worshipped Heru-pa-  
kraath have worshipped  
me; ill, for I am the  
worshipper.**

**(AL II 6-8)**

**For I am perfect, being  
Not; and my number is  
nine by the fools; but with  
the just I am eight, and one  
in eight: Which is vital, for  
I am none indeed. The  
Empress and the King are  
not of me; for there is a  
further secret.**

**I am the Empress & the  
Hierophant. Thus eleven,  
as my bride is eleven.**

**(AL II 15-16)**

**I am the Snake that giveth  
Knowledge & Delight and  
bright glory, and stir the  
hearts of men with  
drunkenness. ...**

**(AL II 22)**

**I am alone: there is no God  
where I am.**

**(AL II 23)**

**I am the secret Serpent**

**coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.**

**There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.**

**(AL II 26-27)**

**Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?**

**Where I am these are not. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.**

**I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. ...**

**(AL II 46-49)**

**Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green.**

**Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.**

**(AL II 50-51)**

Lest it should all prove too difficult, I have not quoted several passages which are completely beyond my comprehension;

even in those here set down, there is quite a little that I should not care to boast that I had altogether clear in my own mind.

Leaving out nearly everything, the only way to simplify it is to call Hadit the "Point-of-view," and "Anywhere" to be the radix of all possible "Point-Events," or "experiences," or "phenomena;" ...

*One wonders where he got this "Anywhere." Did he by any chance mean "Everywhere?" Cf. AL II 3*

...; Nuit is the complement, the total possibilities of any such radix. You can only get this properly into that part of your mind which is "above the Abyss," *i.e.* Neschamah: even so, Neschamah must be very thoroughly fertilized by Chiah, and illuminated by Jechidah, to make any sort of a job of it.

But to come down from the contemplation of Abstract Reality (which, being static and "infinite," is ultimately immeasurable) to these Ideas in their interaction (and thus directly observable), it is easy enough to understand the Magical Formula of their interaction. Of course, whatever I say can be no more than a rough approximation, even a suggestion rather than a statement; but I cannot help the nature of the case. Nuit is the centripetal energy, infinitely elastic because it must fit over the hard thrust directed against it; Hadit, the centrifugal, ever seeking to penetrate the unknown. Nuit is not so dissimilar from the Teh described in Lao-Tze.

*Incorrect. Nuit is a much ampler concept than De. Nuit probably could only be equated with the Dao-De, or the Dao itself.*

*See Equinox V 3,*

*"The Chinese Texts of Magick and*

*Mysticism" diagrams, Appendix III, pp  
476-477.*

Nor would it be proper to ignore the **Book  
of Lies:**

**PEACHES**

**Soft and hollow, how thou  
dost overcome the hard  
and full!**

**It dies, it gives itself; to  
Thee is the fruit!**

**Be thou the Bride; thou  
shalt be the Mother  
hereafter.**

**To all impressions thus.  
Let them not overcome  
thee; yet let them breed  
within thee. The least of  
the impressions, come to  
its perfection, is Pan.**

**Receive a thousand lovers;  
thou shalt bear but One  
Child.**

**This child shall be the heir  
of Fate the Father.**

**(p. 12)**

I want you to realize that this collaboration of the equal opposites is the first condition of existence in any form. The trouble (I think) has always been that nobody ever looked at things from outside; they were always at one end or the other. This is because one haphazard collection of Point-Events chooses to think of itself as a Male; another, as a Female. It is totally absurd to think of Winnie as a woman, and Martin as a man. The quintessence of each is identical: "Every man and every woman is a star." It is only a superficial accident that has made one set determine to function in one particular incarnation as the one or the other. I sav function: for

there is no difference in the Quintessence. Yet, since it is with a Being **in its present function** that one has to deal, it needs must that one acts in practice as if "does" were the same as "was." You might be described as one instance of the  $0 = 2$  equation, and I as another; and any  $0 = 2$  is indistinguishable from any other. Yet you and I are not identical, because all that I can know of you, or you of me, is a presentation of a part of that  $0 = 2$  "Universe;" if we were both equally conscious of that Whole, there would be no means of becoming aware, as we are in fact aware, of that distinction.

Somewhat of this is perhaps intended in **The Book of the Law:**

**... Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.**

**But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!**

**(AL I 22-23)**

Whoso availeth (i.e. can put to practical service) is of "presidential timber," so to speak, because he is able to understand the Being behind the Function, and is accordingly not liable to be deceived by the facet that happens to be presented to him in his Function corresponding.

*Yes, but why "him" and not "her?" Perhaps the explanation is in the fact (that he states himself almost in passing) that man is always pushing out to the outermost, while woman is always closing in. At any rate, it is obvious from The Book of the Law that although Woman as Nuit is the Utmost Ideal to which Humankind should tend, at least*



*during the present Aeon a being functioning as a male is going to lead the manifested flock. This does not necessarily imply that it has always been so, or that it is going to be so in the next Aeon. Nor is this my assessment necessarily correct. This is the Aeon of "two sexes in one" (Cf. "The Formula of I.A.O.," Chapter V of Book Four Part III.) As usual, the future will tell. At any rate, this Aeon shall see the full liberation of Woman as an incarnated being. What She shall do with the fruits of her liberation may perhaps only become apparent with the next harvest.*

The case is not wholly unlike that of a man on a mountain who should see two other peaks jutting up from a patch of cloud. Those tips give little indication of the great mass that supports each; both are equally of the one same planet; they are in fact identical save for the minute spire visible. Yet he, reconnoitering with intent to climb them observes closely only that function of each crag and icefall which is relevant to his plan to reach their summits. He also is of that One Quintessence; but he must fit himself adroitly to each successive incident of the respective Functions of these mountains if he is to make the contacts which will finally enable him to realize the Point-Events which he will summarize as "I climbed Mount Collon and the Aiguille de la Za."

I don't believe I can put it much better than that, and I'm too lazy to try; but I do want to emphasize that Weininger (in **Sex and Character**) merely scratched the surface. All of us, whether we are "full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard" or "in our hours of ease Uncertain, coy, and hard to please" do in every most minuscule sort of act exercise both the

male and female functions almost equally; the determination is rarely more than a matter of a casting vote.

It is so even in the embryo. It is much less than 1/10 of 1% that decides whether the foetus will turn out an Alexander or an Alice. Nature delights in delicate touches of this sort; it is one part of Sulphuric Acid in I don't remember how many million parts of water that is enough to turn blue litmus red; and even with our own gross apparatus we can arrange for a ten—thousandth part of a grain to send a scale down with a bang. Think of a roulette ball hovering on the edge at the end of a long spin! Think of Buridan's ass!

*Jean Buridan (1295—1356 e.v.), Parisian nominalist philosopher. The next six lines were cut out of Israel Regardie's "edition" of this book, proving once more that the man had as little sense of humor as sense of honour.*

So, once for all, shut up, you screaming parrot! Gabble, gabble, gabble, it's enough to break one's tympana, and drive a man stark staring mad.

**Shut up!**  
**Shut up!!**  
**Shut UP!!!**

These women!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

P.S. One ought, perhaps, to give an outline of how these facts work out in the social system of Θελημα.

It may be useful to classify women in three groups, (I exclude the fourth, which while anatomically woman, does not function in that capacity: the "spinster.") corresponding to Isis, Osiris and Horus.

The Isis-Class consists of the mother-type.

To them the man is no more than the necessary creator and sustainer of her children.

*This type is still the most common in the world. It is often hostile to feminism; also in favor of aspects of feminism that will increase the subservience of the male to the female but not those aspects that will increase female autonomy from the patriarchal family system, unless it be to institute a matriarchal family system. They are sometimes lesbians, since the male is only important to them as fertilizer, but must become mothers before they abandon themselves to their brand of lesbianism. Many have never experienced an orgasm in heterosexual intercourse, and do not care one way or the other. Restrictive religions such as Christism, Orthodox Judaism, and some forms of Brahmanism and Buddhism appeal strongly to this type of woman and are supported by them. The extreme type of this woman is called 'chaste' in **The Book of the Law**. The classical Jewish "supermom," as well as the Italian Roman Catholic mom and the classical American mom come from this type of woman.*

The Osiris-Class comprises those women who are devoted to their man qua man, and to his career. Her children, if any, she values as reproductions of the Beloved; they carry him on into futurity by virtue of her deathless love.

*This type of woman is the self-sacrificing type. They are often spiritually inclined and become members of religious orders. Crowley is mistaken in stating that the male is all important to them; they may also be lesbians. What is important to them is an Ideal. If a man personifies that Ideal to them they will dedicate*

*themselves to him, but not otherwise.*

The Horus—Class is composed of those women who remain children, the playgirls, who love only for pleasure. To them a child is dull at the best, at the worst a nuisance.

*One can see that he did not like the Third Chapter of AL very much! The Horus type of woman is independent and usually a militant feminist. A man must be a companion or a partner, never a master or an idol. They are selfish, and why should they not be? They include, of course, "playgirls;" they also include women like Helena Blavatsky and Elizabeth I. Such women are repulsed by the purely animal aspects of maternity, and if they decide to have children they usually reach this decision by an act of Will, not under the impulse of instinct or emotion. They may be lesbians as well. When heterosexual, they make the best possible partners to males who can respect their independence and treat them as equals socially, intellectually, and spiritually. In the past Aeon, those women were usually reduced to restricted occupations, or occupations considered "immoral." They became actresses, dancers, prostitutes, "witches" or outlaws, for the system did not allow them to be anything else. They are still feared by most men, and hated by many women. The Aeon is too young for the masses of humankind to understand them, or for them to fully understand themselves. Even Crowley himself did not understand them very well, as one can see from his description. In the future these women will be scientists, legislators, artists and warriors more often than mothers, and they will walk side by side with men, never behind, unless in hierarchical situations such as*

*in an army. If so, the male superior officer better be good as well as brave!*

Each of these classes has its qualities and its defects; each should be held in equal, although dissimilar, honour.

And what, you ask, has the man got to say about all this? Nothing simpler; all women are subordinate to his True Will.

*"Love is the law, love under will." Love must be **under will**. He is, of course, stating the point of view of the Aspirant. The converse, naturally, is also true: if you are a woman, and intend to become an initiate (or anything else of importance in this world outside the norm), you must consider all men — and all other women and all things, as a matter of fact — subordinate to your True Will. Unless you understand this point, you will entirely miss Crowley's thought. Women "should be held in equal though dissimilar honour:" meaning that each type of True Will deserves equal respect, but must be reacted to according to one's own True Will. Each of us, male or female, is, and must remain, the center of our own universe. Even when we dedicate ourselves to someone else, and serve him or her, this either is a Bud of our True Will or we are slaves. The only kind of Service that is trustworthy is Service that is spontaneous and aware. To put any other interpretation to the statement in the last two lines of Crowley's text above is simply to negate everything that he said before about the difference between the sexes being mere illusion, or simply a function of the material instrument of the Star.*

Only the Osiris-Class, provided he can find one of them, are of more than transient use to him; and even in this case, he must be careful to avoid being ensnared.

*I myself have always felt extremely bored by the Osiris type of woman he defined; as bored by it as I am repulsed by the Isis—Class. But this is probably connected with my own Work in this life. I am not seeking personal success, therefore the Osiris woman is useless to me; and I think the world is overpopulated by featherless bipeds enough, and therefore the Isis woman can find no sympathy in me. From my standpoint, the Horus—Class are hard to deal with, but at least give spice to life. To each his or her own Will, of course.*

But the really important issue is the recognition of each type of True Will in woman.

*Especially by women, of each other and of themselves. The Osiris—Class is frowned upon by the Isis—Class, who are still the majority, and only tolerated because they, also, often have children. But the Isis—class usually hates and fears the Horus—Class most bitterly, and the Osiris—Class cannot understand them. The tendency, therefore, is to train girl—children to behave like Isis—Class women, whether that is their Will or not. This is one of the great tragedies of modern society, and the birth pangs of the Woman of the New Aeon are far from over. Cf. AL III, 43-45, 55-56.*

## **LETTER 39: PROPHECY**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Now, now, now! I really had hoped that this at least you might have spared me. Still, I

have to admit that your reason for asking me to go all pontifical about Prophecy is a good one; you want a chucker-out for the loafers that come cadging into your Taverne de la Belle Sibylle, and waste your time with piffle about Pyramids.

*This is a reference to the craze about prophecies of the future based on measurements of the Great Pyramid. This was all the rage at the time among dupes of people like the Weisers, the Llewellyns, the Grants, et alii.*

What a game!

So naturally you need a Book of the Rules, and a list of the classes of offensive people, whether prostitutes, policemen, or verminous persons. (I quote from the Regulations for secular Pubs!) ...

*"Pubs" — short for "public place," the British equivalent of an American bar or a French boite. "Verminous persons" does not mean people like Israel Regardie or Donald Weiser: it means people more than usually infested by parasites: fleas, lice, ticks, etc. In the Christist days when those Regulations were set up, bathing more than once a year was still looked upon as a probable symptom of deadly sin. Policemen were not to be present because they were supposed to not get drunk (they still aren't.) As for prostitutes, one wonders at all the fuss. They are a natural outcome of Christism. As Blake said, brothels are built with bricks of religion. The purpose of the Regulations was to make the poor women's life even harder while making the life of their customers easier. Let them roam the streets, not the bars. Thus they would be less inclined to haggle over the price of their favors, especially in winter, and "gentlemen" would be able to accost them without*

*bibulous lower classes.*

... who think the easiest of all possible refuges from their Fear (see other letters!) is reliance upon the mouldy mumblings of moth-eater mountebanks.

Perhaps it will be best to begin by setting down the necessary conditions for a genuine prophecy. We shall find that most of the famous predictions are excluded without need of more specific examination.

But—priority, please, as usual, for the etymology. Prophecy means "forth-speaking," more or less equal to "inspired." It has nothing to do with foretelling the future, though it may do so, as it may do anything, being only the ravings of a poet, drunkard, or madman. (You remember how Saul came upon a company of youths all prophesying away together to beat the hand, and joined the merry throng. So people said, "Is Saul also among the Prophets?" meaning a man capable of the "divine" intoxication of love, song, eloquence, or whatever else enthusiastic might possess him. Men seized by the afflatus were found to be capable of extraordinary exploits; hence the condition was admired and envied by the average clod. Also, imitated by the average crook!)

For all that, I am going for once to yield to popular clamour, and use words in their popular sense. That seems to me, roughly this: Prediction is a forecast based on reason, prophecy one which claims the warrant of "magical" powers. You agree? Then we can get on.

1. **The prophecy must announce itself as such.** We cannot have people picking up odds and ends which may be perfectly irrelevant, and insisting that they conceal forecasts. This excludes Great Pyramid



lunatics; it would be quite simple to do the same sham calculations with the Empire State Building ...

*At the time, still the tallest building in the world.*

...; when the architects protested, it is simple to reply: why, but of course! God was most careful not to let them know what they were really doing, or they would have died of fright!

This argument was actually put forward by the Spiritists when Zancig confessed that his music-hall exploits were accomplished by means of a code ...

*Here Crowley inserted a long note:*

*"Mrs. Zancig sat on the stage, blindfolded. Her husband wandered about the audience, taking one object or another from one or another of them, and asking her 'Ready?' 'What is this?' 'And this?' 'This now?' 'Right, what's this?' and so on They had worked out a list of some hundreds of questions to cover any probably article, or to spell its name, or give a number, as when asked the number of a watch of bus ticket — and so on. One evening at Cambridge, I was explaining this to a group of undergraduates; being doubted, I offered to do the same truck with the help of one of them — a complete stranger. I only stipulated ten minutes alone with him "to hypnotize him." Of course I won easily. They cut out one possible way of communication after another; but I always managed to exchange a few words with my "medium" or slip him a note, so as to have a new code not excluded by the latest precaution."*

... It is quite useless to get any sense whatever into the heads of these bigoted imbeciles ...

*Meaning the Spiritists. One is reminded*

*that James Randi, the foe of charlatan 'psychics,' has often been accused by them of being a 'psychic' himself, although he insists again and again that he is an illusionist, nothing else. At this point Crowley inserted a devastating analysis of the psychological makeup of professional "mediums," partly quoted from Browning; significantly, Israel Regardie cut the entire passage off his "edition" of the book:*

... Here, A.C! don't forget your best-beloved Browning! In **Mr. Sludge the Medium**, the detected cheat—it was D.D. Home in real life—offers this silly subterfuge:

**Why, when I cheat  
Mean to cheat, do cheat,  
and am caught in the act,  
Are you, or rather, am I  
sure o' the fact?  
(There's verse again, but  
I'm inspired somehow)  
Well then I'm not sure! I  
may be perhaps,**

**Free as a babe from  
cheating; how it began,  
My gift,—no matter; what  
'tis got to be  
In the end now, that's the  
question; answer that!  
Had I seen, perhaps, what  
hand was holding mine,  
Leading me whither, I had  
died of fright  
So, I was made believe I led  
myself.**

2. **The date of the prophecy must antecede that of its fulfilment.** The very greatest care must be taken to insure this. When both dates are remote, as in the case of "fulfilled" Biblical prophecies, this is often impossible

3. **The prophecy must be precise.** This rules out cases where alternative verifications are possible.
4. **The prophecy must be more than a reasonable calculation of probability.** This rules out stuff like "The Burden of Nineveh" and the like. Incidentally, "The Burden of Damascus" does not seem to have had much luck so far! By latest accounts, the old burg wasn't feeling too badly.

We may also refer to the Second Advent:  
"Behold! I come quickly."

There have been quite a few false alarms to date. (It began with Jesus himself, snapping off the disciple's head: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Well, **somebody** was disappointed.)

5. **The verification must be simple, natural, unique and unmistakable.** Forced and far-fetched explanations, distortions of Qabalistic or other mathematical reasoning, are barred.
6. **The prophecy itself must possess the complement of this precision. It must be so perfectly unintelligible at the time that the elucidation of the answer makes it certain that the prophet knew precisely the whole riddle.**

I feel that this condition is itself expressed in a somewhat oracular form; I will try to clarify by citing what I consider a perfect example. Perfect, I say, because the "must" is a little too strong; there are degrees of excellence.

**"That stele they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718."**

**(AL III 19)**

(The Stélé is that whose discovery culminated in the writing of the **Book of the Law**.)

Here the first part is still quite unintelligible to me: I have tried analysis of the original phrase in "Scripture," and nearly everything else: entirely in vain: One can see dimly how people, recognizing that Stélé as the Talisman responsible for reducing half the cities of Europe to rubble, might very well make reference to those original prophecies. But, at the best, that's nothing to cable to Otaheite about!

Now the second part. This was even more baffling than the other. "Count well its name"? how can I? it never had a name! So I tried all sorts of experiments with 718. Shin, 300, the letter of Spirit, with our key-number 418, looks promising. Only one more pie-crust! I kept attacking, off and on, for many a long year, got out all sorts of fantastic solutions, complex and confused; they simply shouted their derision at me.

It was one glorious night in Cefal, too utterly superb to waste in sleep; I got up; I adored the Stars and the Moon; I revelled in the Universe. Yet there was something pulling at me. It pulled eftsoons my body into my chair, and I found myself at this old riddle of 718. Half—a—dozen comic failures. But I felt that there was something on the way. Idly, I put down Stélé in the Greek, 52, and said, "Perhaps we can make a 'name' out of the difference between that and 718."

I jumped.

$718 - 52 = 666$

My own name!

Why, of course, quoth he, in glee; it is in fact the Stélé of 666: for it is the Stélé of

Ankh-f-n-khonsu, my name in those past days.

Oh, no! said Something, that's not good enough! "Count well its **name**"—the Stélé of Ankh-f-n-khonsu: a **name** is something to which it answers, quite different from a title. That solution is clever, but it just won't do, because that Stélé never had a name!

You lie! I shouted, as the full light broke through the mists of my mind: In these three Thousand years it has once, if only once, had a **name**, by invoking which you could bring it up before you; its **name** is "Stélé 666" in the Catalogue of the Museum at Boulak!

A single simple hammerstroke, and the nail is driven home to the head!

Compare this with the chaotic devices of the "bilateral—cipher" maniacs, by the application of which it is easy to prove that Bernard Shaw wrote Rudyard Kipling. Or anything else! you pay your money, and you take your choice.

*Reference to the Bacon—Shakespeare imbroglio. The Toshosophist Pantheon includes Francis Bacon, under what name one does not remember (nor does it matter), and the clientele is asked to believe that yes, Bacon wrote all Shakespeare's plays. But if an Oskar Schlag can believe he is the "reincarnation of the Mastwer Racoczy," it follows that a Toshosophist can believe anything, even that Ronald Reagan has a functioning brain. But who knows? Perhaps he is overshadowed by the "Masters of Shamballah." considering his performance so far (this is being written in February of 1984 e.v.), that would not be a bit surprising. Pity Shambalah is as fictional as "Middle Earth" (though not as good.)*

Another strong point is:

- 7. The prophecy should on the surface mean something vague and plausible, and, interpreted, possess this same quality of unique accuracy.**

For instance (although it is not prediction) consider "Love is the law, love under will." Yes, that sounds very well; I dare say that is an excellent point of philosophy.—But! well, anyone might say that. Oh, no! For when we use the Greek of the technical terms, we find ΑΓΑΠΗ, Love, and Θελημα Will, both of the value of 93—and these only two blossoms of the Tree whose root is 31, and the entire numerical—verbal system based thereupon organized with incredibly simple intricacy; well, that is an Eohippus of an entirely different tint! It is no more the chance (if happy) statement of any smooth—tongued philosopher, but the evidence of, and the key to, an incalculably vast design. As well attribute the Riemann—Christoffel Tensor to the "happy thought" of some post-prandial mathematician.

Here is another case.

**Now then this two—in—  
One letter  $\subset \odot$  is the third  
Key to this Law; and on the  
discovery of that fact, after  
years of constant seeking,  
what sudden splendours of  
Truth, sacred as secret,  
blazed in the midnight of  
my mind! Observe now;  
"...this circle squared in its  
failure is a key also." Now  
I knew that in the value of  
the letters ALHIM, 'the  
Gods', the Jews had  
concealed a not quite  
correct value of  $\pi$ . the ratio**

of a circle's circumference to its diameter, to 4 places of decimals: 3.1415; nearer would be 3.1416. If I prefix our Key, ☉ ☾ ☉ 31 putting, Set or Satan, before the old Gods, I get 3.141593,  $\pi$  correct to six places, Six being my own number and that of Horus the Sun.

*This is a straight quotation from **Book Four Commented Part IV, The Law**, subtitled "The Equinox of the Gods," to be published by us in this series. It is incorrect to say that Horus "is" the Sun, unless one qualifies this statement by referring to the current Aeon. In this Aeon, certainly, Horus "is the Sun;" or rather, occupies the throne of the Unknown God, also called the "Throne of Ra." But in the next Aeon it might be equally correct to say that Maat is "the Sun," as in the preceding Aeon it would have been correct to say that Osiris was the Sun, and in the previous Aeon that Isis was the Sun. Incidentally, for what it may be worth (and I do not assume it is worth very much), "my" number in the first school I ever went to, a British-American school in Rio de Janeiro, Brasil, was 593. For my benefit (?) of possible future iconographers, my next number in Military High School in Rio de Janeiro, Brasil, was 968. Make of it what you will, but please remember that the more pedantic a Qabalist is, the more numbers he or she (pardon me, dear Orthodoxers and not—so—dear Zionists!) can find in a number. Even in Zero. I myself was once able to find 666 in "Marcelo Ramos Motta" — but then, who couldn't? Or in any other name, if they tried hard enough?*

prediction.

Here again is what might at first seem almost an evasion! "...one commeth after him,..." indeed! I suppose so. It fits anybody who discovers it or claims to have done so.

Not one little bit!

For when the time came, and the Key was found, the finder's name in the Order was—and had been from the moment of his admission as a probationer—Achad, the Hebrew word for "One." And he came "after him" in the precise technical sense, that he was in fact the next person to undertake the Adventure of the Abyss.

I hope you are not getting the idea that my Prophetic ambit is limited to these high-falutin' metaphysical masterpieces of Runic Lore. In case you do, I now propose to break your "seven green withs that were never dried" altogether, Delilah; for I shall keep my hair on ...

*What was left of it at the time, anyway.*

... I shall go forth to war! From 1920 to 1923 e.v. my abode for a season was the house called the Horsel of the Abbey of Θελημα that lieth upon Santa Barbara, overlooking the town of Telepylus—see Homer and Samuel Butler II ...

*The novelist, better known than his namesake, a XVIIth Century poet, author of "Hudibras."*

... but called later by the Romans Cephaloedium, and now Cefal. There did I toil to expand my little Part III of Book 4 to the portentous volume now more generally known as **Magick in Theory and Practice**. After numerous misadventures, it was published in 1928 e.v.

*This is Book Four Commented Part III, now retitled "Thelemic Magick." The edition*



*than the others because it is four times as thick, and because it was necessary to neutralize Mr. Regardie's butchery of Crowley's texts by re-issuing *Magick Without Tears* with its text intact.*

I refer you to that book, page 96.

**One last word on this subject. There is a Magical Operation of maximum importance: the Initiation of a New Aeon. When it becomes necessary to utter a Word, the whole Planet must be bathed in blood. Before man is ready to accept the Law of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ , the Great War must be fought. This Bloody Sacrifice is the critical point of the World-Ceremony of the Proclamation of Horus, the Crowned and Conquering Child, as Lord of the Aeon.**

*Here Crowley added the following Footnote: 'This paragraph was written in the summer of 1911 e.v., just three years before its fulfilment. Second innings '38 e.v., sqq.'*

The whole matter is prophesied in **The Book of the Law** itself; let the student take note, and enter the ranks of the Host of the Sun.

(It is a pity that I cannot prove my footnote, but this Chapter XII was part of the original MS, advertised as to be published in 1912 e.v.. ...

*As usual, he had to wait over a decade to publish it.*

... You may take my word for it, for once.  
And in any case we have the prophecy of  
Bartzabel, the Spirit of Mars, in the early  
summer of 1910 e.v. that wars involving  
the disaster of  
(a) Turkey and  
(b) Germany would be fought within 5  
years. See the **New York World**,  
December, 1914.)

We now proceed to **Magick**, page 112.

But now observe how the question of the Magical Link arises! No matter how mighty the truth of Θελημα, it cannot prevail unless it is applied to and by mankind. As long as The Book of the Law was in Manuscript, it could only affect the small group amongst whom it was circulated. It had to be put into action by the Magical Operation of publishing it. When this was done, it was done without proper perfection. Its commands as to how the work ought to be done were not wholly obeyed. There were doubt and repugnance in FRATER PERDURABO's mind, and they hampered His work. He was half-hearted. Yet, even so, the intrinsic power of the truth of the Law and the impact of the publication were sufficient to shake the world so that a critical war broke out, and the minds of men were moved in a mysterious manner. The

**the re—publication of the Book in September 1913, and this time the might of this Magick burst out and caused a catastrophe to civilization.**

*Rather, a much—needed purgative. Compare the advance of civilization after the two World Wars with the world picture today. There is much to be feared, but what a difference in awareness of human rights, to say nothing of the rights of the other tenants of the ecosphere!*

At this hour, the MASTER THERION is concealed, collecting his forces for a final blow. When **The Book of the Law** and its Comment is published with the forces of His whole Will in perfect obedience to the instructions which have up to now been misunderstood or neglected, the result will be incalculably effective. The event will establish the kingdom of the Crowned and Conquering Child over the whole earth, and all men shall bow to the Law, which is "love under will."

This should be plain enough, and satisfactory. However, I thought it was time to draw public attention to these matters more emphatically.

In fulfillment of my pledge given above, and of the instructions originally given to me by the Masters, I got out **The Equinox of the Gods** at 6:22 a.m., Dec. 22. 1937,

(above) of a Prophecy, as well as to establish the date, I got a reporter on the spot, with the result following:

## **THESE NAMES MAKE NEWS.**

### **Mixed Bag of Early Birds.**

An Englishman, a Jew, an Indian, a Negro, a Malayan—no, it's not one of those saloon-bar jokes— assembled on the Embankment, by Cleopatra's Needle, soon after 6 a.m. yesterday.

They were there to assist at the publication of a book by 62 year- old magician, ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Publication occurred at 6:22 sharp, when the Sun entered Capricornus.

Crowley make a short speech; as "the Priest of the Princes" proclaimed the Law of Θελημα; handed copies of book to white, red, brown, black, yellow representatives.

Representative of the "black" race was a dancing-girl. Indian was a non-English speaking Bengali Muslim, who seemed

rather puzzled by the whole business.

Book contains message dictated to Crowley at Cairo in 1904 "by Aiwass, a Being whose nature he does not fully understand but who described Himself as 'The Minister of Hoor-Paar-Kraat' (the Lord of Silence)."

Prospectus of book says it's been published three times before; adds, sinisterly, that first publication was nine months before outbreak of Balkan war, second, nine months before outbreak of world war, third, nine months before outbreak of Sino-Japanese war.

No coincidence, it says: "the might of this Magick burst out and caused a catastrophe to civilisation."

Well, we'll see next September . . . .

"It's a bit hard of you to wish another war on us," I said to Crowley.

"Oh, but if everyone will only do as I tell them to," he replied, "the catastrophe can be averted."

"Somehow I fear they won't."

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

Then I issued a prospectus for the book, giving the facts as to previous publications and their results, and leaving blank a space after "The Fourth Publication" to wait the event.

## **THE FIRST PUBLICATION**

nine months before the outbreak of the Balkan War, which broke up the Near East.

When this was done it was done without proper perfection. Its commands as to how the work ought to be done were not wholly obeyed . . . Yet, even so, the intrinsic power of the truth of the Law and the impact of publication were sufficient to shake the world, so that a critical war broke out, and the minds of men were moved in a mysterious manner."

## **THE SECOND PUBLICATION**

nine months before the outbreak of the World War, which broke up the

West.

"The second blow was struck by the republication of the Book in September, 1913 e.v., and this time . . . caused a catastrophe to civilisation. At this hour, the Master Therion is concealed, collecting his forces for a final blow. When The Book of the Law and its Comment is published . . . in perfect obedience to the instruction . . . the result will be incalculably effective. The event will establish the Kingdom of the Crowned and Conquering Child over the whole earth, and all men shall bow to the Law, which is love under will."

## **THE THIRD PUBLICATION**

nine months before the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, which is breaking up the Far East.

## **THE FOURTH PUBLICATION**

6:22 a.m., December 22,

**1937, e.v.**

This series of actions complies perfectly with the condition of Prophecy. Nine months elapsed, and I was able to overprint, also to reprint, enlarged to four pages my remaining prospectuses in red ink. As follows:

**nine months before the  
Betrayal, which stripped  
Britain of the last rags of  
honour, prestige and  
security, and will break up  
civilisation.**

I have always maintained that Munich marked the true outbreak of the war, because Hitler's rape of Czecho-Slovakia, however justifiable, was irreconcilably incompatible with our Foreign Policy; and Munich is Nine Months to a day after my Gesture.

This then I consider a completely documented case of Prophecy.

And I shall be a completely documented case of Brain-Fag unless I shut up NOW.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 40: COINCIDENCE**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

When I was writing that letter about prophecy, I was hot and bothered all the time by my faithful sentinel the wall



greaved Hoplite that stands at the postern of my consciousness, ready to challenge every thought—and woe to the intruder who cannot give the countersign! This time the dear old ruffian thought the matter serious enough to report Higher Up. "It is put plainly enough, emphatically enough, incontrovertibly enough" was the gist of his communication "that the first and most irretrievable trick of the enemy is to dupe you into passing Captain Coincidence as 'Friend,' whereas he is naturally the most formidable of all your foes when it comes to a question of proof."

Quite right, Sergeant-Major! But it is not only about prophecy, but about all sorts of things, in particular, of course, the identification of angels and similar problems.

Well, we have captured quite a few lads of the company of Captain Coincidence; let us have them up for examination and learn what we can about their weapons and other warlike matters!

I take our first prisoner from **Magick**.

*He means **Book Four Commented Part III**, subtitled "Thelemic Magick."*

**The most famous novel of Fielding is called Tom Jones. It happened that FRATER PERDURABO was staying in a hotel in London. He telephoned a friend named Fielding at the latter's house, and was answered by Mr. Fielding's secretary, who said that his employer had left the house a few minutes previously, and could only be reached by telephoning**

a certain office in the City at between 11 o'clock and a quarter past. FRATER PERDURABO had an appointment at 11 o'clock with a music—hall star, the place being the entrance to a theatre. In order to remind himself, he made a mental note that, as soon as he saw the lady, he would raise his hand and say, before greeting her: 'Remind me that I must telephone at once to Fielding,' when he met her. He did this, and she advance toward Him with the same gesture, and said in the same breath, 'Remind me that I have to telephone to Tom Jones'—the name of a music-hall agent employed by her.

*The reader will of course realize the homophony of the two names Fielding and Feilding.*

Here comes another, this time completely crazy! Nothing "Literary" about it; no sense anywhere; a pure freak.

A friend of mine, A, rang up a friend of hers, B, at her flat in Holland Park, some 3 or 4 miles west, and a p'int to the Nor'rard, of Piccadilly Circus. After the usual series of "they don't answer", "line's engaged", "unobtainable", "line's out of order", "line's temporarily disconnected at the subscriber's request", an appeal to "Supervisor" got her connected instantly. Yet another girl friend, C, appears in, and vanishes from, the story; she said "Oh, what a pity, you've just missed her; she went out five minutes ago. I think she'll be back in an hour's time, try then."

A waited impatiently, and rang up once more. Again the series of nonsense—difficulties about getting the connection. At last the answer came. This time yet one more girl friend D. "Oh, what a pity! You've just missed her; she left the box not five minutes ago." "Box," screamed A, "what box? Have I got mixed up in a Trunk Murder?" "Why, **this** box," replied D, calmly. "What — — box?" shouted A. "Isn't that her flat?" "Her flat! are you crazy? This is a call-box in Shaftesbury Avenue." Collapse of A's confidence in the sanity of Nature.

One may note that there was no similarity in the names of the exchanges, or in the numbers.

*One should perhaps make a parenthesis here. The subject of coincidence is a complex one, and has been extremely well—analysed in an article published some two years ago in **The Skeptical Inquirer**; unfortunately I remember neither the title of the article nor the name of the author; I keep loaning my things to pupils, and naturally I never get them back. The point of the article was the mathematical inevitability of coincidences — and the temptation to take a coincidence as a manifestation of the "paranormal." (I do not know if the author read Crowley; I know Rhine did.) However, the subject is not so simple. On a certain plane or planes, and perhaps on the inmost plane, the Universe is a Continuum. Coincidence following volition **may** be simple coincidence, but seldom is. In the second case above, the chain of coincidence is too fantastic, and one must point out that A **willed** to speak to B, and kept missing B by a narrow margin in circumstances totally out of the normal boundaries of chance. You express what Crowleu used to call a*

*Bud—Will. This Bud—Will sets up a disturbance in the Continuum. Chance demands that interference, deviation, refraction, dispersion, **must** occur to a lesser or greater extent. You may get what you might call "success" — the fulfillment of your Bud—Will. You might also get a convergence of two harmonics — as in the incident involving the names 'Fielding,' 'Feilding,' and 'Tom Jones' — or a "near—miss" such as expressed in the case of A wanting to talk to B. "Success is your proof" here is irrevocably the scientific approach. You must call your shots before you make them. This is the entire difference between the Master and the Apprentice: the Master's shots usually come in, and when the Apprentice's shots do, it often is a coincidence, or the influence of the Master's energy. As we said before, the subject is not so simple. As a matter of fact, the subject is extremely complex. Centuries of research may be necessary before the Method of Science can reach its next conclusion about the Aim of Religion.*

It is the most grotesquely impossible case of "wrong number" that ever came my way.

Now for one or two oddities. Recently, needing to relax, I borrowed three "thrillers" from different sources. In every case, the plot turned on two men being so alike that no one could tell them apart. (**Rupert of Hentzau, John Chilcote, M.P., Melander's Millions.**)

I traveled from Louisville to Detroit by a railroad whose nickname was the "Big Four", my object being some business connected with my **Book 4**. The name of my express was the "Big Four"—it left from No. 4 platform at 4 p.m. My sleeping berth was No. 4 in Car No. 4 and

my ticket was No. 44,444. I ought to have been April 4, I suppose; but it wasn't.

Last week a letter from me appeared in the Sunday Dispatch with regard to the Everest Mystery of 1921 e.v. I expressed my view that the two lost climbers, last seen on an easy snow-slope near the summit, had simply been blown into the air by one of the sudden gusts of incredible fierce winds which are common at those heights, and dashed to earth perhaps a mile away.

After reading this, I went to a friend's room to borrow a book, picked up her Shakespeare's *Histories*, and, opening it at random, came upon:

**They that stand high have  
many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall, they dash  
themselves to pieces.**

**Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3.**

Now here's a story that's too good to lose; not the mistiest phantasm of an ideogram how to class it; for one thing, it's chock-a-block with moral lessons and economic theories and political summats; but there's coincidence in it somewhere, and under coincidence down it shall go. Even if only by coincidence.

From 1895 e.v. onwards I dealt with Colin Lunn.

**"Of all the tobaccoists  
under the sun,  
There is none, there is  
none, like the great Colin  
Lunn—"**

of Sidney Street, Cambridge. When I started round the world, alas for fidelity! I began to forget him. By 1906 e.v. the operation was practically complete.

In '42 e.v. I spent a few days with friends in Cambridge. Sauntering along K.P. (King's Parade to you, madam!) on my way back to the station with half an hour or so to kill, I thought I would pop in to Lunn's new shop there, and pass the time of day. He might have something to take my fancy. So I did. Needless to say, I didn't know the shopman from Adam, as he did not offer me a view of his identification mark.

*Reference to the legend that Adam had no navel, not having been born of woman. Male chauvinism comes from way back, boys and girls. And you know where from; or should.*

I asked after old friends; we gossiped of old times and new; presently he observed, putting a hand under the counter: "I think this is yours sir." "How do you know who I am? I've never seen you before." "Oh, yes sir, I was the odd-job boy at the old Sidney Street shop; I remember you quite well." By this time there lay on the counter a strange familiar-unfamiliar object—a pipe that I had left for some minor repair before hurrying off to the East 37 years before! I am smoking it now.

And you can draw your own beastly conclusion!

*Yes, but this was not coincidence at all. It is simply proof that Colin Lunn's **was** an outstanding tobacconist's shop, and that Crowley's personality had impressed a youthful mind in such a way that decades later he was still remembered. This is cause and effect.*

Here is a last, a passing strange account of a coincidence—or should it come under "Answers to Prayer."

*Mr. Regardie, naturally, omitted the following story from his "edition," thus*

*missing entirely the point Crowley was trying to make by pulling his pupil's aristocratic leg.*

A young enthusiastic "Heaven Born" (= Indian Civil Servant) parlous pious, was engaged to an exquisite chaste damosel in Lutterworth. Praised and promoted by his appreciative chiefs in Bombay, he felt his future sure enough to go home on leave, marry her, and bring her out to India. At their parting, she had given him a ring; naturally, he set great store by it." But the climate had thinned him; it was loose; playing with it as he talked with a friend on the ship, it slipped from his finger, and fell into the harbour." He suppressed an expression of annoyance. "Well that's past praying for," laughed the friend—unhappily an infidel, not a **true** friend at all. The young man stiffened. "It is?" he answered solemnly and emphatically; "We shall see." And he retired to his cabin to lay his grief before the Lord.

The ship arrived at Aden without incident. While she was coaling, it was the idle habit of some sailors to bait a hook with a large piece of pork, and fish for sharks. An hour later they caught a fine specimen, and hauled it aboard. They cut it open. No ring.

*Did you expect anything else, reader...? If you did, you are fresh sheep meat for the table of Christism. Or any other pseudo-religious con—game, for that matter.*

I hope you don't think I'm letting my pen run away with me:

"Pens! Good Lord,  
Who knows if you drive  
them or they drive you?"

No, I have not forgotten that I am here to instruct as well as to amuse: also. to

make certain observations which will, I flatter myself, be rather new to you.

I plunge headlong.

Everything that happens, no matter what, is an inconceivably improbable coincidence. You remember how you had to begin when you first came to me for help. I said to you, "Here are you, and no other person, come to see me, and no other person, in this room, and no other room, at this time, and not other time. How did that come about?" The answer to that question is the first entry in your Magical Diary: and, with a slightly different object in view, the first step in the practice of Liber Thisharb and the acquisition of Magical Memory.

Why, hang it all; the events of the last hour, even, might have gone just an infinitesimally little bit different, and the interview would not have taken place as it did. Consider then, that factors stretching back into Eternity—all the factors there are!—have each one contributed in its degree to bringing this interview about. What a fantastic improbability! Yet here we are.

Chance blindly rules the Universe. But what is Chance? And where does purpose intervene? To what extent?

I shall now conduct you, no less firmly than Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, to Monte Carlo.

*E. Phillips Oppenheim was a very popular British thriller writer of the Thirties. The following paragraph was omitted by Mr. Regardie, who may have considered it superfluous, but was merely emphasizing the workings of Chance with a concrete personal example.*

(Excuse me! I was just called to the telephone. Somebody of whose existence I was not aware has fallen ill in Ireland—



and bang went my plans for tomorrow.)

You walk quietly into the Casino; it seems to you that the excitement is even more noticeable than usual. You see a friend at the table "Here in the nick of time!" he gasps. "Black has just turned up for the 24th time running." You press forward to plank the maximum on Red. The wheel spins; Black again! "Forty thousand she-devils in the belfry of St. Nicholas Rocambole-de-Ronchonot!"

"But — but" (you stammer when spirits of hartshorn have revived you) "in the whole history of the tables a colour has **never** turned up more than 24 times running!"

*Now, is this correct statistics, or superstition? Because if it were correct statistics, it would be significant, depending on the computer number of runs reaching 24.*

My poor friend, what has that got to do with it? True, **from the start** it is countless millions to 1 that there will not be a run of 24 on the red or the black; but the probability on any single spin (ignoring zero) is always one to one. The black compartments do not contract because the ball has fallen into any one of them.

Anyone who gambles at all is either a dilettante, a crook, or a B.F. ...

*A Bloody Fool.*

If you could get the B.F.'s to understand the very elementary mathematics set forth above, good—night to gambling! And a good riddance, at that! Well, there is one advantage in the system; it does help the intelligent man to steal a march on his neighbours!

In all this the important point for my present purpose is to show you how entirely this question of probability and

**attention.**

The sequence BBBBBBB at roulette is most unlikely to occur; but so, in exactly the same degree, is the sequence B R B R R B R or any other sequence. The one passes unnoticed, the other causes surprise, only because you have in your mind the idea of "a run on black."

Extend this line of thought a little, and link it up with what I was saying about the Magical Diary; you realize that every phenomenon soever is equally improbable, and "infinitely" so. The Universe is therefore **nothing** but Coincidence!

How then can any event be more improbable than any other? Why, very simply. Go back to Monte; proclaim that at Table No. 3 Black will turn up 7 times running, after this next spin. (Or, of course, any other series of 7.) **Now** you see how Coincidence links up with Prophecy!

*According to the late Arnold Krumm-Heller, Frater Huiracocha VIII<sup>o</sup> O.T.O., Crowley once gave him exactly this type of demonstration: going with him to a casino, won a considerable amount of money at roulette and then, having proved his point, steadily lost it again until back to the amount of money he had had when beginning. Cagliostro is supposed to have been able to predict the result of sporting events, and to have supported himself and his wife Serafina in England by such means. As a result, he attracted the attention of a pair of professional crooks who caused him no end of trouble there. The last two paragraphs of this essay were also cut out of Mr. Regardie's piracy.*

**A fortiori**, Coincidence is destroyed by Purpose, if, wishing to enlighten you on

the subject, I write this letter and post it to your address, your receipt of it is no longer Coincidence. So then coincidence must be entirely both unforeseen and unintentional; in other words, absolutely senseless. But we have just proved that the Universe is nothing *but* Coincidence; it therefore is senseless.

So, having established the asymptote of our hyperbolic hyperbola, and shewn it to be asynartete, why should we not acquiesce, and say olive oil?

*The joke in the last paragraph is from Above the Abyss, of course.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 41: "ARE WE REINCARNATIONS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS?"**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

That accursed conscience of mine has been pricking me ever since I dashed off that rather curt and off-hand letter card in answer to yours of the 18th. I had intended as a matter of fact to let you have the present coruscation as soon as I could get my secretary in the offing, but I thought I would snap your head off in the strength of your question as salutary chastisement.

*The above paragraph, the first of this letter. was cut from his "edition" by Mr.*

*Regardie. One is almost tempted to enquire into the thought processes that led him to this sort of "editing," but... "Who can clear muddy water?"*

I do wish you would understand that all these speculations are not only idle and senseless because you cannot possibly verify their accuracy, but a deadly You ask if we, meaning, I suppose, the English ...

*A very pointed barb. At that time the English still had delusions of grandeur based on the past.*

..., are now reincarnating the Egyptians. When I was a boy it was the Romans, while the French undertook the same thankless office for the Greeks. I say "deadly poison;" because when you analyse you see at once that this is a device for flattering yourself. You have a great reverence for the people who produced Luxor and the Pyramids; and it makes you feel nice and comfortable inside if you think that you were running around in those days as Rameses II or a high priest in Thebes or something equally congenial.

You may say that I am myself the chief of sinners in this respect because of Ankh—f—n—Khonsu, but this was not my doing. It was imposed upon me by **The Book of the Law**, and I do not feel particularly flattered or comforted by this identification. The only interest to me is the remarkable manner in which this is interwoven with the existence of the "Cairo working."

Your second and third questions are still worse. I should be ashamed of myself if I were to do so much as to refer to them.

That must serve for that. But your fourth question I did answer after a fashion. It has however struck me that I might have

given you a more detailed instruction with advantage.

When I was up the Mindoun Chong in Burma, I started an investigation of my dreams; and the only way to catch them was to write down as much as I could remember on waking, instantly. The result of doing this is rather surprising. To begin with, I discovered, especially as the practice progressed, that I was having many more dreams than I had previously supposed. This might have come about in either of two ways.

- (1) The practice might have actually increased my tendency to dream, and
  - (2) the habit of observation may have brought dreams to the surface which would otherwise have gone unremarked.
- In either case the figures were quite definite.

I found almost at once, that is to say after about a month, that practically every dream that I could remember, could be quite clearly ascribed to one of two causes:

(a) the events of the previous day or days, or the subjects which had interested and excited me during that period, and

(b) the physical conditions of the moment. For instance, a good deal of the time of the experiment I was sleeping in what might have been euphemistically called a houseboat. It was liable to leak; and on such occasions as I woke to find water trickling down my nose, I found that the dream from which I had wakened was an adventure of some sort in connection with water. (It is quite notorious, I believe, that many asthmatic subjects are pestered by dreams of having been guillotined in a previous incarnation. Alan Bennett, I may mention, was one such.)

not only that your dreams increase in number per night, but also became very much fuller, clearer and more coherent. I assume that the reason is that the fact of your paying attention to them brings them to the surface.

I am not quite sure whether this is a complete and adequate answer to your question 4, "How can I best bring my sleeping memory into my waking hours?"

I have studied, and my secretary has studied, and we can make no head or tail of your remark about brain exercises with sketch.

Well, I must hope for the best, and leave you with my blessing.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 42: THIS "SELF" INTROVERSION**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

**"...It is a lie, this folly against self..."  
(AL II 22)**

The English is very un-English, and the context hardly helpful. But the meaning is clear enough; the idea is to dismiss, curtly and rudely, the entire body of doctrine which insists on altruism as a condition of spiritual progress.

Why do I jump in with this text without warning. Because at the end of my letter

on Sammasati the Dweller of the Threshold popped up, and that brings us to the Black Brothers, and the Left—hand path, all of which subjects are very generally supposed to depend for origin upon "Selfishness."

This question is one of the most critical in the whole of Magical Theory; for in one sense it is certainly true that every error without exception is due to exacerbation of the Ego.

Yet **The Book of the Law** flings at us disdainfully:

**"It is a lie, this folly against self."**

How then?

I fear there is nothing for it but to go thoroughly into the whole matter of the "self." This may involve some recapitulation; but then didn't the Buddha repeat three times every one of those extravagantly verbose paragraphs which give the luckless Bhikku—timens, not tumens, as Catullus says ...

*A pun. "Timorous, not tumescent." Catullus was a great Latin poet. Mr. Regardie must have thought the idea of tumescence to be indecent, for he cut out this whole passage.*

... —permission to have

- (a) walls
- (b) roof
- (c) window
- (d) door
- (e) hinge to door
- (f) fastening to door
- (g) h, and c.—no, he didn't! anyhow, all those ancient conveniences?

*Nothing especially mystical about "h. and c.," it is merely the usual abbreviation for "hot and cold water" in British rental ads, and is a rueful joke on the part of an old man who probably had had to neruse*

*such ads and compare prices and descriptions very seriously in his late years. The passage was cut by Regardie.*

"Self" is one of the trickiest words afloat. Skeat gives merely the equivalents, all practically the same in sound, in various Nordic languages; he doesn't say where it comes from, or what it means. I don't know either, bless your heart!

Latin and Greek don't help us at all; and when we try Eastern languages, it seems, dimly, to give the idea of the Ego, whatever that may be. Or perhaps "that combination which is unified by Ahankara, the "Ego-making faculty."

Decidedly not illuminating!

One can't use the word as an ordinary noun. Skeat doesn't even label it as such. One can hardly say: Mr. Blenkinsop's self is good, or rheumatic, or gone for a walk. It makes nonsense. Yet Philosophy has picked out this hapless Tetragrammaton, and made endless mud pies with it!

When one says: "I fell and hurt myself", it's only a conventional abbreviation. One means "my nose," or "my elbow," as the case may be! No, I can't conscientiously admit it as a noun. More accurately: "my body fell, and I am suffering from the injury thereby caused to my whatever it was."

*The next four lines were again cut by Mr. Regardie:*

And so what?

(Oh dear, I **am** tying ourselves into knots!)

So what? Ah me, nothing for it but to plunge head foremost into the hybrid abyss of Babu—Blavatsky bak—abak!

Brahman—don't confuse with the Brahma of the Trimurti, so so many Nippies and Clippies are but too liable to do—is the macrocosmic Negative Absolute, when



cross—examined; its microcosm is Purusha or Atma. Very near our own Qabalistic Zero— ...

*He means Brahman, not Atman or even Purusha, here.*

... Nought in no dimensions—equals Infinity (air connu). Then comes Buddhi, which curates, bookmakers' clerks, miners and Privy Councillors so often mistake for Buddha (Ha! Ha!), the faculty of discrimination. Pretty much like the  $0 = 2$  equation in our system.

Next, the Higher Manas, which is our Neschamah, as near as a toucher; and the Lower Manas, which, as every Lovely and Cutie well Knows, is our Ruach. The rest of the Hindu system can easily be fitted in.

*This interpretation equates Brahman to the Veils of the Absolute, Atman to Kether, Buddhi to Chokmah and Buddhi—Manas to Neschamah. In our opinion, it is incorrect. The Hindu system is very detailed below the Abyss, but vague and insufficient above it, especially as interpreted by the average "maharishi." We would equate Atman to Daath, Buddhi to Chesed, Buddhi—Manas to Geburah and Manas to Tiphareth instead. This would put the interpretation much closer to the level of Babu—Blavatsky bak—bak. Of course, it all depends on what thing one names. To an exploiter of "transcendental meditation," Atman is merely Daath under disguise; to a Ramakrishna or a Vivekananda or a Crowley, it may well be Kether. Here as in everything else, to each his or her own.*

Note, however, the Ahamkara, usually translated "Ego-making faculty," which collects what it can from this dump, and labels it "I."

*The problem is precisely how the Ahamkara is interpreted, or classified. To the average Hindu mystic, it might equate with Daath, while a more advanced Master might equate it to Chokmah, or even Kether itself. (Please understand that this is not a "promotion" for the Ahamkara, but rather a "demotion" for Chokmah or Kether; the Ego is the limitation, not the expansion of the "True" Self. All these expressions, and even what one is trying to express with them, are nonsense, but let us go on.) It is necessary to be very experienced in Samadhi and to have gone from Atmadarshana to Shivadarshana in order to practice Viveka on this. The next three paragraphs were cut out from Mr. Regardie's "edition." It should be becoming clear to the reader that Mr. Regardie's primary concern was to make money out of his late Master, not to transmit his thought faithfully, as would any honorable scholar, whether a disciple or not. Thus, he cut out anything that might give offense to any charlatan or fool knowing well that most people who buy "occult" books are either one or the other. However, this was not the way Crowley worked, and this was not the way Crowley thought. That great man surely deserves to be remembered for better things than having, for a while, accepted an Israel Regardie as pupil and secretary!*

There seems not much point in elaborating all this. The Hindu Pandit is a whale for swallowing numberless oceans, all swarming with Jonahs; he duplicates and discriminates and invents at his own sweet will, in order to get a pretty pattern with 84 or 108 crores of asankyas of lakhs of anythings.

We have done enough for honour.

Enough if we see that the system is in its essence identical with our own.

Well, then, what is this "Higher Self" that you roll out upon me?

Actually, we are very far from being out of the wood. This Ut, of Udgitha, who looms so large in the Upanishads; the God peculiar to yourself, who appears in one of the Darshanas; some Individual constructed from the material listed above; are these all one? If not, is the difference between them more than a quibble?

Really, all these speculations are based on *à priori* considerations; we had better drop the whole argument as little better than a waste of time; nay, as worse, for it encourages one in loose thinking, and especially in clinging to **names** which have no counterpart in **things**.

There is only one point of theory which matters to our practice. We may readily concur that the Augoeides, the "Genius" of Socrates, and the "Holy Guardian Angel" of Abramelin the Mage, are identical. But we cannot include this "Higher Self"; for the Angel is an actual Individual with his own Universe, exactly as man is; or, for the matter of that, a bluebottle. He is not a mere abstraction, a selection from, and exaltation of, one's own favorite qualities, as the "Higher Self" seems to be. The trouble is (I think) that the Hindu passion for analysis makes them philosophize any limited being out of existence.

This matter is of importance, because it influences one's attitude to invocation. I can, for instance, work myself up to a "Divine Consciousness," in which I can understand, and act, as I cannot in my normal state. I become "inspired;" I feel, and I express, ideas of almost illimitable

exaltation. But this is **totally** different from the "Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel," which is the special aim of the Adeptus Minor. It is ruin to that Work if one deceives oneself by mistaking one's own "energized enthusiasm" for external communication. The parallel on the physical plane is the difference between Onanism and Sexual Intercourse.

*The word "onanism" is here used in its more common meaning of "masturbation," rather than its Biblical meaning of "coitus interruptus."*

Probably, my reason for insistence on this point is my antipathy to introversion in any form. The "mystic path" itself is packed with dangers. Unless the strongest counter-irritants are exhibited, the process is almost certain to become morbid. It is only one step from the Invocation of Zeus, or Apollo, or Dionysus, which does demand identification of oneself with the object of one's worship, to a form of self-worship which soon develops into a maniacal exacerbation of the Ego; and if one persists in this involuted curve, one becomes a "Black Brother," or departs for the local loony-bin.

Invocations of even the most positive Gods are dangerous, unless care can be taken to keep the personality of the god distinct from one's own. Athene is a superb deity; but one does not want to be nothing but Athene, except in that supreme moment of Samadhi with Her which is the climax of the invocation.

*The next two paragraphs were cut out by Mr. Regardie:*

Do you remember one of Barbey d'Aurevilly's *Contes Cruels* about a Spanish nobleman who anticipated one of

the privileges of marriage instead of waiting for ecclesiastical licence? The Inquisitor simply had him tied to his betrothed for 48 hours.

It is really rather like that!...

*Except that the self-deluded may think the process pleasant. I am sure Mr. Regardie considers himself a great Adept, at least when he is not reading what I say about him. However, when one hates to see evil done in this world, one has little alternative but to be unpleasant to some people.*

... One of my mathematically-minded disciples—J.W.N. Sullivan, I think—told me that his sinister science had one peculiarly devilish pitfall; one is so satisfactorily equipped for work if one had but a bit of paper and a pencil—and a comfortable bed! He had to make a point of severe physical exercise to escape becoming bed-ridden in his early twenties!

So, even in divine invocation, one should insist on definite communication of knowledge (or what not) which is incontestably not one's own. The fact that the self-begotten feelings and ideas are so eminently satisfactory—naturally, since there is nobody to oppose them—is damnably seductive.

Once started on that road, one can easily develop self-deception to a fine art. One can imagine that one has undergone, or achieved, all sorts of experiences "as described in the books," when all that one has actually done is to work the results of one's reading into a bubble inflated by imagination.

It should be obvious to you that the habit grows on one; every bad quality, from vanity to laziness, lends most willing aid. One replaces reality more and more

continuously by these exciting and flattering reveries, which by this time have no longer any shadow of a claim to be called mystic experiences at all.

*The next three paragraphs were criminally excised by Mr. Regardie. Naturally, they are among the most important in this book. One can conceive many reasons why Mr. Regardie thought it necessary to excise these three paragraphs from his "edition" of **Magick Without Tears**; none of them, however, honorable or dignified. He may have resented Crowley speaking of himself as a psychoanalyst — the man had no diploma! He may have wanted to soothe Gerald Yorke's ruffled ego, since Yorke was one of the victims of masturbation whom Crowley failed to cure. He may have wanted to shield himself, since he was another, whose record amply proves Crowley's involuntary failure. He may have wanted to sell more books and make more money, since the present tendency is to consider masturbation not only "harmless" but even healthy. Or he may not have understood the importance of Crowley's objection to masturbation at all. Masturbation is one of the most insidious and vicious of practices. It would obviously not occur if sexual activity were truly socially accepted, which it is not: if it were, adolescents on reaching puberty would be encouraged to fuck, rather than furtively encouraged to masturbate. The objections to masturbation are multiple, both magickally and psychologically. Psychologically, as Crowley states, it creates autism where it did not exist before, or exacerbates it where it already existed. Magickally, its effects are even more dangerous. Unfortunately, one cannot go very deeply into the subject in*

*a book that is geared towards the general public, but one will do what one can. Orgasm — either male or female — is creative. The energies involved are connected with the deepest roots of the self; the sensations and emotions have been made the most pleasant that a sexually differentiated organism is capable of. This was done by nature — call it "God" if you will, but if you do, try to remember that what is natural is godlike — basically to ensure the reproduction, therefore the survival, of the species. If an individual acquires the habit of pleasuring himself or herself rather than pleasuring or being pleased by another individual this not only goes counter to the natural functions of sex but also counter to the social instincts of the person. One becomes incapable of truly empathizing, therefore of truly understanding the needs of others. Societies in which sex is a "sin" always surround sexual activity with all kinds of aberrant taboos. In countries infested by Roman Catholicism in its most virulent form, for instance Latin American countries, boys and girls, who go to school together until they reach adolescence, are immediately separated at that time, precisely when their being with members of the opposite sex becomes most necessary. Then you get absurdities like statutory rape, or the idea that an adolescent should not fuck at all. It is precisely adolescents who most need to fuck: at that age, sexual activity is paramount, concern with sex is overwhelming, the sensations and emotions are at their apex. To restrict sexual activity in the young is more than criminal: it is social suicide. There is absolutely no excuse whatsoever for restricting the young sexually in this day*

*be avoided or terminated with minimum inconvenience and maximum efficiency. It would indeed be wise to frown on too early reproduction, since parenthood is a serious responsibility and should be incurred only after mature thought and mature decision, as should voting or going to war. It would be wise to discourage people from marrying too young, or having children too young; but to discourage adolescents from having sex is senseless stupidity (in some cases, perversion); and to forbid them by law from having it is an intolerable invasion of human rights. I can speak of masturbation with knowledge, for I myself was given to this habit until my earliest twenties; I stopped masturbating finally on the advice of both Parsifal Krumm—Heller and Karl Johannes Germer, and under the guidance of the latter. In my case, I had never really enjoyed the habit; I yielded to it under the pressure of hydraulics and under the restrictions of a very unhealthy home life, with parents who were not only sexually restricted by even, in a psychological sense, sexually perverted. And my parents were sexually restricted and psychologically perverted precisely because they had been brought up in the kind of society that considers sexual activity sinful, and equates chastity with sexual repression. In this kind of society, the young hide and play with themselves — an excellent expression! — instead of playing with each other. And then people wonder why the sexes do not understand each other, or hate each other, or why the rich are unfeeling, or why governments are unscrupulous, or why priests, preachers and psychoanalysts are insane. Although I did stop masturbating, to this day I can*



intellectual, and social, which were created in my psyche by this loathsome habit. Masturbation used to make me feel unclean, and it still does, whether in myself or in others. And I can see its horrible effects — there is really no other adjective to describe them — in the life of my contemporaries. You should not, by the way, confuse the habit of masturbation with the use of masturbation as a magickal ritual — a thing, incidentally, which is not done except in most exceptional circumstances. No: one speaks of masturbation here as a form of self-indulgence; and this form of self-indulgence is more dangerous than any habit-forming drug, religion included. As a matter of fact, it is closely related to religious fanaticism, the refusal to face reality, and the incapacity to see oneself. The social encouragement of acceptance of masturbation by pedagogues and psychologists, which one notes in modern American society, is one of the wrongest possible things. The relaxation of social restriction led to frankness in sexual matters, and masturbation was finally faced and discussed socially. The moral cowardice and social hypocrisy of a thousand years of Judeo-Christism, however, have not been faced by so-called psychoanalysts of Mr. Regardie's ilk. Perhaps they simply have been unable to perceive the roots of their own conditioning and complexes; more likely, they are more interested in making money than in benefitting society; this, also, is a form of playing with oneself. Whatever their reasons, these have led to social encouragement of precisely the habit that would not exist at all — unless as an atavism or under most unusual circumstances — if sexual activity were

*healthy, why should anyone play with himself or herself? Let us play with each other! These remarks, naturally, apply to masturbation as self-indulgence. If you "masturbate" someone else, that is not masturbation at all in the sense Crowley used the word, or I use the word in these remarks. The reader, male or female, is strenuously advised to seek sexual pleasure in the company of another being, and never to indulge in so-called "solitary pleasure." You are also strenuously advised, for the health and progress of our species, to fight for the kind of social outlook that will make the concealment or legal restriction of sexual activity as obsolete as the Judeo-Christist god.*

It is desperately difficult to cure such conditions; the patient resents bitterly every touch of truth, for he feels it, accurately enough, as a thrust to the very core of his being.

Parallel with this, in my psychoanalytic practice I have had excellent success with all forms of sexual aberration, with the one exception of masturbation.

In these cases, even though I have often been successful in "curing" the condition, so that the man has been able to carry on with satisfaction to himself and his family the normal functions of a husband, I have never really got rid of the peculiar mental and moral characteristics which have been, if not implanted, at least encouraged and fostered, by this devastating habit.

Now do remember this; it is the guarantee of wholesomeness in any Invocation that there should be **contact with another**. It is better to conjure up the most obnoxious demons from the most noisome pit of Hell than to take one's

if only because there was never a demon yet so atrocious as that same old Ego.

You will discover the truth of these remarks when you approach the Frontier of the Abyss. Well, now, if that isn't too funny! The text of this stupendous sermon was AL II, 22. I take this verse in its most obvious and ordinary sense; for instance, the following sentence:

**"... The exposure of innocence is a lie. ...";**

for that means clearly enough Hypocrisy.  
So

**"... It is a lie, this folly against self. ..."**

only means, "To hell with sentimental altruism, with false modesty, with all those most insidious fiends, the sense of guilt, of shame—in a word, the 'inferiority complex' or something very like it." The whole tenor of **The Book of the Law**, is to this effect. The very test of worth is that one should be aware of it and not afraid to sock the next man on the jaw if he disputes it!

*Of course, there is no guarantee that this primitive type of test will always work in practice. If you weigh a hundred pounds and the next man weighs two hundred and knows Karate of some such, your worth will be better protected by a gun, or, as the generals put it, strategic retreat. Masturbators, for instance, instinctively resent true worth in others. And, thanks to a thousand years of Judeo—Christist dysgenics, masturbators will usually be taller, stronger, handsomer, richer and meaner than yourself...*

*When Genghis Khan's Mongols began their campaign to conquer the world (and they were only stopped by that genius's*

dwarfish, ugly people — sometimes called monstrous by those they defeated. But by the time they had conquered Asia and were half way into Europe, they had become one of the most handsome cultural groups known — for when they conquered a land, they took the healthiest women and the brightest children into their households, spared — and employed — the most intelligent and professional men, and always ate the best foods and drank the finest wines. Thirty years — the life of a generation. And the life of a leader greater than Napoleon and wiser than Hitler. In modern times, only Elizabeth I of England could compare in her effect over her nation. We, of Θελημα, have been repressed and decimated for the last three thousand years. The hand of Jew and Christist alike was raised against us. "Suffer not a witch to live" was, of course, a self-serving translation of the Hebrew original; but there is plenty of evidence in the Old Testament — the only one that can be remotely called a genuine cultural document in the "Bible" — that the Hebrews, also, did us in whenever they could. Therefore, Thelemites at this time are seldom rulers, or strong or beautiful people. We tend, also, to have all kinds of problems of adaptation to a society of fat, self-satisfied, stupid and slyly malignant and cruel sheep. The Zionists talk a lot about the "Holocaust" — a convenient 'six million martyrs' concealing six million crimes. Of our holocaust neither Zionist nor Christist speaks. Yet both would still be murdering us if they could. In fact, in many parts of the world, they still are. How, under such circumstances, are we to reach our potential? The answer is, of course, in **Liber AL**. But whether the

*eventually to the level of brute versus intelligent force, the basic tactics will remain that succinctly described in AL III 9.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. But what do I mean when I say "myself" in normal speech? I mean Tiphareth, the human self as determining the identity of the Supreme Triad plus as much Ruach as I have succeeded in organising as extensions of it.

Though your Supernal Triad is in essence identical with mine, your Tiphareth is quite definitely not mine. It is like mine in its nature and many of its sympathies, but your Ruach is altogether different from mine in (at a guess) 80% of its components.

We must add Malkuth as the medium which crystallizes the characters of our respective "Selves."

This is all horribly, hatefully difficult to put into words; there is bound to be misunderstanding, however cleverly I concoct the potion. But we understand pretty well for all that, at least so far as is necessary for most practical purposes.

**EDITORIAL: FROM  
PART 2 OF THE FIRST  
EDITION OF MWT  
COMMENTED**

**EDITORIAL**

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Part two of **MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS UNEXPURGATED COMMENTED** is finally here. We say "finally" because it took so long for Part One to reach our subscribers and the general public. One of the motives for the delay is detailed in the review of computer material starting on Page 423.

We thank you for your patience and your custom. Thelemic Magick should be available by the middle of next year, and The Equinox of the Gods for the Winter Solstice. Next year The Oriflamme temporarily ceases publication and Volume III of The Equinox starts. "Intelligence" services allowing, we hope to publish for the next five years, and the end of which the A:A: will again withdraw into Silence, Volume III of the The Oriflamme will start on the Solstice of Summer of 1991 e.v. "Intelligence" services allowing, of course.

A Jewish acquaintance has brought to our attention that we made a mistake in Part One when stating that the dark Jewish somatotype is normally called "Schwartz" by other Jews, especially light-colored Ashkenazys. The situation is somewhat less innocent than that. The Yiddish word "Schwartz" which comes from the German "Schwarz" ("black"), was used by the Ashkenazys to refer to black people. Unfortunately, its emotional connotations were fairly equivalent to those of "nigger" in

**Southern white American English. The word is applied to Sephardic Jews as an epithet of scorn. (Cf. Soror K.A.'s review of "feminist" Jewish publications starting Page 135 of Magick and Mysticism.)**

**So as you can see, Jews are really one of the most privileged cultural groups on Earth. We poor goyins are reduced to called other cultural groups names, such as "spick", "kike", "nigger", "wetback", "mick", etc. But Jews can even cast racial slurs on each other. How nice to be chosen!...**

**It is now clear why Fred Mendel and Donald Weiser deliberately withheld the Liber Aleph royalties from Mrs. Germer (see this Solstice's installment to her slow death by starvation. They did not know she was blonde and light-eyed like themselves. They thought she was a nigger.**

**We thank our Jewish acquaintance for bringing our attention to this inaccuracy in reporting; especially since, as a Jew, it must have been painful for him to point out a fault in members of his own cultural group. It was a depressing piece of news. We can understand better why Jesse Jackson referred to New York as "Hymietown": he was letting off the steam of a few centuries of abuse. It would have been more civilized on the part of national Zionist organizations to have kept as silent about it as did most non-Zionist Jews.**

It should be pointed out that Jews who insult other Jews with racial epithets are, on the whole, a minority. It is unfortunate that this minority is usually able to live on Park Avenue or in Tel Aviv rather than in the Bronx or on the Gaza strip.

We should like to think that we will have less occasion to refer to Jews in future issues of *The Oriflamme*, or at least have nice things to say about them.



Readers of *Equinox* V 4 and *Oriflamme* VI 2 may remember our enthusiastic reviews of the work of the feminist composer Kay Gardner. Ms. Gardner has just issued a new record, *A Rainbow Path*, which is as original and creative as all her work so far. It is available, as we understand are also her previous works, from *Ladyslipper*, P.O. Box 3124, Durham, NC 27705.

For the benefit of the C.I.A., the Mossad, and the F.B.I., we should like to state here for the record that Ms. Gardner is not a member of the O.T.O., or of the A·A·°. She is, like our Jewish acquaintance mentioned above, a member of the human race. Perhaps under the Reagan administration this has already become a crime. But there are no aggravating circumstances, mind.

Love is the law, love under will

The Editor



(Note by David Bersson): The Editor was of course, Marcelo Motta, who had recovered somewhat from the financial disaster of vampire lawyers — and was proceeding bravely among the most hideous magical attacks from the black lodges, the black brothers and other unsavory manifestations of would-be political conglomerates that had begun to notice his progress with the various magical gestures that were creating havoc from the truth that they manifested and the change that they implied. Kay Gardner died on August 28, 2002 e.v.. Although she was not a A:A: nor O.T.O. member her experiments with sound for healing had parallels with occult science as it is expounded in ONE STAR IN SIGHT and her music and movement was of special interest to Mr. Motta. Her work with sound and healing should have been the preliminaries of a new science. She did turn in her work, ideas, and experiments to the scientific community, such as Cambridge University scientists — and yet she was never taken seriously being a feminist. No doubt, she was possibly suspected to be a lesbian by the "moral majority" type mentalities that predominated the intellectual community of that era. The facts are, however, that she was very heavily involved with witchcraft, a High Priestess and the mother of two daughters. In 1975 e.v., in New York City, Kay Gardner was the first woman that Sorceress Zsuzsanna Emese Budapest, *"the witch of Budapest"* ordained as a Dianic High Priestess, for the Emilia Earhart

High Priestess of Isis initiated by the Supreme Sorceress Lady Olivia Robertson, at her castle in Ireland. She was no doubt a brave and good woman — and her music is still available to date for those who are curious about her.

## **LETTER 43: THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL IS NOT THE "HIGHER SELF" BUT AN OBJECTIVE INDIVIDUAL**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

*The very first paragraph of this letter was omitted by Mr. Regardie:*

On going over some recent letters I see that you question about William Gillette and the Angels was indeed "a red—hot twy—prong that you stick to hiss i' the soft of" me. ...

*He means her question answered in Letter 58, headed "Do angels ever cut themselves shaving?"*

... You meant not only to inquire into the order of being to which angels belong, but as to whether they are liable to accident, misfortune and the like.

The answer is that it depends on the Angel —for the purposes of this letter I propose to use the word "angel" to include all sorts of disembodied beings, from demons to gods—in all cases, they are

different from a dream only in non-essentials.

Now, some angels are actually emanations of the elements, planets, or signs to which they are attributed. They are partial beings in very much the same way as are animals. They are not microcosms as are men and women. They are almost entirely composed of the planet (or what—ever it is) to which they are attributed. The other components of their being I take to be almost accidental. For example, the Archangel Ratziel is lord of a company of angels called Auphanim; and one must not imagine that all these angels are identical with one another, or there would not seem to be much sense in it. They have some sort of composition, some sort of individuality; and the character and appearance of the Angel can be determined by its name.

I do not think that I have anywhere mentioned how this is done. To take an example, let us have Qedemel—the Hebrew letters as Q.D.M.A.L, and the numeration is 175, which is that of the sum of the 1st 49 numbers, as is proper to ♀.

*In the ambit of a particular Sephirah, any number can present itself under the guise of a multiple of the main number representing that Sephirah; or so say the Qabalists. In the original edition of this book, either the secretary or they copyist omitted the words 'divided by 7,' which are implied by 'as is proper to ♀.' It is thus that it can be said that on the Plane of Understanding (or the Plane of the "Devil!") the Law of Israel is identical to the Law of Θελημα, whether Orthodox Jews (read "Israelis") like it or not.*

We may then expect the head or head-dress of the spirit to be in some way

general form of the body will be indicated by the  $\daleth$ , the letter of  $\text{♀}$ , and the lower part (or perhaps the quality) will be determined by the watery Mem—The termination  $\text{לס}$  is usually taken to indicate appropriate symbols. For instance, the  $\text{ס}$  might show a golden aura, and the  $\text{ל}$  a pair of balances.

*Another possible interpretation, which he mentions elsewhere, is that such "angels" as have the termination AL to their "names" carry the Sword (A) and Scales (L). The reader should realize that all this is merely a communication code in this case based on Hebrew lore. A scientific study of such entities can be conducted on totally different lines, according to the precepts or symbolism of another cultural tradition. This whole subject matter was first covered by Crowley in Liber 777, which we are expanding to include as many systems as possible. But our choice will always be, to some extent, limited by the fact that we use the so called Hebrew Qabalah actually, the Medieval Qabalah of the Alchemists, "Rosicrucians" and Masons as a rosetta stone. Crowley chose it because he considered it the most practical and efficient system, and we concur. But future researchers should keep in mind that whenever you structure knowledge you are limited by the structure itself you are using. Our successors may find a more efficient rosetta stone than the Magickal Qabalah. But if so, they will still have evolved a more efficient system from that of Maimonides, "Christian Rosenkreutz," and Aleister Crowley.*

Some further detail might be indicated by taking the letters  $\daleth$  and  $\text{מ}$  together, for Dam is the Hebrew word for blood. From such considerations one can build

up a pictorial representation in one's mind which may serve as a standard to which any appearance of him should more or less conform. The question then takes the form of inquiry into how far such beings are immortal or eternal.

In the above case, evidently his existence depends on that of the planet ♀; and one might suppose that, if that planet were stricken from the solar system, there would be no more Qedemel. But this is to judge too rashly; for ♀ himself is only an emanation of the number 7, and is therefore indestructible. {Handwritten note: Because she-he comes from ... who is  $\triangle + \square, 3 + 4$ }

*As ♀ "herself" is equally indestructible, being an emanation of the number 4. The reader should try to keep in mind that one is not talking of material things here. ♀ or ♀, the planets, can obviously be destroyed — for instance, if the Sun goes nova. But mathematical concepts are indestructible, at least as long as a mind exists that uses number as a means of mentation. And even should such a type of mind cease to exist in the material universe so-called, it might still exist on those other planes of which Crowley is talking. Really, it would be so nice if scientists made a serious study of Magick and Mysticism! We need rigorously trained intellects of the brilliance of a Bertrand Russell, or of the intuitional wealth of an Einstein, if we are to progress along the path pointed out by the genius of Aleister Crowley. It may perhaps be as important, or even more important to our species, than the exploration of so-called "material" space.*

It is some such idea as the above which is at the back of the conventional idea that elements are immortal, that they incur

mortality when their ambition and devotion causes them to incarnate as human beings. (Is this achieved by some sort of marriage with a reincarnating Ego? Or how? All this is very obscure; we need more evidence.)

*The sentences between parentheses, and the next paragraph, were excised by Mr. Regardie.*

You will doubtless have read in many Eastern stories of the destruction of dryads or Nats ...

*One is Greek, the other the Hindu name for what Crowley obviously thought was the same (species?) type of elemental creature.*

... by the cutting down of the tree in which they have made their habitation. A nymph, similarly, would be destroyed if her fountain were to dry up.

*Since Mr. Regardie published his piracy of this book some years ago, one wonders if his Jewish blood gave him enough prophetic powers to at least foresee James Watt, and to try to help his work of polluting America even more than it has polluted itself by electing Ronald Reagan to the presidency!*

*Dryads, Nats, nymphs, etc., may be simply a communication code between the souls of human beings and the souls of natural things. I once asked my very wise and very patient Master, Mr. Karl Johannes Germer, if he thought that someone invoking the Aethyrs would get the same visions that Crowley did. He usually thought long and deep before he answered a question, but this time he did not hesitate. "No," he said, "I think the person would get the kind of symbols that would be intelligible to his or her cultural background, but the message would be the same. at least until the end*

of the present Aeon." This is, of course, another reason why we are trying to include as many new systems in **Liber 777 Revised 2** as we possibly can. We sometimes get inquiries from impatient readers on this matter. They should keep in mind that this is a work for decades — even for centuries. New editions may be done after the death of this editor and annotator to include systems as far as Sirius — begging your pardon, dear "Rosicrucians" — or as close as the cetaceans. Whichever we reach first. It would of course be easier to first reach the cetaceans, but for that it is necessary to stop killing them and try to understand that the lore of "sirens" and "tritons," for instance, may be nothing but a projection of the insistent message of love and sympathy transmitted to us by the whales and dolphins that we keep murdering and slaughtering. It is interesting to speculate whether the so-called "Christian" ethics of "turning the other cheek" was not actually transmitted to Jonah, the Hebrew prophet, inside the whale...? (The intelligent reader will — hopefully — understand that we are merely indicating George Orwell's masterful essay of the same title as a hint.) For if ever any intelligent being has turned the other cheek to another intelligent being, the cetaceans have done so to us. As history proves, we have never done it even to each other. It is not a human characteristic; but it may very well be a cetacean characteristic, as least towards us, and if so, we should count our blessings. **Any** other species should be respected if we want to preserve and improve **our** species. It is time to accept ecology!

Now, can an angel of this sort ever go

wrong, by which one must mean, can he ever be untrue to his own nature?

*Please note the definition of "going wrong." The Aspirant must carefully discriminate between personal failure and non—personal failure. Personal failure consists in being untrue to one's own nature; only beings of very complex psychosomatic structure, such as human beings, are usually capable of this type of error. Non—personal failure will be more likely to occur the longer one must persevere in any kind of effort, since it is a material expression of statistical law — or, if you prefer, of the law of Chance. The only failure that is serious enough from an Initiatic point of view is the failure to be true to one's own nature. In a human being, this means going astray from one's True Will. All other types of failure, coming as they do from the environment and not from the Self, can be deplored, but have to be accepted and compensated for, since they are always possible, and frequently unpredictable even by the most evolved beings (which homo saps usually is not.) "There is a factor infinite and unknown." I have known disciples to express surprise that I put up with them even when (they think) they have been most obnoxious and contrary. But my Instructors and my Masters have put up with me, and still do. The only unpardonable sin is willful and conscious disobedience of one's True Will in circumstances where environmental pressure is not sufficient to account for one's failure to listen to the "Voice of the Silence" (as Blavatsky might say). This is the "sin against the Holy Ghost," and if it be too often repeated (the dangerous frequency varies according to one's psychosoma and to the time-space node where one's Point—of—View is moving,*



*so there is no hard and fast safety rule to be prescribed!) it produces a "Black Brother."*

I do not see how one can imagine this to happen; for they are so completely creatures of the elements of which they are composed that they must be regarded as completely devoid of will in any intelligible sense of the word. Their actions in fact are merely re—actions.

They are, of course, entirely lacking in the Supernal Triad. There is therefore no question of anything in them which would persist through change.

*Another important point. Environmental change can only affect **intrinsically** a Microcosmic Being, not a being that is in itself a part of the forces of nature rather than a being that aspires to become the whole of those forces, which is to say, the All.*

Perhaps it would be better to say that changed does not really affect them. Another way to put it would be that they are adjectives, not nouns. They are merely sensible manifestations of the elements to which they are attributed, and to the letters of their name.

Now, on the other hand, there is an entirely different type of angel; and here we must be especially careful to remember that we include gods and devils, for there are such beings who are not by any means dependent on one particular element for their existence. They are microcosms in exactly the same sense as men and women are. They are individuals who have picked up the elements of their composition as possibility and convenience dictates, exactly as we do ourselves. I want you to understand that a goddess like Astarte, Astaroth, Cotytto, Aphrodite, Hathoor, Venus, are not

merely aspects of the planet ...

*Here he added the following note: "Venus' is, of course, a 'thing-in-itself;' the planet is merely one case of the idea."*

*This entire structure of reasoning is purely mathematical, and the serious reader will find it in Russell and Whitehead's **Principia Mathematica** and in Russell's own personal masterpiece, **The Principles of Mathematics**, which is slightly easier to absorb for the average reader than the former.*

...; they are separate individuals who have been identified with each other, and attributed to ♀ merely because the salient feature in their character approximates to this ideal.

Now then, it is simple to answer the question of their development, their growing old and dying; for, being of the same order of Nature as we are ourselves, almost anything which is true of us is true also of them.

I have tended rather to elaborate this theme, because of the one personally important question which arises in more recent letters; for I believe that the Holy Guardian Angel is a Being of this order. He is something more than a man, possibly a being who has already passed through the stage of humanity ...

*Not necessarily in a human body, or belonging to the human species; but certainly able to include in Its experience the limits of human experience, otherwise communication could never be as intimate and immediate as any Minor Adept can testify it is.*

..., and his peculiarly intimate relationship with his client is that of friendship, of community ...

*Community of interests, purposes, and*

*the pun; and here is another reason for scientists to explore mystical experience, if only to assure ourselves that the contact the Adepts make is one that will truly benefit our species. It is all, in the essence, a matter of the judgment of values, such as: Who has proved "herself" most valuable to the human species (to say nothing of "her" own country), Phyllis Schlafly or Betty Friedan? Elizabeth I or Elizabeth II? Or who has proved "himself" most valuable to the human species, Bertrand Russell or whoever is the present Roman "Pope?" Baruch Spinoza, or Thomas Aquinas? Chose ye well...!*

..., of brotherhood, or Fatherhood. He is not, let me say with emphasis, a mere abstraction from yourself; and that is why I have insisted rather heavily that the term "Higher Self" implies "a damnable heresy and a dangerous delusion."

It it were not so, there would be no point in **The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage.**

Apart from any theoretical speculation, my Sammasiti and analytical work has never led to so much as a hint of the existence of the Guardian Angel.

*He means, of course, as part of one's own self.*

He is not to be found by any exploration of oneself. It is true that the process of analysis leads finally to the realization of oneself as no more than a point of view indistinguishable **in itself** from any other point of view; but the Holy Guardian Angel is in precisely the same position. However close may be the identities in millions of ways, no complete identification is ever obtainable.

But do remember this, above all else; they are objective. not subjective. or I should

not waste good Magick on them.

*In this I most emphatically concur from my own experiences. Indeed, being an ex—masturbator, I should know the difference between myself and another! (Masturbations are pledged not to take this as a defense of their indefensible "habit," which is merely a distorted form of sexual expression squeezed off the sexual restriction encouraged by the "Black Brothers," who fear above all any contact with any autonomous Self beyond their selves. Thelemic Magick is based on  $2=0$ , not "I am I." Surely, "I am I;" so what? This is a definition of personal limitation, unless it is a statement rigorously limited in space and Time. One should hope that both Mr. Jack Vance and Mr. Robert Heinlein, whose talents and intellects one admires, will get this point before they die...! To say nothing of Mr. Oskar Schlag. But Hope is a worm.*

Let me say in particular in regard to Gods, that the God Jupiter whom you invoke is not necessarily the same as he whom I invoke. It is clear in any case that the revelation of himself to you is modified in many ways by your own particular sensitiveness; just as in ordinary life, your idea of a friend may be very different from my own conception of the same individual. Suppose, for example, he happens to be a musician, there will be an entire side of his character to which I am practically insensitive. You could talk to him for hours, and I would understand little or nothing of what was said.

*This letter may have been written to Sascha Germer, rather than any other woman, since Mrs. Germer was an accomplished pianist, teacher, and musician.*

would be your turn to be odd man out.

*You send out a call into the Aethyrs; Who answers it depends on many factors. "It is a lie, this folly against self" applies to the "Angel" — meaning the H.G.A. — as much as it applies to yourself. The Being that answers your call intends to get something out of the exchange, just as you do. Remember, it is 2=0, not "I equals I!" In my own case, I reached 666, the Magus of the Aeon, possibly because in my adolescence I vowed myself to help humankind. It is not just that He—She—It found my Aspiration "worthy" — it is simply that my Aspiration resonated with His—Her—Its own purpose. The relationship between the "Angel" and the client is always one of mutual convenience, not one of "self-sacrifice." The entire concept of "self-sacrifice" is a lie contrived by the "Black Brothers" (a lie involuntary, albeit they are not conscious of this crucial fact, and would deny it heatedly were it to be mentioned to one of them — they have no True Will, being the slave—gods as well as the gods of slaves), contrived to conceal their cowardice, and thus to keep humankind enslaved to their restricted Selves (the "Black Brother's" Selves, not humankind's Selves.) In passing, one should warn the serious reader against the idea, which the Toshosophists and false initiates constantly try to foment, that the H.G.A. is nothing but a mind—projection of the Aspirant. Denial of this masturbatory delusion is precisely the point of this entire letter. A certain Alexandra David—Neil, among others, has tried to foment this insidious lie. It is interesting that Alice Bailey, although obviously another charlatan in many senses, and "Dion Fortune," who spent her entire life slyly stealing insights from Crowley while*

*stabbing him in the back, did not.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 44: "SERIOUS" STYLE OF A.C., OR THE APPARENT FRIVOLITY OF SOME OF MY REMARKS**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Alas! It is unlikely that either you or I should come upon a copy of Max Beerbohm's portrait of Mathew Arnold; but Raven Hill's famous cartoon is history, and can be told as such without the illustration.

*Mr. Regardie cut this and the following paragraph from his "edition." Perhaps he thought that Max Beerbohm and Raven Hill, to say nothing of Matthew Arnold, were best forgotten, since none were Zionists; although the two former were Jews.*

We shall have to go into the matter, because of your very just criticism of my magical writings in general—and these letters, being colloquial, are naturally an extreme case.

*Mr. Regardie's "reasons" for cutting the above paragraph, however, can only have been to maintain Crowley's "reputation" as an impervious megalomaniac; possibly to spare himself*

*model, however fictitious.*

Far—off indeed those sunny days when life in England was worth living; when one could travel anywhere in Europe—except Russia and Turkey, which spiritually, at least, are in Asia—or America, without a pass—port; when we complained that closing time was twelve—thirty a.m. ...

*Of drinking places, nightclubs, and public places of entertainment, of course.*

...; when there was little or no class bitterness, the future seemed secure, and only Nonconformists failed to enjoy the fun that bubbled up on every side.

*However, as a Master of the Yellow School might remark, such are always the most dangerous times in the history of any species, to say nothing of the history of any country. A leader who is not worried is a leader who is blind. This apparently cynical statement should fully explain why only the stalwart or absolute fools would aspire to be "leaders."*

Well, in those days there were Music—halls; I can't hope to explain to you what they were like, but they were **jolly**. (I'm afraid that there's another word beyond the scope of your universe!) At the Empire, Leicester Square, which at that time actually looked as if it had been lifted bodily from the "Continong" ...

*The Continent meaning Continental Europe. He is mimicking Cockney pronunciation here.*

... (a very wicked place) there was a promenade, with bars complete (**drinking** bars, my dear child, I blush to say) ...

*Meaning that they sold hard liquor and that evil beverage, wine, rather than just lukewarm beer.*

... where one might hope to find "strength

and beauty met together, Kindle their image like a star in a sea of glassy weather." There one might always find London's "soiled doves" (as they revoltingly called them in the papers) of every type ...

*Meaning, those few women who were strong enough not to want to be domestic drudges, and thus were reduced to the risk of being called prostitutes, or worse. Cf. AL iii 43-45.*

... : Theodora (celebrated "Christian" Empress) and Phryne, Messalina and Thais, Baudelaire's swarthy mistress, and Nana, Moll Flanders and Fanny Hill.

*All these women, with the exception of Theodora, Messalina and possibly Phryne, are fictional heroines of erotic novels. Theodora was a hetera who became Empress of Byzantium, and Messalina was Claudius's wife, celebrated by Robert Graves in his famous Roman novels; Phryne, also a hetera, may have been as mythical as Aphrodite.*

But the enemies of life were on guard ...

*The puppets of the "Black Brothers;" at present, in the United States of America, one can instance such unfunny fools as Ronald and Nancy Reagan, James Watt, Phyllis Schlafly, Jerry Falwell, etc., etc., ad nauseam.*

... They saw people enjoying themselves, (shame!) and they raked through the mildewed parchments of obsolete laws until they found some long-forgotten piece of mischief that might stop it. The withered husks of womanhood, idle, frustrated, spiteful and malignant, called up their forces, blackmailed the Church into supporting them ...

*One can see how blindly innocent he was, even in his old age. He did not realize*



*that those people were manipulated by the "Churches" (in this case the Anglican and the Roman Catholic), not the other way around!*

..., and began a senseless string of prosecutions.

Notable in infamy stands out the name of Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

*Who, although Crowley did not realize it, was a "chaste" woman, manipulated by sinister forces hiding behind her "spiritual" counselors! Her envy of freedom in others exacerbated to boot, no doubt, by secret masturbation and the tyranny of a husband made unsympathetic and brutal by that very same vice. Although we have been known to condemn "Mrs." Phyllis Schlafly, it should not be thought from this that we consider her an evil force in herself; nay, she is merely the instrument of those drunken on solitary vice, who indulge in it in their rainbow-hued, but — alas! — unstable towers...*

So here we had the trial of some harmless girl for "accosting;" it was a scene from this that inspired Raven Hill's admirable cartoon.

A "pale young curate" is in the witness box. "The prisoner," he drawled "made improper proposals to me. The actual words used were: "why do you look so sad, Bertie?"

The magistrate: "A very natural question!"

*The cartoon appeared in **Punch**, to this day the best, and perhaps only, British humorous magazine.*

Now, fifty years later, here am I in the dock.

*The next **forty** lines were, of course, cut out by that puppet of the "Black Brothers" who was deluded enough to think of himself as 'Israel Regardie.'*

("How can you expect people to take your  
Magick seriously!" I hear from every  
quarter, "when you write so gleefully  
about it, with your tongue always in your  
cheek?")

My dear good sister, do be logical!

Here am I who set out nigh half a century  
ago to seek "The Stone of the Wise, the  
Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and  
Perfect Happiness:" I get it, and you  
expect me to look down a forty-inch nose  
and lament!

I have plenty of trouble in life, and often  
enough I am in low enough spirits to  
please anybody; but turn my thoughts to  
Magick—the years fall off. I am again the  
gay, quick, careless boy to whom the  
world was gracious.

*We, who have "seen" this gay, quick,  
careless boy in our Temple, can attest to  
it.*

Let this serve for an epitaph: Gray took  
eleven years; I, less:

## **ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY FARMYARD**

**By  
Cock-a-doodle-doo**

**Here lies upon this  
hospitable spot**

**A youth to flats and  
flatties unknown;**

**The Plymouth Brethren  
gave it to him hot;**

**Trinity, Cambridge,  
claimed him for her own.**

He climbed a lot of  
mountains in his time

He stalked the tiger, bear  
and elephant.

He wrote a stack of poems,  
some sublime,

Some not. Tales, essays,  
pictures, plays my aunt!

At chess a minor master,  
Hoylake set

His handicap at two.  
Love drove him crazy.

Three thousand women  
used to call him pet;

In other matters—shall  
we call him "lazy"?

He had the gift of laughing  
at himself;

Most affably he walked  
and talked with God;

And now the silly bastard's  
on the shelf,

We'll bury him beneath  
another sod.

*The above poem is, of course, a take-off on Thomas Gray's over-solemn "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," done on the spur of the moment and in which Crowley touches on every aspect of himself and his career. "We'll bury him beneath another sod" is a pun on his homosexual activities. Again, Mr. Regardie's excision of this small masterpiece, and of the paragraphs accompanying it, is criminal.*

In all the active moods of Nature—her activity is Worship! there is an element of rejoicing; even when she is at her wildest and most destructive. (You know Gilbert's song "When the tiger is a-lashing of his tail"?) Her sadness always

—and that we know to be illusion.

There is nothing worse in religion, especially in the Wisdom-Religion, than the pedagogic-horatory accents of the owlish dogmatist, unless it be the pompous self-satisfaction of the prig. Eschew it, sister, eschew it!

Even in giving orders there is a virile roar, and the commander who is best obeyed is he who rages cheerfully like an Eights Coach or a Rugger Captain. "Up Guards and at 'em!" may not be authentic; but that is the right spirit.

*Not always. What is appropriate for the sergeant may not be appropriate for the general.*

The curate's twang, the solemnity of self-importance, all manners that do not disclose the real man, are abominations, "Anathema Maranatha"—or any other day of the week. These painted masks are devised to conceal chicanery or emptiness. The easy-going humorous style of Vivekananda is intelligible and instructive; the platitudinous hot potatoes of Waite are neither. The dreadful thing is that this assumption of learning, of holiness, of mysterious avenging powers, somehow deceives the average student. He does not realise how well and wisely such have conned Wilde's maxim: "To be intelligible is to be found out."

I know that I too am at times obscure; I lament the fact. The reason is twofold:

(a) my ineradicable belief that my reader knows all about the subject better than I do myself, and (at best) may like to hear it tackled from a novel angle,

(b) I am carried away by the exultant exaltation of my theme: I boil over with rapture—not the crystal—clear, the cool solution that I aimed at.

On the Path of the Wise there is probably no danger more deadly, no poison more pernicious, no seduction more subtle than Spiritual Pride; it strikes, being solar, at the very heart of the Aspirant; more, it is an inflation and exacerbation of the Ego, so that its victim runs the peril of straying into a Black Lodge, and finding himself at home there.

Against this risk we look to our insurance; there are two infallible: Common Sense and the Sense of Humour.

*The next eight lines were again cut off by Mr. Regardie.*

When you are lying exhausted and exenterate after the attainment of Vishvarupadarshana it is all wrong to think: "Well, now I'm the holiest man in the world, of course with the exception of John M. Watkins;" better recall the words of the weary sceptical judge in A. P. Herbert's **Holy Deadlock**; he makes a Mantram of it! "I put it to you—I put it to you—I put it to you—that you **have** got a boil on your bottom."

*From sitting continually in Asana, he means; nothing peculiarly "mystical" about it!*

To this rule there is, as usual with rules, an exception. Some states of mind are of the same structure as poetry, where the "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" is an easy and fatal step. But even so, pedantry is as bad as ribaldry. Personally, I have tried to avoid the dilemma by the use of poetic language and form; for instance, in AHA!

It is all difficult, dammed difficult; but if it must be that one's most sacred shrine be profaned, let it be the clean assault of laughter rather than the slimy smear of sactimoniousness!

There, on thoughts, we must leave it

"Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and I cannot sing the words of an epithalamium to the music of a dirge.

Besides, what says the poet? "Love's at its height in pure love? Nay, but after When the song's light dissolves gently in laughter."

*The next two paragraphs were again completely mangled by Mr. Regardie.*

Oh! "One word more" as Browning said, and poured forth the most puerile portentous piffle about that grim blue-stocking "interesting invalid," his spouting wife. Here it is, mercifully much shorter, and **not** in tripping trochees!

"Actions speak louder than words." (I positively leak proverbs this afternoon—country air, I suppose): and where actions are the issue, devil a joke from Aleister!

Do you see what is my mark? It is you that I am going to put in the dock about "being serious;" and that will take a separate letter—part of the answer to yours received March 10th, 1944 e.v. and in general to your entire course of conduct since you came to me—now over a year ago.

*This is the next letter which, when spiritual development becomes a better known discipline, will stand out as a classic lesson on the subject of true discipleship. Oh boys and oh girls! I do wish some of my so-called pupils would read it more carefully and more often. For a change, it was one of the few letters in the book not butchered by Israel Regardie. Possibly because he was unable to read it very carefully himself from the heights of his self-importance, and thus was incapable of realizing how thoroughly it applied to him.*

Love is the law, love under will

Fraternally yours,

666

## **LETTER 45: "UNSERIOUS" CONDUCT OF A PUPIL**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Here pops us Zola again—this time he says **J'Accuse!** Today's Hexagram for me is No. X. Lî, the Tiger: and the Duke of Chau comments on the last line as follows: "The sixth line, undivided, tells us to look at the whole course that is trodden, and examine the presage which that gives. If it be complete and without failure, there will be great good fortune." O.K.; Let's!

It is now well over a year since you came to me howling like a damned soul in torment—and so you should be!—and persuaded me to take you as my pupil. What have you done with that year?

First, suppose we put down what you agreed to do: The essential preliminaries of the work of the A·A·—you are to be heartily congratulated upon your swift perception that the principles of that august body were absolute.

*This is meant as irony: She had perceived and stated that the Rules of the A·A· were to be followed to the least detail, and then proceeded to do exactly the opposite — as usual...!*

- 1. Prepare and submit your Magical Record. (Without this you are in**

the position of a navigator with neither chart nor log.) It would have been quite easy to get this ready in a week. Have you done so in a year? No.

2. Learn to construct and perfect the Body of Light. This might have required anything up to a dozen personal lessons. You were urged to claim priority upon my time. What did you do? You made one experiment with me fairly satisfactory, and got full instructions for practice and experiment at home. You made one experiment, ignoring every single one of the recommendations made to you. You kept on making further appointments for a second personal lesson; and every one of them you broke.

3. Begin simple Yoga practices. This, of course, cannot be checked at all in the absence of a careful record and of instructed critical analysis. You do not make the one, and are incapable of the other. So I suppose you are very well satisfied with yourself!

4. Your O.T.O. work. You were supplied with copies of those rituals to which you were entitled. You



**these. You were to go through them with me, so as to assimilate their Symbolism and teaching. Have you done any of this? No.**

**5. You were to write me a letter of questions once every fortnight. Have you done so? No.**

Have you in thirteen months done as much as honest work would have accomplished in a week? No.

What excuses do you drag out, when taxed with these misdemeanors?

You are eager to make appointments to be received in audience; then you break them without warning, explanation, apology or regret.

You are always going to have ample time to devote to the Great Work; but that time is always somewhere after the middle of next week.

If you put half as much enthusiasm into what you quite rightly claim to be the most important factor in life as other old ladies do into Culbertson Contract, you might get somewhere.

What you need, in the way of a Guru, is some fat, greasy Swami, who would not allow you to enter or leave his presence without permission, or address him without being formally invited to do so. After seven years at menial household drudgeries, you might with luck be allowed to listen to some of his improving discourse.

*This is not meant as irony; it is quite standard practice in India to this day, which explains why "maharishis" become millionaires so easily when they come*

*West; their "pupils" are carefully broken in — and into — and their reputation for ineffable holiness precedes them.*

Pretentious humbug is the only appeal to which you can be relied on to respond. Praxiteles would repel you, unless you covered the marble completely with glittering gew-gaws, tinsel finery, sham jewels from the tray of Autolycus! Yet it was precisely because you were sick of all this that you came to me at all.

*Or at least said so.*

How can one take you as a serious student? Only because you do have moments when the scales fall from your eyes, and your deep need tears down the tawdry counterfeits which hide the shrine where Isis stands unveiled—but ah! too far. You must advance.

To advance—that means Work. Patient, exhausting, thankless, often bewildering Work. Dear sister, if you would but Work! Work blindly, foolishly, misguidedly, it doesn't matter in the end: Work in itself has absolute virtue.

But for you, having got so far in this incarnation, there must be a revolution. You must no longer hesitate, no longer plan; you must leap into the dark, and leap at once.

"The Voice of my Higher Soul said unto me: Let me enter the Path of Darkness; peradventure thus I may attain the Light."

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,

666

P.S. Let me adduce an example of the way in which the serious Aspirant bends to the oar. This is not boasting as if the facts denoted superlative excellence; they speak. The only comment is that if such

conduct is not normal and universal, it ought to be. Yet no! I would add this: that I have not yet heard of anyone who has attained to any results of importance who does not attribute his success to devotion of quite similar quality.

Here they are:

*The "Mr. X." referred to in the following paragraphs is Crowley himself. He really was not boasting: he had known others as dedicated, as committed, as himself.*

1. **The Cloud on the Sanctuary.** On reading this book, Mr. X., who was desperate from the conviction that no success in life was worth a tinker's **dam**, decided: "This is the answer to my problem; the members of the Secret Fraternity which this book describes have solved the riddle of life. I must discover them, and seek to be received amongst them."
2. X., hearing a conversation in a café which made him think that the speaker might be such an one as he sought, hunted him down—he had gone on his travels—caught him, and made him promise an interview at the earliest possible date.
3. This interview leading to an introduction to the Fraternity, he joined it, pledging his fealty. But he was grievously shocked, and nearly withdrew, when assured: "There is nothing in this Oath which might conflict in any way with your civil, moral or religious obligations." If it was **not** worth while becoming a murderer, a traitor, and an eternally damned soul, why bother about it? was his attitude.

The Head of the Fraternity being threatened with revolt, X. went to him, in circumstances which jeopardised his own progress, and offered his support "to the last drop of my blood, and the last penny of my nurse."

Deciding to perform a critical Magical Operation, and being warned that serious opposition might come from his own friends, family, etc., he abandoned his career, changed his name, cut himself off completely from the past, and allowed no alien interest of any sort to interfere with his absorption in the Work. His journey to see the Head seemed at that time a fatal interruption; at the least, it involved the waste of one whole year. He was wrong; his gesture of setting the interests of the Order before his personal advancement was counted unto him for righteousness.

*This "Order" is not the O.T.O., but the old "Golden Dawn," now reformulated as the Outer Order of the A.:A.:, and the "Head" referred to is not the Outer Head of the O.T.O., but "McGregor" Mathers. See **Liber LXI**, "The History Lection."*

There should be no need to extend this list; it could be continued indefinitely ...

*Up to being seventy—two years old, subsisting on the charity of Karl Johannes Germer and a few other dedicated pupils — Mr. Grady McMurtry excluded so far as dedication or largesse are concerned, as can be shown by his "receipts for moneys due" — being sick, bored to the depths of his soul, depending on heroin to keep his sanity in the grey world of post—war "Socialist" Britain, living in a shabby small room in a cheap boarding—house, slandered, libeled and defamed all over the world, murderously hated by charlatans and fanatics, butt of continuous "masses for his soul" and other hostile magical rituals (Eric Frank Russel, a science—fiction writer now deceased, once stated in print that every night, while Crowley was alive, he prayed for Crowley's death. Mr. Russell was a Roman Catholic Irishman) and*

*still writing letters of instruction and exhortation to lazy pupils.*

... X. had one rule of life, and one only; to do whatever came first on the list of agenda, and never to count the cost.

Because this course of conduct was so rigidly rational, it appeared to others irrational and incalculable; because it was so serenely simple, it appeared an insoluble mystery of a complexity utterly unfathomable!

But—I fear that you are only too likely to ask—is not this system

(a) absurd,

(b) wrong, as certain in the long run to defeat its own object.

Well, as to (a), everything is absurd. The Universe is not constructed to gratify the mania of "social planners" and their tedipus kind. As to (b), there you said something; the refutation will lead us to open a new chapter. Ought not X. to have laid down a comprehensive scheme, and worked out the details, so that he would not break down half-way through for lack of foresight and provision for emergencies?

An example. Suppose that the next step in his Work involved the sacrifice of a camel in a house in Tooting Bec, furnished in such fashion as his Grimoire laid down, and that the purchase of the house left him without resources to buy that furniture, to say nothing of the camel. What a fool!

No, that does not necessarily follow. If the Gods will the End, They also will the means. I shall do all that is possible to me by buying the house: I shall leave it to Them to do Their share when the time comes.

*This is not meant as a "counsel of wisdom."  
It merely represents Crowley's way of*

*seeing and doing things. Oscar Eckenstein, for instance, approached life in a totally different manner. Crowley's own happy-go-lucky attitude, indeed, often brought harm to his own Work; but this was not due to inattention from the "Gods" (or Secret Chiefs); rather, it was due to Crowley's occasional rebellion and disobedience, especially in matters of the Third Chapter of Liber AL. The reader will be well-advised not to try Crowley's method out of vanity or boastfulness; if it is not germane to your way, it will not work for you at all. Better a patient ass chewing his thistles than an ass in a lion's skin...!*

This "Act of Truth" is already a Magical Formula of infallible puissance; the man who is capable of so thinking and acting is far more likely to get what he wanted from the Sacrifice—when at long last the Camel appears on the premises—then he who, having ample means to carry out the whole Operation without risk of failure, goes through the ceremony without ever having experienced a moment's anxiety about his ability to bring it to a successful conclusion.

It think personally that the error lies in **calculating**. The injunction is "to buy the egg of a perfectly black hen without haggling." You have no means of judging what is written in Their ledger; so

**"...reason is a lie; ... & all their words are skew-wise".**

**(AL ii 32)**

Let me add that it is a well-attested fact of magical experience—beginning with Tarquin and the Sibylline books!—as well as a fact of profane psychology, that if you funk a fence, it is harder next time. If the boy falls off the pony, put him on again at

him up again without a minute's avoidable delay. If you don't, their nerve is liable to break for good and all.

I am not saying that this policy is invariably successful; your judgment may have misled you as to the necessity of the Operation which loomed so large at the moment. And so on; plenty of room for blunders!

But it is a thousand times better to make every kind of mistake than to slide into the habit of hesitation, of uncertainty, of indecision.

For one thing, you acquire also the habit of dishonourable failure; and you very soon convince yourself that "the whole thing is nonsense." confidence comes from exercise, from taking risks, from picking yourself up after a purler; finding that the maddest gambles keep on coming off, you begin to suspect that there is no more than Luck in it; you observe this closely, and there forms, in the dusk dimly, a Shape; very soon you see a Hand, and from its movements you divine a Brain behind the whole contrivance.

"Good!" you say quietly, with a determined nod; "I'm watched, I'm helped: I'll do my bit; the rest will come about without my worrying or meddling."

And so it is.

Goodmdash;night.

666

## **LETTER 46: SELFISHNESS**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the

Law.

Selfishness? I am glad to find you worrying that bone, for it has plenty of meat on it; fine juicy meat, none of your Chilled Argentine or Canterbury lamb. It is a pelvis, what's more; for in a way the whole structure of the ethics of Thelema is founded upon it. There is some danger here; for the question is a booby trap for the noble, the generous, the high-minded.

"Selflessness," the great characteristic of the Master of the Temple, the very quintessence of his attainment, is not its contradictory, or even its contrary; it is perfectly compatible (nay, shall we say friendly?) with it.

**The Book of the Law** has plenty to say on this subject, and it does not mince its words.

*The next line was excised by Mr. Regardie*

"First, text; sermon, next," as the poet says.

AL II, 18, 19, 20, 21.:

**These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.**

**We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the**



**wretched & the weak: this  
is the law of the strong:  
this is our law and the joy  
of the world. ...;**

That sets up a standard, with a vengeance!

(Note "they feel not," twice repeated. There should be something important to the thesis herein concealed.)

The passage becomes exalted, but a verse later resumes the theme, setting forth the philosophical basis of these apparently violent and arrogant remarks.

**"...It is a lie, this folly  
against self..."**

(AL ii 22)

This is the central doctrine of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$  in this matter. What are we to understand by it? That this imbecile and nauseating cult of weakness— democracy some call it —is utterly false and vile.

Let us look into the matter. (First consult AL II, 24, 25, 48, 49, 58, 59. and III, 18, 58, 59. It might be confusing to quote these texts in full; but they throw much further light on the subject.) The word "compassion" is its accepted sense— which is bad etymology—implies that you are a fine fellow, and the other so much dirt; that is, you insult him by pity for his misfortunes. But "Every man and every woman is a star."; so don't you do it! You should treat everybody as a King of the same order as yourself. Of course, nine people out of ten won't stand for it, not for a minute; the mere fact of your treating them decently frightens them; their sense of inferiority is exacerbated and intensified; they insist on grovelling. That places them. They force you to treat them as the men and women they are, and so

everybody is happy!

**The Book of the Law** is at pains to indicate the proper attitude of one "King" to another. When you fight him, "As brothers fight ye!" Here we have the old chivalrous type of warfare, which the introduction of reason into the business has made at the moment impossible. **Reason** and **Emotion**; these are the two great enemies of the Ethics of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ . They are the traditional obstacles to success in Yoga as well as in Magick.

*The reader should try to understand the sense in which the word "Reason" is used here. The serious student is referred to our note to Crowley's text on pages 42-43 of **Magick and Mysticism**.*

Now in practice, in everyday life, this unselfishness is always cropping up. Not only do you insult your brother King by your "noble self-sacrifice," but you are almost bound to interfere with his True Will. "Charity" always means that the lofty soul who bestows it is really, deep down, trying to enslave the recipient of his beastly bounty!

In practice—I begin afresh—it is almost entirely a matter of the point of view. That poor chap looks as if a square meal wouldn't hurt him; and you chuck him a half-crown. You offend his pride, you pauperize him, you make a perfect cad of yourself, and you go off with a glow of having done your good deed for the day. It's all wrong. In such a case, you should make it the request for favour. Say you're "dying for someone to talk to, and would he care to join you in a spot of lunch" at the Ritz, or wherever you feel that he will be the happiest.

When you can do this sort of thing as it should be done, without embarrassment, false shame, with your whole heart in

your words—do it **simply**, to sum up—  
you will find yourself way up on the road  
to that royal republic which is the ideal of  
human society.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

P.S. Let me insist that "pity" is nearly  
always an impostor. It is the psychic  
consolation for fear, the "pitiful man"  
really is a pitiful man! for his is such a  
coward that he dare not face his fear, even  
in imagination!

P.P.S. The day after I had written the above  
postscript I came upon a copy of Graham  
Greene's **The Ministry of Fear**—after a  
long search. He points out that pity is a  
mature emotion; adolescents do not feel  
it. Exactly; one step further, and he  
would have reached my own position as  
set forth above. It is the twin of "moral  
responsibility," of the sense of guilt or  
sin. The Hebrew fable of Eden and the  
"Fall" is clearly constructed. But  
remember that the serpent נחש is  
equivalent to Messiaח, משיח, the  
Messiah. The נ is the "Hanged Man," the  
sinner; and is redeemed by the insertion  
of the Phallic ך.

*There is a much higher interpretation of  
the "Hanged Man," of course, which he  
gives in The Book of Thoth. Graham  
Greene's remark, incidentally, is the type  
of superficial insight one can always  
expect from a Roman Catholic writer.  
Adolescents are pitiless because they feel  
immortal; they do not identify with old  
age or death. So the "pity" of the "mature  
person" is, as Crowley indicated bluntly,  
really self—pity. It might be useful to  
remark that certain "intelligence"  
services employ adolescents as assassins,  
and consider that this kind of agent*

*usually loses his or her usefulness when they are over thirty years old. Those who do not are clinically mental cases; but these are useful, these are useful. Did not Henry Kissinger say that there is no aphrodisiac like power...? One is reminded of Robert Heinlein's hero who described his feeling of "warm glow" or whatever as the kind of feeling he had when he just killed a man or "had a woman." Fiction does imitate life.*

P.P.P.S. An amusing coincidence. Just as I was polishing up this letter the lady whom I had just engaged to help me with some of my work irritated me to the point when my screams became so heartrending that the village will never sleep again as smoothly as its wont. They split the welkin in several places; and although invisible menders were immediately put on the job it is generally felt that it will never more be its original wholeness.

And why? Just because of her anxiety to please! She asked me if she might do something; I said "Yes;" she then went on begging for my consent, explaining why she had made the request, apologizing for her existence!

She could not understand that all she had to do was to try and please herself—the highest part of herself—to be assured of my full satisfaction.

P.P.P.P.S. "But the A·A·: oath; aren't you—we—all out to improve the race, not counting the cost to ourselves!"

Pure selfishness, child, with foresight! I want a decent place to live in next time I come back. And a longer choice of first-rate vehicles for my Work.

## LETTER 47: REINCARNATION

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Don't I think I ought to write a book on the Four Last Things, or summat? I do not. What's more, I'll see you in Yorkshire's most important seaport first.

But all the same you are within your rights when you insist on knowing if I believe in Reincarnation; and, if so why; and how do I feel about it. In other letters there is quite a lot of detail about the constitution of Man, and there is my Essay No. 1, in **Little Essays Toward Truth**; you had better get these well fixed in your mind, in case some of what now follows should prove obscure. I can't be bothered to define all the technical terms all over again.

Do I believe in it?

Yes.

Why?

- (1) Because I remember a dozen or so of my previous lives on earth. (See **Magick**, Chapter VII.)
- (2) Because no other theory satisfies my feeling for "justesse," for equilibrium, for Newton's Third Law of Motion.
- (3) Because every religion asserts, or at least implies, it in some sense of other.

*None of these reasons is scientific evidence of proof. The reader must thus make his or her own research, and reach his or her own conclusions on the matter.*

Even the Judaism—Christianity—Islam line of thought contains some such element. The Jews were always expecting Elias to

return; the disciples of Christ constantly asked questions involving it; and I feel that the Mohammedan doctrine of Antichrist and the Judgment at least toys with the idea. Were I not so ignorant, I could dig up all sorts of support for this thesis. But it doesn't matter so much in any case; we do not trouble to find "authority;" we put our shirts on Experience.

***Your** experience, reader; not his or mine.*

Now as to (1) what is evidence for me is hearsay for you; so forget it! But there is a clear method of obtaining these memories for yourself. See Liber Thisharb (**Magick**, pp. 415 - 422); and go to it!

As to (2) it seems to me fairly obvious. The doctrine of Karma is plain common sense; and although a terrestrial set of causes might conceivably have their effects in other spheres of action, as of course they do, it seems less trouble for them to remain in their original ambit. As I pointed out long ago, the Law of Karma is the Law of Inertia.

Nor is it necessary to assert that it always works out in this way; "sometimes" is quite good enough. Besides, to say "sometimes" explains (or rather, avoids) most of the evident objections to the theory. I grant you cheerfully that Reincarnation is a comparatively rare occurrence; and it throws upon the objector the onus of proving an A or an E proposition.

What is it that reincarnates? We have had this before, in another connection; it is the Supernal Triad of Jechidah, Chiah and Neschamah that clothes the original Hadit or Point—of—View, with as much of the Ruach as the Human Consciousness, Tiphareth, has been able

during a given life to attach to itself by dint of persistent Aspiration. If there is not enough Ruach to ensure an adequate quota of Memories, one could never become conscious of the continuity between one life and the next.

Briefly, the orthodox theory as put forth by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky is that one works off one's Karma after death in Devachan, or Kama Loka, or some such place; when the balance is exhausted, one may come back to earth, or in some other way carry on the Great Work. One theory—see *Opus Lutetianum*, the **Paris Working ...**

*Published as part of Equinox V 4 subtitled "Sex and Religion."*

... —says that when one has quite finished with Earth—problems, one is promoted to ♀, where "bodies" are liquid, and thence to ♂, where they are gaseous, finally to the ☉, where they are composed of pure Fire. Eliphaz Lévi says: "In the Suns we remember; in the planets we forget."

*The reader will realize that all this is nothing but speculation unless corroborated by his or her experience. This experience may be purely subjective, in which case the only possible test is pragmatical. Are you happier believing in it? Do you feel more integrated? More "successful?"... Et Cetera, et Cetera. Hardly satisfactory, unless the experience of many independent researchers agrees with your own. Another reason — from our point of view, of course — why scientists should study Religion scientifically!*

Most of this is the merest speculation, useless and possibly harmful; but I don't mind relaxing occasionally to that extent.

*But we, who are not, as he was, under the*

*heavy burden of having Israel Regardie and Grady McMurtry as pupils (among other things) should not relax so much.*

What is important is the Oath.

One who is vowed to the Θελημα's Mission for Mankind, who takes it dead seriously, and who will be neither frightened nor bored from Its majestic purpose, may at any time bind himself by an Oath to reject the rewards of Devachan, and reincarnate immediately again and again. By "immediately" is meant about 6 months before the birth of the new Adept, about 3 months after his last death. It depends to some extent, no doubt, on whether he can find a suitable vehicle. Presumably he will make some sort of preparation while still alive. It seems that I personally must have taken this Oath quite a long while ago; for the Incarnations which I actually remember leave very few gaps to be filled in the last dozen centuries or so.

*However, after you reach Ipsissimus, as he did, the situation is quite another, and the rules are of your own choosing — what a silly way to put it but one must put it somehow. I am writing this merely because I find it quite tiresome to be besieged by alleged "reincarnations" of my H.G.A. who presume to talk to me as if they were 666, when they are nothing but dogs, apes and worms. But not the worm of Hell, alas! Please try to remember that if you were He—She—It, I would not need you to tell me so. Although I really know you are too undeveloped to understand a simple thing like that.*

Now, dear sister, I don't like this letter at all, and I am sorry that I had to write it. For most of these statements are insusceptible of proof.

*Unless corroborated by the research of*



*numerous trained and objective parties.*

And yet I **feel** their truth much more strongly than I have ventured to express. How many times have I warned you against "feelings?"

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

*To this letter Crowley attached a section of **Liber Thisharb.***

**Second Method — Preliminary Practices.** Let him or her seated in his or her Asana consider any event, and trace it to its immediate causes. And let this be done very fully and minutely. Here, for example, is a body erect and motionless. Let the adept consider the many forces which maintain it; firstly, the attraction of the earth, of the sun, of the planets, of the farthest stars, nay every mote of dust in the room, one of which (could it be annihilated) would cause that body to move although so imperceptibly. Also the resistance of the floor, the pressure of the air, and all other external conditions. Secondly, the internal forces which sustain it, the vast and complex machinery of the skeleton, the muscles, the blood, the lymph, the marrow, all that makes up a human being. Thirdly the moral and intellectual forces involved, the mind, the will, the consciousness. Let him or her continue this with unremitting ardour, searching Nature, leaving nothing out.

Next, let him or her take one of the immediate causes of his or her position, and trace out its

What determines the will to aid in holding the body erect and motionless?

This being discovered, let the person choose one of the forces which determined his or her will, and trace out that in similar fashion, and let this process be continued for many days until the interdependence of all things is a truth assimilated in his or her inmost being.

This being accomplished, let the person trace his or her own history, with special reference to the causes of each event. And in this practice one may neglect to some extent the universal forces which at all times act on all, as for example, the attraction of masses, and let one concentrate one's attention upon the principal and determining or effective causes.

For instance, one is seated, perhaps, in a country place in Spain. Why? Because Spain is warm and suitable for meditation and because cities are noisy and crowded. Why is Spain warm? and why does one wish to meditate? Why choose warm Spain rather than warm India? To the last question: because Spain is nearer to one's home. Then why is one's home near Spain? Because one's parents are Germans. And why did they go to Germany? And so during the whole meditation.

On another day let the person begin with a question of another kind and every day devise new questions, not only concerning his or her present situation, but also

abstract questions. Thus let him or her connect to prevalence of water upon the surface of the globe with its necessity to such life as we know with the specific gravity and other physical properties of water, and let him or her perceive ultimately through all this the necessity and concord of things, not concord as the schoolmen of old believed, making all things for humankind's benefit or convenience, but the essential mechanical concord whose final law is inertia. And in these meditations let one avoid as if it were the plague any speculations sentimental or fantastic.

**Second Method — The Practice Proper.** Having then perfected in his or her mind these conceptions, let the person apply them to his or her own career, forging the links of memory into the chain of necessity.

And let this be one's final question: To what purpose am I fitted? Of what service can my being prove to the Brothers and Sisters of the A:A: if I cross the Abyss and am admitted to the City of the Pyramids?

Now that one may clearly understand the nature of this question and the method of solution, let him or her study the reasoning of the anatomist who reconstructed an animal from a single bone. To take a simple example: Suppose, having lived all my life among savages, a ship is cast upon the shore and wrecked. Undamaged among the cargo is a "Victoria." What is its use? The wheels speak of roads, their slimness of smooth roads. the brake

of hilly roads. The shafts show that it was meant to be drawn by an animal, their height and length suggest an animal the size of the horse. That the carriage is open suggests a climate tolerable at any rate for part of the year. The height of the box suggests crowded streets of the spirited character of the animal employed to draw it. The cushions indicate its use to convey human beings rather than merchandise; its hood that rain sometimes falls, or that the sun is at times powerful. The springs would imply considerable skill in metals; the varnish much attainment in that craft.

Similarly, let the adept consider of his or her own case. Now that one is on the point of plunging into the Abyss, a giant Why? confronts one with uplifted club.

There is no minutest atom of one's composition which can be withdrawn without making one some other than one is, no useless moment in one's past. Then what is one's future? The "Victoria" is not a wagon; it is not intended for carting hay. It is not a sulky; it is useless in trotting races.

So the adept has military genius or much knowledge of Greek. How do these attainments help his or her purpose, or the purpose of the Brothers? One was put to death by Calvin or stoned by Hezekiah; as a snake one was killed by a villager, or as an elephant slain in battle under Hamilcar. How do such memories help one? Until one have thoroughly mastered the reason for every

incident in one's past, and found a purpose for every item of one's present equipment, one cannot truly even answer those Three Questions that were first put to one, even the Three Questions of the Ritual of the Pyramid; one is not ready to swear the Oath of the Abyss.<sup>1</sup>

But being thus enlightened, let one swear the Oath of the Abyss; yea, let one swear the Oath of the Abyss.

1. The three questions are "Whence comest thou?" "Who art thou?" "Whither goest thou?" Here was added the following footnote: A brother known to me was repeatedly baffled in this meditation. But one day being thrown with his horse over a sheer cliff of forty feet, and escaping without a scratch or bruise, he was reminded of his many narrow escapes from death. These proved to be the last factors in his problem which, thus completed, solved itself in a moment.

(O.M., Chinese Frontier, 1905-6 e.v.)

## **LETTER 48: MORALS OF AL—HARD TO ACCEPT, AND WHY NEVERTHELESS WE MUST CONCUR**

*Mr. Regardie cut off the second part of the title of this letter; no doubt, like all characterless individuals, he found the morals of AL too hard to accept.*

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

No man alive can appreciate better than myself the difficulties connected with **The Book of the Law**.

You ask me, if I have rightly analysed your somewhat complicated series of questions, to advise you as to your attitude towards that Book.

Naturally, if you wished for detailed explanations, I could no more than refer you to that voluminous commentary, verse by verse, which still awaits publication. But I think I can sum up the main business in a letter of not too exorbitant length.

*He refers to **The Commentaries of AL**, which has since been published as **Equinox V, 1**, as well in pirated editions in a more imperfect form. Mr. Regardie cut any reference to this publication from his "edition" of this book, as it ought to be expected...*

To begin: the Author is quite certainly both more than human, and other than human.

*This should not be constructed into some fantastic theory of Aiwass being a being from outer space, or something of that sort. Crowley merely means that Aiwass is not a human being, but a God; for the definition of which, look up his many references to the "Secret Chiefs" of the A·A·: in this book.*

His main aim seems to me to announce the Magical Formula of the Aeon of Horus, and to lay down the fundamental principles of conduct that are consistent with it.

I put this first, because your troubles belong to this part of the Book.

But let me sort out the principal parts of it.

- (1) There is a system of the most sublime philosophy which stands altogether apart from any Aeon, or from any other limited condition.
- (2) There is a considerable proportion of the contents which appears to refer to "The Beast" and "The Scarlet Woman" personally; but these titles may be assumed to refer to any one who happens to hold either of those offices during the whole period of the Aeon—approximately 2000 years.
- (3) The sex morality of the Book is not very different from that maintained secretly by aristocrats since the world began.

*This is not quite correct. Most aristocrats under Christism, for instance, have practiced license, not freedom. In every human society, there has always been a current of people who are sexually free. Under Christism, these people have had to go into strict hiding in order to preserve their social status or, sometimes, their lives; but they are not "aristocrats" as a rule. In fact, such people may appear on any level of society; it is merely that under the murderous repression of Christism it has been easier for them to survive and express themselves, albeit limitedly and furtively, when they have had status or money. But sexual freedom is a spiritual outlook, not a status symbol. In European countries such sexually free people were so savagely repressed during the Middle Ages by torture, imprisonment, and genocide that for several generations the strain became recessive.*

It is the system natural to any one who has psycho—analysed away all his complexes, repressions, fixations and phobias.

- (4) As matriarchy reflected the Formula of

the Aeon of Isis, and patriarchy that of Osiris, so does the rule of the "Crowned and Conquering Child" express that of Horus. The family, the clan, the state count for nothing; the Individual is the Autarch.

(5) The Book announces a new dichotomy in human society ...

*Not at all. The dichotomy has always existed; but under Christism, the lower type was maniacally defended at the expense of the higher. This insidious disease is still so prevalent that one finds a usually intelligent woman, who pretends to be a feminist but is obviously a die-hard Christist, Ursula K. LeGuin, writing the following preposterous statement in one of her novellas: That an individual who saves someone else's life must be eternally grateful to the person whose life he or she has saved, especially if he or she did so at risk of his or her own existence! You will find this idiocy in "The Name of the World is Forest." So, as you can see, not only is the debtor absolved from the need to show gratitude or to seek to compensate his or her savior for services rendered, but the savior is supposed to think that he or she is the true debtor! This entire concept is connected with the psychology of the slave—gods and with the corruption of the "Dying-God" formula under Christism. Ms. LeGuin ought to be ashamed of herself, but I have never yet seen a moral slave exhibit any moral shame whatsoever; they are too ethically corrupt to be able to show any true perspective.*

...; there is the master and there is the slave; the noble and the serf; the "lone wolf" and the herd. (The 'Master' roughly denotes the able, the adventurous, welcoming responsibility. The 'slave's' his



or her motto is "Safety first", with all that this implies. Race, birth, breeding, etc. are important but not absolutely essential factors.)

*Again he is mistaken: race, birth and breeding are, at this time, not important at all, because fifteen hundred years of Christism have protected the slave—type at the expense of the master—type. Therefore, it is extremely rare to find a true master—type among people who have social position, "noble" birth, or wealth. One is reminded of the remark of a member of the new Napoleon nobility to a member of the old Bourbon nobility in France: "The nobility of my family, Monsieur, starts with me; the nobility of yours obviously ended with yourself."*

(Nietzsche may be regarded as one of our prophets; to a much less extent, de Gobineau.) Hitler's "Herrenvolk" is a not too dissimilar idea; but there is no volk about it; and if there were, it would certainly not be the routine—loving, uniformed—obsessed, law—abiding, refuge—seeking German; the Briton, especially the Celt, a natural anarchist, is much nearer the mark. Britons will never get together about anything unless and until each one of them feels himself directly threatened.

*Patriotism is a nice thing, but should be kept under a very firm rein. Of course, at the time he could hardly foresee what "Socialism," Marxist indoctrination, and penetration of Anglicanism by the Vatican would do to England; except that he had prophesied the whole mess in "Carmen Saeculare" right before the beginning of this century, and thus ought to have known better!*

Now here I must tell you a story which may throw a good deal of light on much that is

date. The venerable lady (S.H. Soror I.W.E. 8<sup>o</sup> = 3<sup>o</sup>) who, on the death of S.H. Frater 8<sup>o</sup> = 3<sup>o</sup> Otto Gebhardi, succeeded him as my representative in Germany (note that all this pertains to the A.:A.:; the O.T.O. is not directly concerned) attained the Grade of Hermit (AL I 40). Watching the situation in Europe, she became constantly more convinced that Adolf Hitler was her "Magical child;" and she conceived it to be her duty to devote her life (for the Hermit "gives only of his Light unto men") to his Magical Education ...

*Which, being an obvious contradiction in terms, shows that she had no idea whatsoever of how a Hermit works, and was obsessed by, possibly, a maternity complex.*

... Knowing that the hegemony of the world would fall to the nation that first accepted the Law of Θελημα, she made haste to put the **Book of the Law** in the hands of her "child." Upon him it most undoubtedly made the deepest impression, especially as she swore him most solemnly to secrecy as to the source of his power. (Obviously, he would not wish to share it with others.)

*Naturally. No dog enjoys sharing a bone. This attitude, one should point out, is entirely alien to the Law of Θελημα. The Law is **for all**. Furthermore, it is alien to the Motto of the A.:A.:, "The method of Science, the Aim of Religion." The basic point about the Scientific Method is the free sharing of one's researches, and verification of them by independent observers. Anyone who hoards power is a slave. This includes, naturally, people who hoard money, since money is power. Wealth and avarice, ambition and greed, tyranny and authority are not synonyms*

*in the Servant's dictionary; but they are so in the dictionary of the slave. Success is thy proof: what happened to Germany should be ample warning to "Israel," for instance; but perhaps it won't. Blindness is never so blind as when it is of the soul. One should not, however, blame Crowley for not understanding these things at the time of Soror I.W.E.'s blunder: the Aeon was young. As you will see from his following analysis, by the time he was writing this letter he had perceived them full well, and had decided to improve the training of his pupils. He wrote Mr. Germer that he wanted Aspirants to plod year after year, under all kinds of hardship, so perhaps they would learn what true royalty is at last.*

From time to time, when circumstances suggested it, she wrote to him, enclosing pertinent sections of my commentary, of which I had given her a copy at the time of the "Zeugnis."

*Here Mr. Germer added the following note: "Zeugnis der suchenden: a declaration she had signed in 1925 e.v." Obviously, Hitler put his reading of the Commentaries of AL to good use - from the 'Black Brother' point of view: the Nazis seized and publically burned all copies of Crowley material published in German, including **Liber AL**; closed the O.T.O. and put the German King, Mr. Karl Johannes Germer, in a concentration camp. It was then that Crowley decided it was time to take care of Mr. Adolf Schickelgruber, and did so; the fate of Hitler and the Third Reich turned from then on. The rest, as the phrase goes, is history.*

Had Hitler been a less abnormal character, no great "Mischief," or at least a very different kind of "mischief," might have come of it. I think you have read Hitler

**speaks**—if not, do so—his private conversation abounds in what sound almost like actual quotations from the **Book of the Law**. But he public man's private conversation can be repeated on the platform only at the risk of his political life ...

The comment below is from **David Bersson aka Frater † 8<sup>o</sup> = 3<sup>o</sup>**, the **Successor of Marcelo Ramos Motta** — and his most devoted **disciple**.

It has been requested by a few of my more advanced students in the **A:A:** to explain the details of what was taught to Adolf Hitler by Soror **I.W.E.**. To begin, this Chapter in **Magick without Tears** does startle and shock some of the younger Brethren. Such magical operations and gestures are so far away from them in their preliminary training that this story is thought to be fantasy. Yet, it is all fact and history.

Of course, I have occasionally gone to the books on conspiracy theories (to see if any of them hit anything on the nail.) — and in some cases these ill informed conjurers of yellow journalism will state that Soror **I.W.E.** was a pseudonym of **Aleister Crowley**. This is, in fact a lie and Soror **I.W.S.** was real and a **Master of the Temple!** (Should I state **Mistress of the Temple** to avoid accusations of male chauvinism?)

Be that as it may, it is true that a **Sister of the A:A:** with motives to bring the **Law of Θελημα** to the world did train Adolf Hitler to become the leader. The entire Nazi party was

planned and the methods in the Book of the Law openly discussed with Hitler. All the archetypal symbolism was planned and used for symbols of the Nazi party to manifest those energies which would speed the process of Hitler's rise to power. As a Master of the Temple, Soror I.W.E. knew this symbolism — knew the history of so-called pagan Europe and knew which symbols would manifest the forces for Hitler's rise to power. No, you won't find all of the symbolism in Liber 777. The symbol of the Swastika comes from the Armenian Adepts and Masters who used this symbol as a secret force not only in their ancient Temples but as a weapon against the steadily arising Armenian and Roman Church which was destroying polytheism in Armenia and Europe.

The Swastika as a religious and occult symbol — is ancient and very powerful when used properly. Its origin is from the Wind Mill that was the Temple of Nar and its elemental force (and spiritual force) goes back before even the symbolism of the  $\times$  in its present form that was presented to occult schools by the Master Therion. It is the manifested thought form (*stimulated by the original magical battles from the Armenian Adepts trying to preserve their culture.*) on the lower planes which created a tendency, magically, for an attack on the plot of Monotheism trying enter pagan Europe.

The Armenian Goddess Nar was a Goddess of both the wind and agriculture. In Her Temples Her worshippers partook of Her Essence

by holding the palm of their hand to the wind — which became the salute of the Nazi.

Of course, the Jews were directly and indirectly responsible magically for the dissolution of polytheism by entering Europe with their primitive Monotheism.

Therefore, Hitler made use of that very manifested thought form which was used for the magical battle through the specially selected symbols and objects from Soror I.W.E. to align himself to power through its symbolism. The magick power that was locked within these symbols manifested those magical tendencies that they were originally used for.

To clarify the situation of how the forces manifested so boldly you should pay attention to the fact that the ancient Nordic Priests who at first naively accepted the Jews in their communities found to their shock that the Jews had a tradition to sacrifice their first born. This was the horrors of horrors for the Priests of Odin who cherished their first born as the Chieftain of the family circle. The ancient Priests, of course used the Hammer of Thor to fight magically the Jews. Yet with the coming of the dominating Church they were forced to withdraw into secrecy.

Adolf Hitler was given these symbols to use as talismans of power from Soror I.W.E. for his awakening to real power — and naturally these forces repeated themselves in such

an ill trained profane as Adolf Hitler who became of a puppet of their ancient force. He exterminated six million Jews, that very number which was speculated to be the number of first born that were sacrificed to Yaweh before they switched to goats during the era of the rule of the Priests of Odin when the Jews made their first appearance in the area they lived. I might have you note that the word "kids" used as "children" has been imposed on the English tongue by the Jews. The terrible implications of these two words meaning the same should be clear to even the student who has not studied etymology nor ancient Jewish history with regards to the habits of sacrifice to Yaweh.

No doubt, Adolf Hitler did not accept the Law of Θελημα and his true motive was to regain the face of the defeat of the Germans during World War I. They had been pushed down and having regained their sense of Teutonic Pride which they inherited from the Priests of Odin and Loki retaliated against Europe.

Adolf Hitler, of course failed, and had he not placed Karl Germer in a concentration camp; and tortured him — the Master Therion might not of used the Supreme Magick against him. In that case, modern Europe might of be quite different both politically and geographically. The entire magical gesture by Soror I.W.E. was done with no little skill and detail. Had, as the Master Therion himself stated, Adolf Hitler been a different person and accepted completely the Law of

**Θελημα** the situation might of turned out differently.

I have given this Adolf Hitler business with Soror I.W.S. much meditation — contemplating on it from the point of view of karmic levels. Aside from My own plans of magical gesture which take other approaches, I needed to observe Hers, and learn. In addition I aspired to learn whether so — called karmic handicaps on the part of Soror I.W.E. existed after the magical experiment resulted in six million dead Jews. Certainly, not a karmic handicap that anyone sane would strive for with its possible lifetimes of recoil and adjustment! Yet, the Secret Chiefs overshadowed the entire operation — and Soror I.W.E. proceeded through the hallways of this magical gesture to create an entirely new Europe (and world) which was much more prepared for the Next Step in the establishment of the Law of Θελημα. As karma is bestowed, Soror I.W.E. — in spite of the magical operation not turning out in the direction She intended it — the Secret Chiefs having overshadowed Her magical gesture used the situation to the greater advantage of humanity. If anything, (and as my Superior Himself stated) the Jews paid their karma — and most certainly the entire scenario of all the mass murder is laid on the doorstep of Adolf Hitler himself who took directions that were inconsistent with preliminary training. My Superior, Marcelo Motta, also states, "Hitler was as stupid as the old testament Jews", showing the utter



**Adolf Hitler's extermination of Jews,  
but giving us in no uncertain terms  
the scorn of the foul habits of Jewish  
sacrifices to Yaweh.**

*Not in a Thelemic society; there, the  
converse is correct; one should start  
cultivating this idea right now. A  
hypocrite will never be a statesman;  
witness Ronald Reagan.*

...; and he served up to the people only such concoctions as would tickle their gross palates. Worse still, he was the slave of his prophetic frenzy; he had not undertaken the balancing regimen of the Curriculum of A·A·; and, worst of all, he was very far indeed from being a full initiate, even in the loosest sense of the term. His Weltanschauung was accordingly a mass of personal and political prejudice; he had no true cosmic comprehension, no true appreciation of First Principles; and he was tossed about in every direction by the varied conflicting forces that naturally concentrated their energies ever more strenuously upon him as his personal position became more and more the dominating factor, first in domestic and then in European politics. I warned our S.H. Soror repeatedly that she ought to correct these tendencies; but she already saw the success of her plans within her grasp, and refused to believe that this success itself would alarm the world into combining to destroy him. "But we have the Book," she confidently retorted, failing to see that the other powers in extremity would be compelled to adopt those identical principles. Of course, as you know, it has happened as I foresaw; only a remnant of piety-purified Prelates and sloppy sentimentalists still hold out against the **Book of the Law**, sabotage

shambles of surrender if we are fools enough to give ear to their caterwauling—as in the story of the highly-esteemed tomcat, when at last one of his fans obtained an interview; "all he could do was to talk about his operation."

*The next paragraph was omitted by Mr. Regardie.*

Has this digression seemed too long? Ah, but it isn't a digression. Rightly considered, it strikes at the heart of your "difficulties."

"The **Book of the Law** takes us back to primitive savagery," you say. Well, where are we?

We're at Guernica, Lidice, Oradour—sur—Glane, Rotterdam and hundreds of other crimes, to say nothing of Concentration—camp, Stalag, and a million lesser horrors and abominations, inconceivable by the most diseased and inflamed Sadistic imagination forty years ago.

*This is incorrect. It totally disregards the history of the cruelties, barbarities, and genocide practices all over Europe as close as two hundred years ago in the name of "religion," or of the brutal "wars of conquest" which produced the British, the German and the French empires in Africa, Asia and the South Seas. **The Book of the Law** does not "take us back to primitive savagery:" it merely puts our savagery before our faces and makes us look at it.*

You disagree with Aiwass—so do all of us. The trouble is that He can say: "But I'm not arguing; I'm telling you."

Now then let us look a little more deeply (and I hope more clearly) into his Ethics, with our minds undismayed by any human emotion.

Aiwass is of a different **Order** of Being from

"Analysis shows 20 % of copper in this sample; I'll beat it in a current of oxygen; that will oxidize the copper. Shake it up with sulphuric acid; then we wash away the copper sulphate, and that's that." He does not consider how the copper feels about it; indeed, he doesn't believe that the copper knows about it at all.

Yes, yes, of course; I know that's an extreme case. I only bring it in to show what could be done as a last resort, if pushed to the wall. Fortunately, we are not so ill situated. You will, I dare say, without my prompting, think of the surgeon and the schoolmaster; but I can go one better. We have in recent history a case almost precisely parallel.

How did I begin this letter? By defining the task of the Author: to announce the Magical Formula of the Aeon of Horus and so on. In other words, to train mankind to the use of a new source of power.

*This can be interpreted on the material plane as well. Up to now, for instance, we have been blundering about atomics, to say nothing of electronics.*

Page Professor Röntgen! Page the Curies!

How many "Martyrs to X-ray dermatitis?"

Willing experimenters who knew the risks? Not all of them; lots of patients got burnt in utmost agony of death. How many victims were there of the "radium bomb?" (At Guy's, wasn't it?) It always has to happen, even with well tried tools, and despite utmost precautions. How many workmen's lives did the Forth Bridge cost? You know, I suppose, that a certain number of fatal accidents are always included in the calculations of any project of Public Works.

*At the time he was writing, the atom bomb had not yet been dropped on either*

*Hiroshima or Nagasaki.*

But a new Magical Formula is on a vastly bigger scale. Cast your mind for a moment back to the last occasion, when Osiris succeeded to Isis. In that great cataclysm not only Empires, but civilizations crashed one after another. Three quarters of the Aeon had elapsed before the wine of that vintage was really drinkable.

I expect as I hope that this time (communication being universally better established, the foundations better laid, and things in general moving quicker) we may be able to enjoy the harvest in very much less time. But hang it all! it's hardly reasonable to expect complete fruition after only 40 years.

*This remark dates the letter: it was written in 1944 e.v., three years before Crowley's death, and the war was still on, although the Allies were winning.*

What seems to me the most encouraging symptom of all is this: the Book itself, and the system of Magick based thereon, and the bankruptcy of all previous systems (as set forth in **Eight Lectures on Yoga, Magick, The Book of Thoth**, and other similar works) do furnish us all with a clear, concise practical **Method** (free from all contamination of the humbug of faith and superstition) whereby any one of us may attain to "the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel," and that the many other Beings of intelligence and power indefinitely more exalted than anything which we recognize as human—and, let us hope, capable of bestowing upon us a modicum of Wisdom adequate to get us out of the quagmire into which the crisis has temporarily plunged us all!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,

666

P.S. It has seemed better to make a postscript of the most important argument of all; for it is completely separate. It is this.

The Book's meaning is "...not only in the English..." etc. (AL I, 36; I, 46; I, 54, 55; II, 76; III, 16; III, 39; III, 47; III, 63-68; and III, 73). These passages make it clear that there is a secret interpretation, which, being hidden as it is hidden, is presumably of even graver importance than the text as it stands. Such passages as I have been able to decipher confirm this view; so also does the discovery of the key number 31 by Frater Achad. We must also expect a genius to arise who will accomplish all this work for us. Again we know that much information of the utmost value has been given through the Hebrew, the Greek and very probably the Arabic Qabalah.

There is only one logical conclusion of these premises. We know

- (a) the Book means more than it appears to mean,
- (b) this inner meaning may modify, or even reverse, the outer meaning,
- (c) what we do understand convinces us that the Author of the Book is indeed what he claims to be; and, therefore, we must accept the Book as the Canon of Truth, seeking patiently for further enlightenment.

This last point is of especial virtue: see AL III, 63-68. The value to you of the Book varies directly with the degree of your own initiation.

# MORALITY

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Right glad am I to hear that thy have so astutely detected the bulk of my remarks on morals as little better than plain sophistry.

"After all," you tell me, "there is for every one of us an instinct, at least, of what is 'right' and what is wrong," And it is plain enough that you understand the validity of this sense in itself, in its own right, wholly independent of any Codes or systems whatsoever.

*This, however, is not necessarily correct. The "instinct" is in the overwhelming majority of cases either childhood conditioning or social atavism. After fifteen hundred years of careful "pruning," for instance, one should not be surprised that 'turning the other cheek' is a valid approach when dealing with tyrants, robbers, and sadists — who are mostly the only kind of people likely to hit you in the face without provocation, anyway; or that the average Jewish woman is simultaneously possessive, submissive to males, domestic, and sexually frustrated. The next paragraph was deleted from Mr. Regardie's edition of this book.*

Of what, then, is this instinct the hieroglyph? Our destructive criticism is perfect as regards teleology; nobody knows what to do in order to act "for the best." Even the greatest Chess Master cannot be sure how his new pet variation will turn out in practice; and the chessboard is surely an admirable type of a limited "universe of discourse" and

"field of action." (I must write you one day about Cause and Effect in magical practice.)

I seem to have started up this rock chimney with the wrong leg! What I am trying to write is a sort of answer to your remark about "Does the end justify the means?" and I had better tackle it straightforwardly.

Cesspools in every theologian's back garden: sewers in every legislator's garden city: there is no end to the literature of the subject. But one point is amusing; the Jesuits have always been accused of answering that question in the affirmative, apparently for no better reason than that their doctrine is unanimously adverse to admitting it.

*But the point is that the Jesuits have always been political like Ronald Reagan, and constantly practices the policy while loudly denying it in theory.*

(People are like that! They say that I spent months in Yucatan—the only province in Mexico that I did **not** visit. They say that my home is a Tibetan monastery; and Tibet is almost the only country in East and Central Asia that my feet have never trodden. They say that I lived for years in Capri—the only town in Italy, of those that I know at all, where I spent less than 48 hours.)

*Dennis Wheatley, a very mediocre "occult" novelist who cribbed Thelemic material all life long to write his potboilers just before dying had one of his trashy works reprinted with an "introduction" in which he stated that Crowley did time as an inmate of an insane asylum in France as a result of his evil "magic." This was deliberate libel: Wheatley was unintelligent and misinformed but he was a moral, not an intellectual,*

*imbecile, and knew enough about Crowley's life to know this never happened. In the same way, a Christist called Cammell published a "biography" on Crowley in which he intimated that on his deathbed Crowley finally realized his mistake in taking up  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ , too late; and went, naturally, to the Christist hell. John Symonds took advantage of this tale to state that Crowley's last words were "I am perplexed," and that "Sister Tzaba" (Lady Frieda Harris) heard them. However, the story is a fabrication: the people who were present at Crowley's death, including Lady Harris, all witnessed that he died peacefully and had no doubts at the end. Unless perhaps it were of his wisdom in having befriended so many worthless people.*

The Law of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$  helps us to deal with this question very simply and succinctly. First, it obviates the need of defining the proper "End;" for with us this becomes identical with the "True Will;" and we are bound to assume that the man himself is the sole arbiter; we **postulate** that his "End" is self—justified.

Then as to his "Means:" as he cannot possibly know for certain whether they are suitable or not, he can only rely on his inherited instincts, his learning, his traditions, and his experience. Of these all but the first lie wholly in the intellectual Sphere, the Ruach, and can accordingly be knocked into any desired shape at will, by dint of a little manipulation: and if  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$  has freed him morally, as it should have done, from all the nonsense of Plato, Manu, Draco, Solon, Paul (with his harpy brood), John Stuart Mill and Kant, he can make his decision with purely objective judgment. (Where would mathematics be if certain solutions were a priori inadmissible?)



But then, what about that plaguy first weapon in his armoury? It must be these instincts, simply because we have eliminated all the other possibilities.

What are they?

Two are their sources: the spiritual (Neschamah) and the physiological (Nephesch). Note that both these are feminine. They pertain to Hâ€š and Hâ€š final in Tetragrammaton respectively. That implies that they are, in a sense, imposed on you from the beginning. Of course it is your own higher principles, Yechidah and Chiah, that have saddled you with them; but the "Human Consciousness," being in Tiphareth, cannot control Neschamah at all; and it has to be admirably unified, fortified, and perfected if it is to act efficiently upon Nephesch.

*The next paragraph was excised from Mr. Regardie's piracy.*

(How exquisitely keen is the Qabalah! How apt, how clear, how simple, how pictorially assimilable are its explanations of the facts of Nature! If you will only learn to use it, to refer your problems to it, you will soon need no Holy Guru!)

*Of course, this would never do; which is why Mr. Regardie excised it... His precaution is the more interesting if one considers that Crowley was lauding the Jewish Qabalah, and that Mr. "Israel" Regardie is a Jew by birth. The rest of his characteristics should not be blamed on his cultural group; they are of his own making.*

In practice, we most of us do act upon Nephesch a great deal. All learning, training, discipline, tend to modify our physiological reactions in a thousand minor manners. A complete branch of

Yoga, Hatha Yoga, is occupied with nothing else. And you can have your face "lifted." Apart from this, we nearly all of us attend to matters like our waistline, our hours of sleep, our digestion, or our muscular development. Some men have even taught themselves to reduce the pulse-beat both in rate and in volume: so much so that they have sometimes been credited with the power to stop the heart altogether at will. (Wasn't it Colonel Somebody—not Blimp—who used to show off to his friends, after dinner? Did it once too often, in any case!)

*The above parenthesis was also excised by Mr. Regardie.*

Neschamah is an entirely different proposition. One of Tiphareth's prime assets is the influence, through the path of "The Lovers," from Binah. The son's milk from the Great Mother. (From his Father, Chiah, Chokmah, he inherits the infinite possibilities of Nuit, through the path of Hâ€š, "The Star;" and from his "God," Kether, the Divine Consciousness, the direct inspiration, guidance, and ward of his Holy Guardian Angel, through the path of Gimel, the Moon, "The Priestess.")

Neschamah, then, will not be influenced by Ruach, except in so far as it is explained or interpreted by Ruach. These "instincts" are implanted from on high, not from below; they would be imperative were one always sure of having received them pure, and interpreted them aright.

*The next two paragraphs also were excised from the Regardie piracy.*

But this is a digression, though an essential one; the point is how to decide when one's equation is solved by "a + b," and one feels that "a + b" is abhorrent to one's

nature.

Now do you see the point of the digression?

By "wrong" we mean anything that evokes dissent or protest from either Neschamah or Nephesch, or both.

People spoke to me, people whose experience and judgment in all matters of Sacrifice to Dionysus had my very fullest assent and admiration; they told me that of all drinks, the best was Beer. So I have wanted for many years to drink it. I can't. I once tasted a few drops on the end of a teaspoon. They told me that wasn't quite the same thing!

That's Nephesch.

I cannot bear to do any unkind action, however wise, necessary, and all the rest of it. I do it, but "it hurts me more than it hurts you" is actually true for me. (This only applies where the other party is unable to retaliate: I love hurting a stout antagonist in a fair fight.)

That's Neschamah.

What one really needs to know is whether the protest of the Instinct should override the decision of the Reason. Obviously, one must assume that both are equally "right;" that one's interpretation of one's Instinct is full and accurate, that one's solution of "how shall I act for the best?" is uniquely correct.

First of all, one is tempted to argue that, that being so, there **can** be no disagreement; that is, on our general Theory of the Universe. True enough! The farther one goes in initiation, the rarer will such incidents become. Even a quite uninitiated person—always provided that Θελημα has freed him morally—should find that nine times in ten, the inhibiting antagonism is accidental, or at least apparently

(Notice, please, that our conditions of the "rightness" of both sides are rigid: the usual inhibition is a threat to vanity, or some instinct equally false, and to be weeded out.)

*The next three paragraphs also were excised by Mr. Regardie.*

Wilkie Collins has an excellent episode in **Armada**; his "girl-friend" or wife or somebody wants to poison him, and gives the stuff in brandy, not knowing that the mere smell of it is enough to make him violently sick. So he won't touch it. I'm not sure that I've got this quite right, but you see the idea.

Occasionally it happens that an infinity of minute and meticulous calculation is necessary to decide between the duellists.

This is the sort of thing.

Suppose that by what is hardly fraud, but "undue influence" (as the lawyers say) I could persuade a dying person to leave me a couple of hundred thousand in his will. I shall use every penny of it for the Great Work; it sounds easy! "Of course! Damn your integrity! Damn **you!** The Work is all that matters."

All the same, I say NO. I should never be the same man again. I should have lost that confidence in myself which is the spine of my work. No need that the fraud should be discovered openly: it would appear in all my subsequent work, a subtle contamination.

But suppose that it were not the matter of gulling a moribund half-wit; suppose that the price was a straightforward honest-to-God Bank Robbery under arms on the highway, should I hesitate then? Here I should risk my head, and the dice are loaded against me; nor does the deed imply "moral turpitude." Stalin's

hero when the law of the country, less cogent than  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ , sat heavily on his devoted head.

*The next paragraph was again excised by Mr. Regardie.*

It would really be a little difficult ...

*To decide whether to do it or not, he means.*

...; my rough-and-tumble life was the best possible training for such desperate adventures, so that Nephesch could not enter a protest. As to Neschamah, we nearly all of us (Thank God!) have a secret sympathy, with the nobler type of criminal, whence the universal appeal of Arsène Lupin, Black Star, Raffles and Stingaree. When they can make some show of justice-on-their-side, it is easier still: Scarlet Pimpernel and his tribe. We are now almost within the marches of those heroes of romance that enchanted our adolescence: Hereward the Wake, Robin Hood, Bonnie Prince Charlie. And there are, on the other hand, few of us who do not secretly gloat over the discomfiture of "Money-Bags."

My retort, however, is convincing and final.

Robbery in any shape is a breach of the Law of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ . It is interference with the right of another to dispose of his property as he will; and if I did so myself, no matter with what tactical justification, I could hardly ask others to respect my own similar right.

(The basis of our criminal law is simple, by virtue of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ : to violate the right of another is to forfeit one's claim to protection in the matter involved.)

So much for my own position; but let us look at the original case with another protagonist: let us say a young Thelemite, fanatically enthusiastic and not very far advanced in the Path of Initiation.

Suppose he argues: "To hell with my integrity, to hell with my spiritual development: I don't give a hoot what happens to me: all I know is that I can help the Order, and I'm jolly well going to do it."

Who is going to balance that entry in his Karmic account? Might not even his willingness to give up his prospects of advance justify his title to go forward? The curious, complex, obscure and formidable path that he has chosen may quite conceivably be his best short cut to the City of the Pyramids!

*One should want to remark, however, that absolute sincerity in the person's attitude is of the essence: if he were dramatizing himself, or if he had a sneaky hope of buying initiation through his "sacrifice," the result would be disaster to himself, irrevocable and swift. In these matters, the Gods cannot be deceived: they see deep into the heart and weigh.*

I have known strange, striking cases of similar "vows to end vows."

*Some, although he does not mention it, taken by himself. The rest of this paragraph was struck out by Mr. Regardie.*

But not by any means such macabre fabrications as those of the ghouls at Colonel Olcott's death—bed, or the patient web of falsehood spun by the astrological—Toshophical spider about the dying dupe on whom he had fastened, Leo—I've forgotten the insect's name. Well, who hasn't? No, I haven't: Alan Leo he called himself.

*The next four paragraphs were again excised by Mr. Regardie.*

I need hardly say that these cases may be multiplied indefinitely; nothing is easier,

devise dilemmas calculated to stump the Master, or to catch him bending.

In fact, the "Schoolmen" wasted several centuries on this agreeable pastime; and they enjoyed the additional pleasure of torturing and burning anybody who happened not to be quite up-to-date with his views on *Utrum Virgo Maria in congressu cum Spiritu Sancto semen emiserit*, or some equally critical tickler.

Don't tease your pretty little head about it! Now you know the principles upon which one must make one's decisions, you will not go very far wrong.

But—one has to take all these things into consideration.

Then—you ask—am I saying that the End does **not** justify the means?

Hardly that.

What I really mean is that these two terms are unconnected. One decides about the "End" in one way: about the "Means" in another. But every proposition in your sorites has got to justify itself; and, having done so, to estimate its exact weight in relation to all the other terms of your problem.

"Confusion worse confounded?" I dare say it is; it's the best I can do with such a difficult question.

But I am perfectly happy about it; the one important thing (as Descartes —and Francis Bacon—saw) is that you should acquire and assimilate the METHOD of Thelemic thinking.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

# THE "MASTERS"; WHY THEY CHOSE HIM, ETC.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"Details about Book 4?" This question lacks precision. I must pull a trigger at a venture.

The idea of 4 was due to my observation of St. Peter's in Rome; it is built with an eye unwavering from the number, as you will see when next you go there, aware of the fact. Also, 4 means, on the political plane, Temporal Power. (The Qabalistic Architect of St. Peter's knew that, and designed his talisman **ad hoc**.) This book was then, according to Ab—Ul—Diz ...

*Here Mr. Germer added the following footnote: "The Master (or Intelligence) who directed the writing of this Book; see Letters 9 and 51."*

..., to achieve worldly success. It is my fault if it did not; still, these are early days to judge of that.

*Considering the number of pirated editions that have been published since his death, one should say it performed as foretold.*

Soror Virakam insisted that I should write this in such language that the charwoman and the chimney—sweeper could understand it easily. She pulled me up at the first hint of obscurity.

This went well enough for Part I: Yoga.

*Re—issued by the O.T.O., annotated, under the name "Yoga and Magick."*

(And, indeed, that part did sell rather well.)

But when I had finished Part II, I discovered that not only was the book an



exceptionally recondite treatise on obscure technical points, but was not even an exposition of Magick at all! Magick without Tears, indeed!

*This book also has been re—issued by us, annotated, under the title "Magick and Mysticism."*

This was my crazed humility; I honestly thought that everyone knew all about Magick, and how it was done, and why, and so on. There was little to do but to erect a superstructure of symbolism. This, by the way, has hampered me all my life, in every way; I am so aware of my own shameful ignorance on every subject—there is **no** mistake about this!—that I cannot conceive of any human being who is actually more ignorant than myself. How could such an one endure to live, with the consciousness of his infamy gnawing his liver?

*Very easily, apparently, if you consider how overpopulated the world is at present with absolutely worthless bipeds. Of course, Crowley's definition of a human being was not the average. To the Russian party member, as to Mr. Ronald Reagan, any supporting voter is human. No true humans would support either, but this is another story.*

I know this sounds mad; but it's true. Well, then, I set myself to repair the omission with Part III; this should be a really complete treatise on the Art and Science of magick, and it should be worked out from the beginning, a logical sequence like Euclid. Hence Axiom, Postulate and Theorems. I supposed even then that I could cover the field with another volume comparable in size with the former two.

*Actually, Part III, to be reissued by us as Thelemic Magick is thrice as long as Part II, and necessitates careful annotating*

*which is the reason we decided to re-issue this book before finishing that. It may take another six months to a year before Thelemic Magick goes to press.*

I did indeed "finish" this, even announced publication; it was just going to Press when War (also announced five years before by Bartzabel, the Spirit of Mars) came along in 1914. I toted the rod around the world with me (excuse my American!) and in a fatal hour of weakness, self-mistrust, took to shewing it to some of my students. Of course—I might have known—they all with one accord began: "Oh, but you haven't said anything about—" —all the subjects in the world. So I started to fill in the gaps. As I did so, I found any amount more to do on my own. It went on like that for 14 years! Since it came out the voices of detraction have been dumb. I really do believe that I've covered the ground at last. Of course, time shewed that Part I, although it did really give the essentials of Yoga in the simplest possible language, was hardly more than an outline. More, it did not correlate Yoga with general philosophy. **Eight Lectures** have, I believe, remedied this.

As to Part IV, **The Book of the Law** section, the idea was that the volume should comply with the instructions given in AL III,39: "All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever—for in it is the word secret & not only in the English—and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no: it

is no odds. Do this quickly!" I mistook "Comment" for "Commentary"—a word-by-word exposition of every verse (and much of it I loathed with all my heart!) including the Qabalistic interpretation, a task obviously endless.

*Book Four Part IV, subtitled "The Law," was published as The Equinox of the Gods, and will be re-issued annotated by us. The only edition done (up to now) according to Aiwass's specifications was done by Mr. Karl Johannes Germer. Crowley was extremely happy with it. Most of it was sold through Samuel Weiser, inc., and most of it was bought by Jews, most of whom, even when they are dishonest, know a good thing when they see it.*

**This edition was never issued, nor was my Superior's version of the Book of Lies, or 777 extended, nor the work on Greek Kabbalah. These were the Magical Gestures of a Master and I would of like to have seen them. He died before issuing them and the manuscripts were never found. His last book was Thelemic Magick part 1; and the part 2 I received but it was never issued during Mr. Motta's lifetime.**

What then about AL III, 40? (also see attached) This problem was solved only by achieving the task. In Paris ...

*Here Mr. Germer added the following footnote: "Error: It was actually in Tunis, November 1925 e.v." The note "also see attached" was meant for her.*

..., in a mood of blank despair about it all ...

*He had just been expelled from Sicily by Mussolini, at the instigation of the Vatican, and for a time it seemed that no country in the world, especially England*

*would accept him as a permanent resident.*

..., out came the Comment. Easy, yes; inspired, yes; it is, as printed, the exact wording required.

*This is The Comment in Class A., always printed with the Book itself, and signed "The priest of the princes, Ankh-f-n-khonsu."*

... No further cavilling and quibbling, and controversy and casuistry. All heresiarchs are smelt in advance for the rats they are; they are seen brewing (their very vile small beer) in the air (the realm of Intellect—Swords) and they are accordingly nipped in the bud. All Parliamentary requirements thus fulfilled according to the famous formula of the Irish M.P., we can get on to your other questions untroubled by doubt.

*The "famous formula of the Irish M.P.," of course, is to have anybody who disagrees with him expelled from Parliament or, these days, blown to bits with an I.R.A. bomb. Crowley's irony is often too subtle for the average charwoman, chimney-sweeper, or "human" being.*

One Textus Receptus, photographically guaranteed. One High Court of Interpretation, each for himself alone. No Patristic logomachies! No disputed readings! No civil wars and persecutions. Anyone who wants to say anything, off with his head, and On with the Dance; let Joy be unconfined, You at the prow and Therion at the helm! Off we go.

"The Masters contacted you." Can you by any chance mean "The Masters made contact with you?" Assuming that such is the deplorable case, we may proceed.

*Crowley, along with most educated English speakers and the best philologists,*

*"contact" as a verb. In our annotations to his work we have always tried to respect his position on this; little enough to do for a man whose positions were all ridiculed and disrespected while he was alive.*

Firstly, the effort on my part was precisely nil, I resented Their interference with proud bitter angry disbelief. The **Equinox of the Gods** describes this in detail.

But of course Their victim did not have a fair chance of escape. After all, They had had 2000 years to perfect Their plans. As for me, I had a traitor in the heart of the citadel; my Karma for God knows how many Incarnations. (The acquisition of the Magical Memory, fragmentary as that is, has thrown a great deal of light on that matter. Your letter does in fact surmise that this is so.)

You must understand that the arrival of a New Aeon knocks all the Rules sideways. I imagine that even the very strict Magical Code of Ethics looks like a cocked hat before They have done with it!

My theory is that They chose me for

- (a) my literary skill, knowledge and judgment;
- (b) my scientific training;
- (c) my familiarity with Eastern ways, habits of thought, and sympathetic predisposition;
- (d) my stern adherence to Truth;
- (e) my moral courage;
- (f) my dour persistence; and
- (g) my Karma as aforesaid.

They prepared me by

- (a) pushing me rapidly forward both in Magick and in Yoga;
- (b) wearying me of both of them and making me despair of them both as a solution to the problem of Life, and

(c) fixing me both in Buddhistic pessimism and scientific rationalism, so that their victory over me might be as difficult and solid as achievement as possible. (I am by no means proud of myself. Either I fought them or failed them, at every turn.) Chapter V of **The Equinox of the Gods** might have been written with more emphasis; but there are passages elsewhere in that volume which lay great stress upon the point.

Yet, after all, AL II, 10-11 should surely be enough.

**"O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger."**

To interrupt the dictation of a supremely important document, merely to jeer at the impotent resentment of the luckless scribe! It seemed to me downright ungenerous, the spirit of the triumphant schoolboy bully!

*Actually, the holograph is even more emphatic: it seems to read: "but I am Stronger." We would rather opine that Aiwass was trying to make a point; the schoolboy bully spirit is much more prevalent in the "holy scriptures" of the Jews and the Christists, where the "famous formula of the Irish M.P." is bloody — if you will pardon the British pun — obvious.*

But Their ways are not as our ways ...

*The remainder of this paragraph was cut off by Mr. Israel Regardie, again for obvious reasons.*

...; this question leads us on quite naturally to your next point, and the resolution of that know will unravel that querulous criticism. Just as a learned Divine might chuckle over a smoking-room story, or a

human kindness wish to have the housemaid "seven years a-killing," so may the greatest of the Masters—even discarnate!—have a perverted sense of humour, or a gross error in taste, (see AL I 51) "...sweet wines and wines that foam!..."—wines, bar Chateau Yquem and very full-bodied port, that I dislike and despise—or any other eccentricity. Look at Helena Petrovna Blavatsky—hot stuff, if you like!

*In spite of Besant's, Leadbeater's and the Toshosophist's frantic attempts to gloss over the facts, Helena was a heavy drinker, a chain smoker (she especially liked cigars), and an enthusiastic fucker who would take on women or men as the fancy hit her, as often as possible. She was more man and woman in one hair of her crotch than Besant, Leadbeater, or Krishnamurti in their whole bodies. She also cursed like a sailor.*

*For the matter of that, there is plenty of psychoanalytic evidence in the Hebrew "scriptures" that Moses was a closet faggot. Into S/M, too.*

It is most necessary that you should understand what happens when one goes from Adeptus Exemptus 7<sup>o</sup> = 4<sup>o</sup> to Magister Templi 8<sup>o</sup> = 3<sup>o</sup>. As you see from a glance at the Tree of Life, this advance entails the Crossing of the Abyss; and **there is no Path**. That means that one must **jump**. You must get rid of "all that you have, and all that you are"—that is one way to put it.

**The Vision and the Voice**, Aethyrs XVI—end, gives an immense amount of detail; it must be studied intensely, with diligence, with Will, and with imagination. Not only the attainment of the grade, but the events which go with, or come after it: all these are described

as actual Experience. Even so, it is all extraordinarily difficult until you have been through it yourself.

But that part which answers your question is not really very hard to grasp; it is indeed most obvious. Ask yourself: then what happens to the discarded elements of the Adept? They cannot be left as they are, to disintegrate, or to become vehicles for obsession.

*It is part of the True Will of the Master to remain incarnated after his or her Attainment, of course.*

This entity which was the Exempt Adept has been built up in years of unremitting toil, as worthy Workshop wherein the Great Work should be accomplished. It has moreover been sanctified and glorified by the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

So as each Master has his own appointed Work to perform in the world, he is cast down into the Sephira, suitable for that work. If his function is to be that of a warrior, he would find himself in Geburah; if that of a great poet or composer, in Tiphareth; and so on. He, the Master, inhabits this dwelling; but, having already got rid of it, he is able to allow it to carry on according to its nature without interference from the false Self (its head in Daäth) which hitherto had hampered it. ("If I were a dog, I should bark; if I were an owl, I should hoot," says Basil King Lamus in **The Diary of a Drug-Fiend**.) He is totally indifferent to the Event; so then he acts and reacts with perfect elasticity. This is the Way of the Tao; and that is why you cannot grasp the very idea of that Way—much less follow it!—unless you are a Master of the Temple.

Remember in any case, that not only the



Adept, but anyone with the smallest capacity for Adeptship, is fundamentally an Artist; he will certainly not possess any of those bourgeois "virtues" which are just so many reactions to Blue Funk.

*The next paragraph, again for obvious reasons, was cut out by Mr. Regardie.*

Of course, practically all of us in the West get our *first* knowledge from the pious and pretentious drivel of most writers in general circulation. So we start with prejudice.

Also, asceticism is all right when it is the proper means of attaining some special end. It is when it produces eruptions of spiritual pride, and satisfied vanity, that it is poisonous. The Greek word means an athlete; and the training of an athlete is not mortification of the body. Nor is there any rule which covers all circumstances. When men go "stale" a few days before the race, they are "taken off training," and fed with champagne.

*This is, as a matter of fact, traditional in the rowing teams of the big English universities, who hold boat races every year among themselves.*

But that is **part** of the training. Observe, too, that all men go "stale" sooner or later; training is abnormal, and must be stopped as soon as its object is attained. Even so, it too often strains vital organs, especially the heart and lungs, so that few rowing "Blues" live to be 50. But worst of all is the effect on the temper!

When it is permanent, and mistaken for a "Virtue," ...

*He means asceticism.*

..., it poisons the very soil of the soul. The vilest weeds spring up; cruelty, narrowmindedness, arrogance—everything mean and horrible flowers in

Incidentally, such ideas spawn the "Black Brother." The complete lack of humour, the egomaniac conceit, self-satisfaction, absence of all sympathy for others, the craving to pass their miseries on to more sensible people by persecuting them: these traits are symptomatic.

*This paragraph, and the P.S. below, were cut by Mr. Regardie.*

Well, this is a very brief synopsis, but I hope that it will answer your question at least so far as to enable you to understand more easily the account of these matters given in **The Vision and the Voice**.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. On reading this over, it has struck me that you may have meant to raise a totally different issue; that of "abstract morality." Rather an extensive battlefield; I will dispose my forces in array in my next letter of "morality, heavenly link."

*This, divided in two parts, is further along in this book as Letters 70 and 71. The book was not arranged in the sequence in which the letters were written, but in the Sequence Crowley and Mr. Germer thought would give an integrated view to the student.*

## **LETTER 51: HOW TO RECOGNISE MASTERS, ANGELS, ETC., AND HOW THEY WORK**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I have been thinking over what I wrote in my last letter with regard to the verification of appearances in the Astral Plane.

I did not mention a parallel question of even greater immediate practical importance: that of one's relations with Astral or discarnate intelligences or with Those whom we call "The Masters" or "The Gods": the messages of gestures which reach us through the normal physical channels. The importance is that they actually determine one's line of conduct in critical situations.

It seemed therefore a good idea to give you three examples from **The Spirit of Solitude**: and here they are!

The first extract refers to the "miraculous" discovery of the MS of Liber AL some years after I had deliberately "lost" it.

The second, to the finding of a villa suited to the Work.

The third to my rescue from a state of despair.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

*To the continuation of this letter, a sort of extended postscript, Mr. Germer attached the footnote: "The following is from Vol. 4 of 'The Confessions' — not yet published." Regardie altered this to refer to the imperfect piracy put out by Symonds and Grant; as we have mentioned before, thieves stick together.*

It was part of my plan for the Equinox to prepare a final edition of the work of Dr. Dee and Sir Edward Kelly. I had a good many of the data and promised myself to complete them by studying the

manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford—which, incidentally, I did in the autumn; but it struck me that it would be useful to get my large paintings of the four Elemental Watch Towers which I had made in Mexico. I thought these were probably in Boleskine. I decided to go up there for a fortnight or so. Incidentally, I had the conveniences for conferring upon Neuberg the degree of Neophyte, he having passed brilliantly through this year as a Probationer.

I consequently asked him and an Emmanuel man named Kenneth Ward, to come and stay with me. I had met Ward at Wastdale Head shortly before, having gone there to renew my ancient loves with the creeds of the gullies. It happened that Ward was very keen on skiing. I had several pairs and offered to give him some. This casual circumstance proved an essential part of the chain by which I was ultimately dragged behind the chariot of the Secret Chiefs. At least I thought it was a chain. I did not realize that steel of such exquisite temper might be beaten into a sword fit for the hand of a free man.

To my annoyance, I could not find the Elemental Watch Towers anywhere in the house. I daresay I gave up looking rather easily. I had got into a state of disgusted indifference about such things. Rose might have destroyed them in a drunken fit, just as she might have pawned them if they had possessed any commercial value. I shrugged my shoulders accordingly, and gave up the search. The skis that I had promised Ward were not to be found any more than the Watch Towers. After putting Neuburg through his initiation, (The preparation for this was in some ways trying to the candidate. For instance, he had to sleep naked for seven

nights on a litter of gorse.) ...

*It should be clearly understood that this is not a rule; Crowley adopted this method for the occasion. In our opinion, such brief physical ordeals prove nothing. The real ordeals are interior and deep. Later on in life Crowley was to adopt a much different and much harder method of testing pupils, which is the one we follow today.*

... we prepared to go to London. I had let the house, and my tenant was coming in on the first of July. We had four days in which to amuse ourselves; and we let ourselves go for a thorough good time. Thus like a thunderbolt comes the incident of June 28, thus described in my diary:

**Glory be to Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit in the Highest! A little before midday I was impelled mysteriously (though exhausted by playing fives, billiards, etc. till nearly six this morning) to make a final search for the Elemental Tablets. And lo! when I had at last abandoned the search, I cast mine eyes upon a hole in the loft where were ski, etc., and there, O Holy, Holy, Holy! were not only all that I sought, but the manuscript of Liber Legis.**

The ground was completely cut away from under my feet. I remained for two whole days meditating on the situation—in performing, in fact, a sort of supplementary Sammasati to that of 1905 e.v.. Having the knack of it, I reached a

difficulty. The essence of the situation was that the Secret Chiefs meant to hold me to my obligation. I understood that the disaster and misery of the last three years was due to my attempt to evade my duty. I surrendered unconditionally, as appears from the entry of July 1.

**I once more solemnly renounced all that I have or am. On departing (at midnight from the topmost point of the hill which crowns my estate) instantly shone the moon, two days before her fullness, over the hills among the clouds.**

This record is couched in very general terms, but it was intended to cover the practical point of my resuming the task laid upon me in Cairo exactly as I might be directed to do by my superiors.

Instantly my burden fell from my back. The long crucifixion of home life came to a crisis, immediately on my return to London. At the same time every other inhibition was automatically removed. For the first time since the spring of 1904 e.v. I felt myself free to do my Will. That, of course, was because I had at last understood what my Will was. My aspiration to be the means of emancipating humanity was perfectly fulfilled. I had merely to establish in the world the Law which had been given me to proclaim: "...thou hast no right but to do thy will." Had I bent my energies from the first to proclaiming the Law of Θελημα I should doubtless have found no obstacle in my path. Those which naturally arise in the course of any work soever, would have been quietly removed by the Secret Chiefs. But I had chosen to

Satan shall be divided against Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?" The more I strove, the more I encouraged an internal conflict, and stultified myself. I had been permitted to complete my initiation, for the reason that by doing so I was fitting myself for the fight; but all my other efforts had met with a derisory disaster. More, one does not wipe out a lustre of lunacy by a moment of sanity. I am suffering to this day from the effects of having wasted some of the best years of my life in the stupid and stubborn struggle to set up my conscious self against its silent sovereign, my true Soul. 'Had Zimri peace who slew his master?'

*Of course Zimri did, whoever Zimri was. For any slave who slays his or her master is of us. The Masters of Θελημα do not have slaves; only servants, and these willing. Else, they would not be Masters but "Black Brethren."*

*To the beginning of the following account, Mr. Germer added this footnote: 'From Vol. 4 of the "Confessions," not yet published.) Again, this footnote was cut from Regardie's piracy to favor his fellow thieves.*

A boisterous party was in progress. The dancer's lifelong friend ...

*The Dancer was Isadora Duncan. The "friend," Soror Virakam, was Mary d'Este mother of the American film director Preston Sturges.*

"..., whom I will call by the name she afterwards adopted, Soror Virakam, was celebrating her birthday. This lady, a magnificent specimen of mingled Irish and Italian blood, possessed a most powerful personality and a terrific magnetism which instantly attracted my own. I forgot everything. I sat on the floor like a Chinese God, exchanging

electricity with her.

After some weeks' preliminary skirmishing, we joined battle along the whole front; that is to say, I crossed to Paris, where she had a flat, and carried her off to Switzerland to spend the winter skating. Arrived at Interlaken, we found that Murren was not open, so we went on to St. Moritz, breaking the journey at Zurich. This town is so hideous and depressing that we felt that our only chance of living through the night was to get superbly drunk, which we did . . .

*Here Crowley added the following parenthesis: Let me emphasize that this wild adventure had not the remotest connection with Magick. Virakam was utterly ignorant of the subject. She had hardly so much as a smattering of Christian Science. She had never attended a séance or played Planchette.*

... **Lassati sed non Satiati** by midnight, I expected to sleep; but was aroused by Virakam being apparently seized with a violent attack of hysteria, in which she poured forth a frantic torrent of senseless hallucination. I was irritated and tried to calm her. But she insisted that her experience was real; that she bore an important message to me from some invisible individual. Such nonsense increased my irritation. But—after about an hour of it—my jaw fell with astonishment. I became suddenly aware of a coherence in her ravings, and further that they were couched in my own language of symbols. My attention being thus awakened, I listened to what she was saying. A few minutes convinced me that she was actually in communication with some Intelligence who had a message for me.

Let me briefly explain the grounds for this



connection with the Cairo Working, some of the safeguards which I habitually employ. Virakam's vision contained elements perfectly familiar to me. This was clear proof that the man in her vision, whom she called Ab-ul-Diz, was acquainted with my system of hieroglyphics, literal and numerical, and also with some incidents in my Magical Career. Virakam herself certainly knew nothing of any of these. Ab-ul-Diz told us to call him a week later, when he would give further information. We arrived at St. Moritz and engaged a suite in the Palace Hotel.

My first surprise was to find that I had brought with me exactly those Magical Weapons which were suitable for the work proposed, and no others. But a yet more startling circumstance was to come. For the purpose of the Cairo Working, Ouarda and I had bought two abbai; one, scarlet, for me; one, blue, for her. I had brought mine to St. Moritz; the other was of course in the possession of Ouarda. Imagine my amazement when Virakam produced from her trunk a blue abbai so like Ouarda's that the only difference were minute details of the gold embroidery! The suggestion was that the Secret Chiefs, having chosen Ouarda as their messenger, could not use any one else until she had become irrevocably disqualified by insanity.

*It might be more appropriate to say that They chose no other until she resigned her position by choosing to go insane rather than to continue as Scarlet Woman. Cf. AL III 43.*

Not till now could her place be taken by another; and that Virakam should possess a duplicate of her Magical Robe seemed a strong argument that she had been

her unhappy predecessor.

She was very unsatisfactory as a clairvoyant; she resented these precautions. She was a quick-tempered and impulsive woman, always eager to act with reckless enthusiasm. My cold scepticism no doubt prevented her from doing her best. Ab-ul-Diz himself constantly demanded that I should show "faith," and warned me that I was wrecking my chances by my attitude. I prevailed upon him, however, to give adequate proof of his existence, and his claim to speak with authority. The main purport of his message was to instruct me to write a book on my system of Mysticism and Magick, to be called **Book 4**, and told me that by means of this book, I should prevail against public neglect. I saw no objection to writing such a book; on quite rational grounds, it was a proper course of action. I therefore agreed to do so. But Ab-ul-Diz was determined to dictate the conditions in which the book should be written; and this was a difficult matter. He wanted us to travel to an appropriate place. On this point I was not wholly satisfied with the result of my cross-examination. I know now that I was much to blame throughout. I was not honest either with him, myself, or Virakam. I allowed material considerations to influence me, and I clung—oh triple fool!—to my sentimental obligations towards Laylah.

*Triple fool because Laylah showed no such qualms when time came to follow her own inclinations at his expense. As is usually the case.*

We finally decided to do what he asked, though part of my objection was founded on his refusal to give us absolutely definite instruction. However, we crossed

whence we took the train to Milan. In this city we had a final conversation with Ab-ul-Diz. I had exhausted his patience, as he mine, and he told us that he would not visit us any more. He gave us his final instructions. We were to go to Rome, though he refused to name the exact spot. We were to take a villa and there write Book 4. I asked him how we might recognize the right Villa. I forget what answer he gave through her, but for the first time he flashed a message directly into my own consciousness. "You will recognize it beyond the possibility of doubt or error," he told me. With this a picture came into my mind of a hillside on which were a house and garden marked by two tall Persian Nuts.

The next day we went on to Rome. Owing to my own Ananias-like attempt to "keep back part of the price," my relations with Virakam had become strained. We reached Naples after two or three quarrelsome days in Rome and began house-hunting. I imagined that we should find dozens of suitable places to choose from, but we spent day after day scouring the city and suburbs in an automobile, without finding a single place to let that corresponded in the smallest degree with our ideas.

Virakam's brat—a most god-forsaken lout—was to join us for the Christmas holidays, and on the day he was due to arrive we motored out as a forlorn hope to Posilippo before meeting him at the station at 4 o'clock or thereabouts. But the previous night Virakam had a dream in which she saw the desired villa with absolute clearness. (I had been careful to say nothing to her about the Persian Nuts, so as to have a weapon against her in case she insisted that such and such a place was the one intended.)

After a fruitless search we turned our automobile towards Naples, along the crest of Posilippo. At one point there is a small side lane scarcely negotiable by motor, and indeed hardly perceptible, as it branches from the main road so as to form an acute-angled "Y" with the foot towards Naples. But Virakam sprang excitedly to her feet, and told the chauffeur to drive down it. I was astonished, she being hysterically anxious to meet the train, and our time being already almost too short. But she swore passionately that the villa was down that lane. The road became constantly rougher and narrower. After some time, it came out on the open slope; a low stone parapet of the left protecting it. Again she sprang to her feet. "There," she cried, pointing with her finger, "is the Villa I saw in my dream!" I looked. No villa was visible. I said so. She had to agree; yet stuck to her point that she saw it. I subsequently returned to that spot and found that a short section of wall, perhaps 15 feet of narrow edge of masonry, is just perceptible through a gap in the vegetation.

We drove on; we came to a tiny piazza, on one side of which was a church. "That is the square and the Church," she exclaimed, "that I saw in my dream!"

We drove on. The lane became narrower, rougher and steeper. Little more than 100 yards ahead it was completely "up," blocked with heaps of broken stone. The chauffeur protested that he would be able neither to turn the car nor to back it up to the square. Virakam, in a violent rage, insisted on proceeding. I shrugged my shoulders. I had got accustomed to these typhoons.

We drove on a few yards. Then the

and stopped the car. On the left was a wide open gate through which we could see a gang of workmen engaged in pretending to repair a ramshackle villa. Virakam called the foreman and asked in broken Italian if the place was to let. He told her no; it was under repair. With crazy confidence she dragged him within and forced him to show her over the house. I sat in resigned disgust, not deigning to follow. Then my eyes suddenly saw down the garden, two trees close together. I stooped. Their tops appeared. They were Persian Nuts! The stupid coincidence angered me, and yet some irresistible instinct compelled me to take out my note book and pencil and jot down the name written over the gate – Villa Caldarazzo. Idly I added up the letters. Their sum struck me like a bullet in my brain. It was 418, the number of the Magical Formula of the Aeon, a numerical hieroglyph of the Great Work. Ab-ul-Diz had made no mistake. My recognition of the right place was not to depend on a mere matter of trees, which might be found almost anywhere. Recognition beyond all possibility of doubt was what he promised. He had been as good as his word.

I was entirely overwhelmed. I jumped out of the car and ran up to the house. I found Virakam in the main room. The instant I entered I understood that it was entirely suited for a temple. The walls were decorated with crude frescoes which somehow suggested the exact atmosphere proper to the Work. The very shape of the room seemed somehow significant. Further, it seemed as if it were filled with a peculiar emanation. This impression must not be dismissed as sheer fancy. Few men but are sufficiently sensitive to distinguish the spiritual aura of certain

buildings.

*Although, naturally, one's interpretation of what is a "good" aura will vary according to one's spiritual inclinations or development.*

It is impossible not to feel reverence in certain cathedrals and temples.

*One should always do the Banishing gesture and pronounce the Banishing words when entering such places, however. Interestingly enough the majority of Christist "churches" have a totally miasmatic atmosphere; but the Banishing immediately reveals those that — statistically exceptions — seem to have been charged with true veneration. The entrance of an Initiate in any such churches and temples, of course, purifies them. Which is added motivation to avoid entering them.*

The most ordinary dwelling houses often possess an atmosphere of their own; some depress, some cheer; some disgust, others strike chill to the heart.

Virakam of course was entirely certain that this was the Villa for us. Against this was the positive statement of the people in charge that it was not to be let. We refused to accept this assertion. We took the name and address of the owner, dug him out, and found him willing to give us immediate possession at a small rent. We went in on the following day, and settled down almost at once to consecrate the Temple and begin the book.

*The beginning of the next account carries, in the original edition, another footnote from Mr. Germer which has been modified by Israel Regardie in his piracy to advertise another piracy — that of Symonds and Grant. The original footnote reads "The following is from "The Confessions" Vol 1 not yet*

*published.'*

I knew in myself from the first that the revelation in Cairo was the real thing. I have proved with infinite pains that this was the case; yet the proof has not strengthened my faith, and disproof would do nothing to shake it. I knew in myself that the Secret Chiefs had arranged that the manuscript of **The Book of the Law** should have been hidden under the Watch Towers and the Watch Towers under the ski; that they had driven me to make the key to my position the absence of the manuscript; that they had directed Kenneth Ward's actions for years that he might be the means of the discovery, and arranged every detail of the incident in such a way that I should understand it as I did.

Yes; this involves a theory of the powers of the Secret Chiefs so romantic and unreasonable that it seems hardly worth a smile of contempt. As it happens, an almost parallel phenomenon came to pass ten years later. I propose to quote it here in order to show that the most ordinary events, apparently disconnected, are in fact only intelligible by postulating some such people as the Secret Chiefs of the A.:A.: in possession of some such prevision and power as I ascribe to them. When I returned to England at Christmas, 1919 e.v., all my plans had gone to pieces owing to the dishonesty and treachery of a gang which was bullying into insanity my publisher in Detroit. I was pledged in honour to look after a certain person; but I was practically penniless. I could not see any possible way of carrying on my work. (It will be related in due course how this condition of things came about, and why it was necessary for me to undergo it.)

Forest of Fontainebleau, with nothing to do but wait. I did not throw up the sponge in passionate despair as I had done once before to my shame—I had been rapped sufficiently hard on the knuckles to cure me of that—but I said to the Gods "Observe, I have done my damndest, and here I am at a dead centre. I am not going on muddling through: I demand a definite sign from you that I am still your chosen prophet." I therefore note in my diary, on January 12, 1920 e.v., as follows:

I am inclined to make my Silence include all forms of personal work, and this is very hard to give up, if only because I am still afraid of 'failure,' which is absurd. I ought evidently to be non-attached, even to avoiding the Woes-Attendant-Upon-Refusing-The-Curse-Of-My-Grade, if I may be pardoned the expression.

And why should I leave my efficacious Tortoise and look at people till my lower jaw hangs down? Shall I see what the Yi says? Ay. Question: Shall I abandon all magical work soever until the appearance of a manifest sign?

Answer:

No symbol could be more definite and unambiguous.

**need to add the symbol here**

I have invoked Aiwass to manipulate the Sticks; and, wishing to ask "What shall be



reference in CCXX to our Lady Babalon: "the omnipresence of my body." But this is not quite clear; I took it mentally as referring to the expected arrival of Our Lady, but it might mean a trance, or almost anything. So I will ask **Yi**, as my last magical act for the time being.

**need to  
add the symbol  
here**

I think this means the arrival of Our Lady. I have serious doubts whether the hexagram should not have been:

**need to  
add the symbol  
here**

Which would have certainly meant that. That I should doubt anything is absurd: I shall know the Sign, without fail. And herewith I close the Record, and await that Sign.

**The next entry is dated Sunday, February 1.**

Kindly read over the entry of January 12 with care exceeding. Now then: On Friday, January 30, I went to Paris, to buy pencils, Mandarin, a palette, Napoleon Brandy, canvases and other appurtenances of the artist's dismal trade. I took occasion to call upon an old mistress of mine, Jane Chéron, concerning who see **Equinox Vol. I 6**

"Three Poems." She has never had the slightest interest in occult matters, and she has never done any work in her life, even of the needlework order. I had seen her once before since my escape from America, and she said she had something to show me, but I took no particular notice, and she did not insist. My object in calling on this second occasion was multiple: I wanted to see the man with whom she is living, who has not yet returned from Russia; I wanted to make love to her; and wanted to smoke a few pipes of opium with her, she being a devotee of that great and terrible God.

Consider now: the Work whereby I am a Magus began in Cairo (1904 e.v.) with the discovery of the Stælæ of Ankh-f-n-Khonsu, in which the principal object is the Body of our Lady Nuit. It is reproduced in colours in the **Equinox I 7**. Jane Chéron has a copy of this book. On Friday afternoon, then, I was in her apartment. I had attained none of my objectives in calling on her, and was about to depart. She detained me to show me this "something." She went and took a folded cloth from a drawer. "Shut your eyes," she said.

When I opened them they saw a cloth four feet or more in length on which was a

magnificent copy, mostly in applique silk, of the Stélé. She then told me that in February 1917, she and her young man had gone to the South of France to get cured of the opium habit. In such cases insomnia is frequent. One night, however, he had gone to sleep, and on waking in the morning found the she, wakeful, had drawn a copy of the Stélé on a great sheet of paper.

It is very remarkable that so large a sheet of paper should have been at hand; also that they should have taken that special book on such a journey; but still more that she should have chosen that picture, nay that she, who had never done anything of the sort before, should have done it at all. More yet, that she should have spent three months in making a permanent thing of it. Most of all, that she should have shown it to me at the very moment when I was awaiting an "unmistakable" sign.

For observe, how closely the Words of my Entry of January 12 describe the sign, "the omnipresence of my body." And there She was—in the last place in the world where one would have sought Her.

Note, too, the accuracy of the Yi King symbol

**symbol needs to  
be added**

for ☸ ☸ is of  
course the Symbol  
of our Lady, and  
the God below Her  
in the Stælæ is ☸  
the Sun.

**All this is clear  
proof of the  
unspeakable  
power and  
wisdom of Those  
who have sent  
me to proclaim  
the Law.**

**I observe, after a  
talk with M.  
Jules Courtier  
yesterday, that  
all their S.P.R.  
work is proof  
only of extra-  
human Forces.  
We knew about  
them all along;  
the universe is  
full of obscure  
and subtle  
manifestation of  
energy; we are  
constantly  
advancing in our  
knowledge and  
control of them.  
Telekinesis is of  
the same order  
of Nature as the  
Hertz Rays or the  
Radium  
emanations. But  
what nobody  
before me has  
done is to prove  
the existence of**

**Intelligence, and  
my magical  
Record does  
this. I err in the  
interpretation, of  
course; but it is  
impossible to  
doubt that there  
is a Somebody  
there, a  
Somebody  
capable of  
combining  
events as a  
Napoleon forms  
his plans of  
campaign, and  
possessed of  
powers  
unthinkably vast.**

If these events be indeed the result of calculation and control on the part of the Secret Chiefs, it seems at first sight as if the people involved had been prepared to play their parts from the beginning. Our previous relations, the girl's to opium, my friendship with her lover, and his interest in my work; omit any item and the whole plan fails. But this assumption is unnecessary. The actual preparation need not go back further than three years, when the Stælæ was embroidered. We may allow the Secret Chiefs considerable option, just as a chess player is not confined to one special combination for his attack. We may suppose that had

available, the sign which I demanded might have been given me in some other equally striking way. We are not obliged to make extravagant assumptions in order to maintain that the evidence of purpose is irresistibly strong.

To dismiss this intricate concatenation of circumstances, culminating as they do in the showing forth of the exact sign which I had demanded, is simply to strain the theory of probabilities beyond the breaking point. Here then are two complicated episodes which do to prove that I am walking, not by faith but by sight, in my relations with the Secret Chiefs; and these are but two links in a very long chain. This account of my career will describe many others equally striking. I might, perhaps, deny my inmost instinct the right to testify were any one case of this kind in question; but when, year after year, the same sort of thing keeps on happening, and, when, furthermore, I find myself able to predict, as experience has taught me to do in the last three years, that they will happen, and even how the pieces will fit into the puzzle, I am justified in assuming a causal connection.

*A final caveat is called for. Relationship with the Secret Chiefs on the Code on the*

*Secret Masters, or the Great Brotherhood, or whatever else you may wish to call them, IS possible, as Crowley attests; but **from our end** it happens only in those rarest of cases where intense veneration, dedication, respect, and love for humankind, to say nothing of other living things, and the Will to ward them and cherish them, is a pure and living flame in the aspirants soul. Those who without this singularity of purpose fancy they are in contact with the Masters ruin their spiritual progress, sometimes for several consecutive incarnations; and in the process often cause great harm to others. From **Their** end, it can happen to anybody, as we have seen from these accounts.*

## **LETTER 52: FAMILY: PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

In your last letter you mention "family pressure." Horrid word, family! Its very etymology accuses it of servility and stagnation.

Oscan, **Faamat**, he dwells.

*The next thirteen lines were excised in Mr. Regardie's piracy.*

It almost deserves the treatment it gets in that disreputable near-Limerick:

**Three was a  
young lady  
named Emily  
Who was not  
understood by  
her family,  
She acted so  
rummily,  
The head of  
the fummily,  
Had her matched  
with a  
greyhound from  
Wem-b-iley.**

**They feared she  
would breed a  
facsimile—  
Bring utter  
disgrace on the  
fimilly,  
So the head of  
the fommily,  
Read her a  
homily—  
And the devil  
flew out of the  
Chim-b-illy!**

A word ought to have more respect for itself!

Then, think what horrid images it evokes from the mind. Not only Victorian; wherever the family has been strong, it has always been an engine of



tyranny. Weak members or weak neighbours: it is the mob spirit crushing genius, or overwhelming opposition by brute arithmetic. Of course, one must be of good family to do anything much that is worth doing; but what is one to say when the question of the Great Work is posed?

*By "good family" he meant, of course, moneyed or well-connected. It is still a fact of life in modern society, even in Communist countries, that family connections are the normal key to worldly success. This is merely another argument for ending the family system entirely. It throttles originality in itself and in other families when it can; it is anti-evolution and its eco-system is parasitic, since it revolves only around itself. At the present time political parties, religions, and nations are nothing but extrapolations of the family system.*

Bless you, the whole strength of the family is based on the fact that it cares for the family only: therefore its magical formula thus concentrated is of necessity hostile to so exclusively individual an aim as Initiation.

Its sentiments are reciprocated.

In every Magical, or similar system, it is invariably the first condition which the Aspirant must fulfill: he must

put his family outside his magical circle.

Even the Gospels insist clearly and weightily on this.

Christ himself (i.e. whoever is meant by this name in this passage) callously disowns his mother and his brethren (Luke VIII 19). And he repeatedly makes discipleship contingent on the total renunciation of all family ties. He would not even allow a man to attend his father's funeral!

*Hence the well-known maxim,  
"Let the dead bury their  
dead."*

Is the magical tradition less rigid?

Not on your life!

The one serious grimoire of the Middle Ages is **The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage.**

*A new edition of this book, collated from several MSS, is being prepared by the O.T.O.*

**This was never issued, the manuscript never found and with Mr. Motta's death we have no way of knowing whether it was ever completed — or even begun. The only person who would of known which manuscripts survived is Claudia Canuto de Menezes and she separated from the Declaration of Trust. This has concerned me for years**

— and yet any accusations toward her concerning this are a waste of time. I'm more or less given up for these books in manuscript form to be sent to me. I admit being a bit paranoid in the past about what she might of done. Of course, this was merely the initial shock of her betrayal. I wondered privately if she had destroyed all these manuscripts, or had secretly murdered Marcelo Motta, or was connected with the Brazilian Junta or worse. Yet, you can thank Claudia Canuto de Menezes for the situation with his books being the way it is — and her callous betrayal still weighs heavily with karma upon present day. I have since been able to control my paranoia about her — and yet my original suspicions of her were not incorrect. She turned out to be a traitor and a liar — who Marcelo Motta trusted and was betrayed in a manner so inconceivably cruel as to create shock even in the hard core trained initiate of so many years that I had become. I reiterate, that her legal, notarized separation was not a rational nor intelligent decision. She could of kept the copyrights and made a lot of money with them. She

copyrights to a loyal member. *(like Frater Libra of the Nuit Lodge in Brasil, who in spite of his lack of aggressiveness in the face of transition was always an honest and good man)* She could of given them away to someone greedy, or anyone for that matter. For by "going away to live her own life" (as Barden told me she wrote him.) with her irresponsible separation from the Declaration of Trust she created a situation where no one in Mr. Motta's native country was able to legally print his books. In addition, the separation meant no legal Successor in the O.T.O. by his very instructions. Yet, I have left all these references to coming books for historical purposes. If any of these manuscripts turn up write me immediately and I will make efforts to make them available.

Below is the notarized paper Claudia Canuto de Menezes wrote when she betrayed Marcelo Motta.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I, Claudia Canuto de Menezes of Brasil, do not accept any part of a tripartite trusteeship that named Daniel Ben Stone of the United States, William Robert Barden of Australia and myself, entitled "Declaration of Trust" and signed by Marcelo Ramos Motta of Brasil on October 15, 1984 e.v.

Love is the law, love under will.

Dec. 21st, 1987

Witness my hand,

*Claudia Canuto de Menezes*

Claudia Canuto de Menezes

STATE OF TENNESSEE  
COUNTY OF DAVIDSON

SWORN TO AND SIGNED THIS 21ST  
DAY OF DECEMBER, 1987.

*Gene H. Bush*  
Notary Public

Gene H. Bush  
Notary Public  
No. 123456789  
Exp. 12/31/92

He makes no bone about it. He even condescends to point out the family as the most serious of all the obstacles to the performance of the Operation, and he gives the correct psychological reasons why this should be so. You said it yourself! "Family pressure" was your pungent and pertinent expression. Just so.

I think that "family" should include any body of persons with common interests which they expect or wish you to share. One's old school or university, the regiment, the golf club, the business, the

these may dislike very much your absorption in affairs alien to their own. But the family is the classic type, because its pull is so potent and persistent. It began when you gave your first yell; your personality is deliberately wrenched and distorted to the family code; and their zoology is so inadequate that they always feel sure that their Ugly Duckling is a Black Sheep. Even for their Fool they find a use: he can be invaluable in the Church or in the Army, where docile incompetence is the sure key to advancement.

Curse them! They are always in the way.

*The next three paragraphs were cut out by Mr. Regardie. Naturally, they are among the most important in the book.*

Even centuries after one of them is dead, he exercises his abominable craft; and you are only the less able to ward off the slaps of the Dead Hand, because (after all!) there is a whole lot of him in you. He appears at times as a sort of alien conscience; and, indebted as you may be to him for your physical constitution—I give him credit for not having saddled you with gout, rheumatism, T.B., or other plague—and many of your most useful virtues, you want to handle your assets yourself, without a subterranean

active interference through others in your sole preoccupation in the Great Work.

I have not actually detected any ancestor of mine stealing my whiskey, as the advertisement warns us may happen: but—oh well! However you like to look at it, he is always an influence upon you; and that, good or bad, you quite rightly resent. The unborn, too!

*All this is related to the fact that we carry the entire genetic heritage of our species in our gonads — perhaps even in each and every cell of our bodies. The insight of the interference from "ancestors" and "successors" comes by practice. It is not that one wants to evoke them; quite the opposite. The only possible explanation for Mr. Regardie cutting off this important bit of information is that he was unable to understand its value. There was nothing in it that could give offense to the thieves and charlatans he was elsewhere trying to protect when he cut Crowley's text.*

In the Brahmin caste, the aspirant to Yoga makes it a rule to fulfill his duties to the family and the State; once those jobs are definitely done, he cuts the painter, and becomes Sannyasi.

*Although it is not generally known, women can and*

*becoming Yoginis. This is more common among the Tantric sects than among orthodox Hindus, however. Vivekananda's Guru, Ramakrishna, had a Yogini as his Spiritual Master.*

Many a Maharajah, many a Wazir, to say nothing of less responsible people, plan their lives from their earliest days of wearing the sacred Cord as Brahmacharyi, with these ambitions carefully mapped out; and when the right moment comes for him to disappear into the jungle—the rest is Silence.

A sound scheme: that is, provided that one has full confidence in the General Theory. But we Caucasians happen not to believe in the **Vedas**, at least not in the dyed-in-the-wool sense which comes natural to the budding Brahmin; as to "our own"—why our own?—scriptures, no intelligent person takes them seriously any more. Some folk whittle away merrily, and fashion a Saviour in their own images; others strain the text and concoct a symbolic interpretation which is more or less satisfying—as can be done with any bunch of legends. But such devices leave us without Accepted Authority, and without that nobody is going to gamble away his life. Thus the Path for men of spiritual integrity begins with absolute



scepticism. Our methods must be exclusively inductive.

"Gamble away his life," did I say? Indeed I did. If there is any truth at all in anything, or even any meaning in life, in Nature herself; then there is one thing, one thing only paramount: to find out who one is, what is one's necessary Way.

The alternative to the Great Work is the hotchpot of dispersion, of fatuity, or disconnected nonsense.

To the performance of this Work the nearest obstacle and the most obvious is the Family. Its presumption is manifest, in that it expects everybody to yield it first priority.

In the Russian troubles following the October Revolution, General Denikin, who was trying to put Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall, captured the aged parents of Leon Trotsky, in command of the enemy, and chivalrously telegraphed him to withdraw his troops to certain positions, otherwise the old people would be shot. Trotsky replied "Shoot!"

The point of this story is that I hope it will answer your next question: You are so very clear and firm about the family; then why don't you insist on all your pupils starting with a domestic holocaust?

Why? Because a lot of my early rock climbing was done on

Beachy Head. Ask me something harder!

Look you now, chalk has every possible element of danger from the standpoint of the cragsman. All the more glory to him who can master it!

It is an essential part of the Rosicrucian system that the Adept should "wear the costume of the country in which he is travelling." I take this in the widest sense. By that word "country" I understand this planet and this social status "to which it has pleased God to call me." The Brethren of the Rose and Cross depreciated monastic life or hermit life: perhaps they thought such expedients cowardly, or at least as a confession of weakness.

I agree. One ought to be able to live the normal life of a member of one's class, to all external seeming; at least sufficiently so as not to appear unduly eccentric.

*Unhappily, I could not follow this advice, for I could not stomach the life of the members of my "class." Privileged liars, cheaters, and even traitors, who cared nothing for the less privileged classes and are now slowly bringing my home country, Brasil, to ruin, with the able help of C.I.A. agents who, instead of working for the American people, or even the American government, are*

*cartels to favor the cartels at the expense of the nation, either the one they are exploiting or their own nation, whose best interests they are betraying. The average American citizen does not understand why American citizens are so disliked in the Third World; he or she should ask the big international conglomerates and the local C.I.A. agents for the answer; but I doubt it will be given. Crowley was no more able to live the life of his own class than myself. It is interesting that he was so blind to his own motivations or to his personal self as opposed to his Initiated Self. The phenomenon, however, is not uncommon. I myself did not realize how my "class" disgusted me, and how deeply I despised them, for a quarter of a century. The very thought of their stupidity and greed fills me with revulsion and loathing now.*

Perhaps "Let my servants be few & secret: ..." bears some such implication.

But the condition of allowing such apparent laxity is this: That one should be as swift and terse as Trotsky in any similar situation.

If one's family were reasonable human beings, (But they never are, she sighed) one could perhaps do wiseliest by explaining the situation. "This

understand it, no need that you should—is the only important part of my life. I mean to be scrupulously careful of your feelings, and I see no reason why my chosen career should damage our relations. There is only one thing to remember: IF I ever get the faintest suspicion that you are opposing me, or condemning my plans, or interfering in any way, even with the best intentions, THEN—with a single blow I sever our relations, and for ever." "Well, that's really very nice of you, Holy One," you might say; "but you are not the only one to be considered, what about the Masters? Do they ride us on the snaffle? Tradition says not so."

This depends wholly on you. If you are a quite ordinary Aspirant, and a few dozen incarnations one way or the other don't make such a difference, then They presumably won't bother about you at all. In the course of centuries, Karma will roll out the creases.

But—suppose you are of those specially chosen to execute some necessary operation in the course of Their plans? Quite another pair of boots to tread **that** Path. Don't imagine that you are not on it yet, either, just because you happen to be in a mood of humility. A pawn may be more powerful than a King in

some positions.

*The next five paragraphs, for obvious reasons, were cut out from the Regardie piracy.*

However, even if you are not on it, you can start to-day. That is one of the matters that depends exclusively on you.

If you have already taken the appropriate and adequate Oath, well and good; if not, take it now!

What Oath?

To cross the Abyss, you have to give up "all that you have and all that you are." This Oath is unconditional: see **The Vision and the Voice** for details.

But for the present so much is neither desirable nor possible: in fact, you cannot genuinely realize what it means.

So you may content yourself with a simple, reasonable and intelligible Oath for the present: to devote "all that you have and all that you are" to the service of the Order.

The advantage of so doing is that the Grand Auditor of the City of the Pyramids takes immediate notice. He brings your account (Karma) up to date, and starts you off with a Cash Ledger. That is, he arranges for your errors to be paid for on the spot, instead of the customary credit system that goes on for centuries. The advantage of **this** is that you know what you are being

lesson at once.

This process is, naturally, very painful at times; for one thing, you can't dope yourself with illusions about your being a grand-souled, great-hearted, misunderstood saint, martyr, and hero.

And—this I tell you from most bitter experience—the agony is sometimes all but unendurable. The Masters (or the Lords of Karma, or whatever you like: I have to put all this in a silly romantic language, if I am to get the meaning across at all) see the position with absolute accuracy; They know at once how so-and-so, which you made rather a point of offering, is really that which you feel you can bear to surrender. Believe me, it is a very thorough winnowing, "with which he shall thoroughly purge his floor," when Vannus Iacchi whirs in the mill.

*The next paragraph were again cut out by Regardie.*

My personal attitude to all this is, it may be, unduly positive. I may be a bit of a fanatic. But I'm inclined to think that you will feel the same, because of your detestation of the "elusive." Having decided to gamble, there is no sense in fumbling with the dice. Anything that makes for closer contact, prompter action, clearer vision, is to be

The deliberate swearing of such Oaths, and the passionate adherence to them, is the surest method of approach to the Masters. You force the gate of Their temple; if not actually one of Them, you are at least in Their class.

Only one reminder: it is worse than useless to take these Oaths with any such ambition. One of the most precious privileges thus gained is the clean sweep that is made of all pretence.

This too is painful beyond words at first. Until the process starts, you have not the faintest idea of how you have wrapped yourself in layers of lies.

*The next two paragraphs were again cut out by Mr. Regardie.*

(The Baltis are like this, you know; they wrap the baby when it is born, and add rag after rag, never removing any, until a prosperous citizen at 40 is more like a bale of cloth than a human being!) May I add that you are going to be shocked? Ideas of the most atrocious and abominable nastiness, things literally unthinkable by your normal conscious apparatus, are discovered as the mainsprings of your character!

Those in attendance at confinements are always at first amazed and horrified by the remarks of the most

virtuous and refined ladies;  
but that is the mere loosening  
of a few superficial layers,  
such as are accessible to  
anaesthetics. These  
revelations amount to not  
1/10 of 1% of the grisly  
horrors that are revealed by  
Sammāsati.

Now go ahead!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 53: "MOTHER- LOVE"**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

You enthusiastically remark that  
the love of the mother for the  
off-spring is something that no  
man can understand: and you  
appear to prize it!

Well, some men have had a jolly  
good shot at it, notably Emile  
Zola. The Usher goes into the  
corridor, and calls that name  
in strident and stentorian  
tones. In he waddles, the  
squat obese bespectacled  
studious Jew, with the most  
devastating of all his  
thunderbolts under his arm  
—**La Terre**, and so what?

*The next four lines were excised*



"How he will prologize, how he will perorate" about:

**"The dewy musk-  
rose, mid-May's  
eldest child,  
The murmurous  
haunt of flies on  
summer eves!"**

He will not.

**La Terre** to him is indeed the mother of all men, sole source of our essential nourishment, the earth to which we are all bound in chains by our inexorable bodies, our ineluctable need of life—and death.

Sublime the thesis? What does he make of it? Theme No. 1 in the first chapter: rural love. How exquisite, how delicate, first flush of dawn upon the glowing meadows! The young man who is courting is not idle, either; he serves great nature in yet other ways. He is taking a prize cow to be "served:" on him depend our milk, cheese, butter, veal and beef. He also contributes to our Wienerschnitzel Holstein, or Filet de Boeuf à la Robespierre, our Sole au Gratin and our oeufs à la Neige.

*The next paragraph also was cut by Mr. Regardie.*

So then, our rustic idyll!  
"Rocked on the bosom of our  
Mother Nature." Longus  
paints Daphnis and Chloe,  
with a visit to the "Assassin

and Nicolette"—why, it's a root of literature itself all the way to Austin Dobson, Norman Gale and Thomas Hardy, Theocritus—er—hum—not so much of "Mother-love" Trinacria way!

Where Zola failed, who can hope to succeed? To distinguish between brute and brute: no, dear lady, that task I not regretfully relinquish!

But in "refined" strata? That cock won't fight, O thou Aspirant to the Sacred Wisdom! It's very often worse; for under the anaesthetic, the most delicately—minded ladies of high social position and religious repute are apt to pour forth floods of filth which would disgust the coarsest harridans of slum—land!

*The more restricted they are,  
the more obscene the ravings.  
He had already mentioned  
this known fact of gynecology  
in his previous letter to her.*

This is the final fact: so long as our life is bound to that of the animal and vegetable worlds, so that we are bondslaves born to their quite ineradicable habits, so long are we dragged back from every flight of fancy or imagination such as would break the chains that anchor us to mud.

The most far—seeing of our prophetically minded writers, Aldous Huxley, brands this

black fact upon our foreheads.

The first condition of a "Brave New World" must be the dissociation of sexual from reproductive life. The word "mother" must be as nauseating to all properly human minds as it now is to every one that has contemplated the subject with clear vision.

*Obviously, feminists will never achieve complete equality until the reproduction of the species is carried out by machines, rather than burdening the human body. Arthur C. Clarke's splendid novel, **The City and the Stars**, covers this subject from a purely scientific approach, while John Varley's equally splendid short story, "Options," does the same from a sociological point of view.*

**For those who have read my essay on Magick and Machines you already realize that My school of thought moves along different directions as the above insight with these science fiction ideas of reproduction by or with the machines. — and I must differ with this remark that "feminists will never achieve complete equality until the reproduction of the species is carried out by machines". I absolutely disagree with this and**

where such a perception would take us if given any weight for the future. Let me explain. The perceptions of matriarchal will, patriarchal will, sexual will, biological will, spiritual will, and spiritual will haven't been conceived by Masters present, past or future —

*(I mean that it is very early in the Aeon and such mystical juggles of will have not been properly addressed without some of the pins falling at the feet of a juggler who has not learned how these different forms of will are to be conceived. For instance the biological will being out of touch with the spiritual will in an aspirant!)* clearly the feminists will have to assimilate such perceptions of will to come to more human solutions than using machines. "Complete equality" is not going to be achieved by feminists until relationships are learned where the will of each is equally satisfied. The solution at present? Keep having relationships until you have learned instinctively what to do to achieve balance. Clearly, this idea of machines would only push the

lesbian feminist is actually a contradiction in terms — being out of touch with her biological will she cannot achieve her will on other levels. (Especially as a Priestess using the Formula of the Rosy Cross or the Formula of the Temple of Nuit, and other sexual magick) Noted that the mother is in complete alignment with her biological will by giving birth — and yet gives us the most trouble by vampirizing the children by her lack of awareness of training the offspring to learn to set out to discover the true will. This problem is, of course, not restricted to mothers.

I know there is an answer to all this; in fact, **The Book of the Law** enables us to take it in our stride.

But there is another aspect of "mother—love" which is urgent, practical, and in no way dependent upon ideal considerations.

What do we find in practice as the immediate consequence of this "sublime," this "holy" instinct?

Quite a few species of animals habitually devour their offspring; but women "know a trick worth two of that."

*The next four paragraphs were also cut by Mr. Regardie,*

*of Emile Zola's "La Terre" unintelligible to the reader, and making Crowley's main point about "Motherhood" equally unintelligible.*

No, no, let Zola rhapsodize!

Time passes. Libitina smiles. But the conditions are not spacious; both the "happy events"—real ladies and gentlemen emphasize this euphemism with a snigger and a smirk—are expected the same night, and the only place available is the barn.

*The original intention behind the legend of "Jesus" being born in a barn is related to this; and it was Zola's intention to draw a parallel between human and animal birth and the "Gospel" story.*

**Such a parallel is a mute point when the entire story is veiling vices in virtuous words. In such a case, some like Me needs to come along and state in the words of blood red reality to show what dogmatic nonsense such parables will take you — even creating lies about history further stimulating unhealthy dogma where it did not exist previously. Once again, I have already covered this in a previous essay, or should I state exposed the raw reality of it. I shall reiterate. The Innkeeper refused Mary and Joseph claiming no**

rooms were available for them. You can be assured that making them go to the stable he was simply permitting the bloody sacrifice of the first born to occur where it would not stain the floors of his rooms — and was showing tolerance only for the sake of business convenience. Its possible he was not a Jew himself, and knowing the savage nature of the Jews at this time was observing caution whereas not to get himself into trouble with the local religion and authorities — as savage as he may of perceived it. Clearly, any parallels with animal and divine child has no relation with the situation that created this event which created an entirely new branch of the religion that excluded the sacrifice of first born to Yaweh. Clearly, on this particular night the bloody sacrifice was canceled when they saw the star in the East — and it occurred to them to use this as an excuse — slyly calling it a miracle even with a knowledge of astronomy — and getting to keep the new baby with the added bonus of making it a new messiah.

Now Zola, well into his stride, gives us full details, hopping

the other, so accurately and so judicially that the reader very soon "loses his place," and doesn't know which birth is being described in any given paragraph.

The accumulated hogwash of a billion sentimentalists dashes in vain against that cliff of ugly truth.

Next witness: Dr. Doughty, who looked after the health of Trinity College, Cambridge.

*This refers to the occasion when Crowley caught a venereal disease. In those days, this was a very risky proposition; antibiotics were unknown, and the "treatment" of syphilis, for instance, was almost as dangerous to health as the disease itself.*

A swift routine examination: then he tilted his chair backwards, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, fixed the patient with a glare of ice; then these words dropped like vitriol from his lips: "You—young—fool! You go and put the most tender part of your body where I wouldn't put my umbrella!"

*Dr. Doughty's reaction, however, was either that of a religious fanatic or of a closet homo. And I do not mean sapiens.*

It is the magical formula of a man to push outwards, of a woman to close upon from without.



possessive instinct: it may often be masked as "protective" but its essential truth is the impulse to devour. Hence the death-like idea of "home," where she can digest her victims in security and at leisure.

*While reading **Cosmopolitan**  
or **The Ladies' Home**  
**Journal or Ms.***

Hence, as even Jung saw in his very first book, and wrote in stated terms, the first task of manhood—of the "hero"—is to escape from the mother. Now the son, with his male formula, his formula of life, his instinct to push out, to break down all that would restrain him, finds it perfectly natural to "bite the hand that fed him," as the complaint might piteously wail ...

*And often does...*

... But the daughter has no club to smash, no sword to cut ...

*She is at first sight not anatomically equipped with a club; it is normally so small as to not be readily visible; and as for the sword, girls are bred to breed, not to think. Perhaps the reader understands better now why Crowley suggested to this woman pupil that she take the Motto "Fiat Yod."*

...; all she can hope to do is to pass the buck. The amoeba, born of fusion, nourished by wrapping its pseudopods around such drifting particles

as come within its scope, is but a parasite on its own dam until the fusion is complete.

So, when a woman is "SO good,"  
"SO devoted to her daughter,"  
God help the daughter!

She is never allowed to think for herself in the minutest matters; she is bound hand and foot remorselessly to the routine of her "decent Christian home;" a wageless kitchen-slut. No hope of escape unless the mother's vampirism takes the form of selling her off to the highest bidder.

Need it be added that the "good mother" is usually quite unaware of all this, will read these simple statements of plain fact in speechless rage?

But the truth stands: the woman-formula is Death: "return to the Great Mother" is the catastrophe of the hero, whether he be Coriolanus or Peer Gynt.

It is surely unnecessary to state the rider to this theorem; so perhaps I had better:

Anyone who has not totally and for ever destroyed in himself every vestige of this instinct, extirpating every root and charring it with Fire, cannot take the first step on the Path of the Wise.

*As with all pioneers, it is interesting that he did not correlate the implications of this obviously truthful*

*the Horus—type of Woman in a previous letter.*

How nobly opposite is the Man-Formula! Its freight the wealth of the whole Universe, that splendid Argosy leaps free upon the glittering Ocean, to cast the very Soul of Life upon uncharted and enchanted isles!

It is not to these few but well-chosen words that I propose to look to enhance my popularity in the Woman's Clubs of the United States.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

P.S. "Mother-Love" is, of course, a branch of family affection about which I have already written to you in no uncertain terms. Of all its sub-sections this is the worst because it is the strongest, the most natural, that is to say, the most brutish ...

*It is purely and entirely mammalian. It is not human at all, except insofar as the human body is the body of a mammal.*

... You have complained pathetically on more than one occasion that I do not seem to know my own mind about Nature; that I am always contradicting myself.

*Well, if you contain multitudes...*

Sometimes I tell you that everything is in Nature; that everything moves by Nature.

that to oppose Nature is to provoke endothermic reaction, and then I leap headlong through the hoop of my own construction and want you to defy nature, to attack her, to overcome her. Really, dear Master, it is too bad of you!

I know it sounds bad but there is not really the opposition that on the surface there seems to be. Perhaps it is that we are talking about two kinds of Nature. In one sense it might be asserted that the final formula of Nature is Inertia; in other words, that the dyad of manifested existence is an arbitrary and artificial development of the Zero to which everything must always cancel out.

*This, incidentally, is a generally accepted concept in modern physics under the name of entropy.*

Now by saying that, we have to all intents and purposes, answered the question which it poses; all positive development must be a conflict with that Inertia. It is the opposition between the magical Path and the Mystical; we may therefore say fearlessly that all forms of progress, although they make use of the formulae of nature which have brought them to their present situation, are attempts to proceed further on the way of the True Will.

understand this at the present time when the Aeon of Horus is just getting under way. For the Aeon of Isis, that of the Mother, appears to have regarded the whole of Nature as a spontaneous growth of universal scope. In the Aeon Of Osiris, the restriction of Family appears for the first time.

*It was produced by the subjugation of a certain type of woman to the limited needs of a certain type of man — she 'chaste,' he really not liking women at all, merely using them. But perhaps this is an over—simplification. We know very little about the Aeon of Isis; the records were methodically destroyed or altered by the "winners," as usual.*

The world of sentient beings is separated into clusters, each family, clan, gens, or nation, acting as a unit and standing upon armed neutrality with respect to similar groups. But in the Aeon of Horus this system has broken down. That such is the case is already abundantly manifest.

Totalitarianism in any of its forms tends to break down the family structure. It considers only the Individual, and him, merely as a unit in the welter of the state.

Experience will doubtless prove that this idea simply will not work. The Individual will

impossible to reconstruct the Family System.

It will in particular be impossible to maintain the intimate relation between Mother and Child, which has been so dominant a feature of past civilizations.

The very social and economic causes which in the old time tended to cement the relationship, have become centrifugal in their effect.

## **LETTER 54: "ON MEANNESS"**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Yes, indeed! As you surmise, the injunction to "buy the egg of a perfectly black hen without haggling" is another way of putting the Parable of the Pearl of Great Price; a much better way. For the Pearl-buyer did think of equating the values, which is precisely what one must not do. That Egg is **incommensurable** with money.

*One must not, however, confuse the planes: money is commensurable with money itself. The reader is referred to our note in *Magick and Mysticism*, pp. 31-32, on this very subject of not haggling.*

(Further, the saying teaches one to insist on perfection; the hen must not have one tinge of aught but black in any feather.)

*The next twenty —one words were cut out by Mr. Regardie.*

However, that is neither here nor there; what you want me to do is to discuss Economy in its magical aspects.

Very good: to begin, Economy does not mean thrift or cheeseparing. It means: the law of the house. In practice, one may say "management." Finances are only one branch of the science, just as truckling, blackmail, graft, treachery and double-dealing are only components of modern statesmanship.

*It has always been this way with "statesmanship." We were unable to perceive this before because communications were not as universal and as quick as they now are. However, history keeps proving that this inecological approach to politics always fails on the long run; nations that prosper at the expense of, rather than along with, the rest of the world are cancerous growths that eventually are either operated on or feed upon their own resources to exhaustion. The reader is referred to Crowley's letter on "Family" for a clearer perception of such matters.*

All the same, I propose to talk in terms of money, because everyone has thought a good deal about it. Examples are abundant, ideas easy to express, and one can be concise and clear without danger of misunderstanding.

So let us call this letter  
Moralizing on Meanness!

Firstly (dearly beloved brethern)

...

*Parodying the style of "gospel" preachers, or of Grady McMurry when writing gyping letters.*

... meanness is flat contradiction to the Teaching of **The Book of the Law**. For "The word of Sin is Restriction...." and meanness is plainly a most flagrant case of Restriction.

*Now, please do not confuse meanness with lack of money, which, as he himself says, is another matter altogether! Thrift is not meanness, but most mean persons excuse their meanness by calling it thrift.*

Also, there is nearly always an element of Fear in meanness; at least, I would like to bet that 95% of mean people originally became so because they foresaw a friendless and penniless old age.

*Crowley, who did not have one mean bone in his body, did not understand meanness very well. In its worst form, it is hatred. The truly mean*



*perverse satisfaction in denying financial help that a sadist would have waving a cup of water within the view but without the reach of a person in the pangs of thirst under a desert sun. We all play jokes of this sort at times; when the joke is in deadly earnest, it becomes this form of meanness. The really mean person experiences intense self-satisfaction and an intense feeling of superiority towards those he or she is mean to.*

And fear is particularly forbidden in the Book: II, 16 "...fear not to undergo the curses...." Waxing in wrath, III, 17 goes on:

**"...Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth...."**

Then pretty well all the positive injunctions imply reckless enthusiasm.

**"Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us."**

**(AL II,20)**

What's more, meanness does not even pay! I propose to tell you why this is, and how things work out

What **is** money? A medium of exchange devised to facilitate the transaction of business. Oil in the engine. Very good, then; if instead of letting it flow as freely and smoothly as possible, you baulk its very nature; you prevent it from doing its True Will. So every restriction (that word again!) on the exchange of wealth is a direct violation of the Law of Θελημα.

*The following paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie.*

How stupid is this tightening of the purse-strings! Parable No. Three, "The fairy Bank Note."

One evening a man walked into an inn and asked for hospitality. In the morning, when his bill came, he found he had nothing but a £100 note. "I'm afraid I've no change till the Banks open." "Oh, stick to it— I'll be back next week— I've enough petrol to take me home."

*You must either be rich or know very well the people you do this with. The rich do not have to fear for a measly hundred pound bill, since they can get a battery of lawyers on the innkeeper, and even ruin the house, as the innkeeper well knows.*

"Handy," though Boniface ...

*Meaning the innkeeper.*

"that will just square my brewer." That reminded the brewer to pay his

worrying him to settle. He wasn't nasty about it; he really needed the money for his farmer, a worthy man who wanted to build some new outhouses, and the builder couldn't give any credit because he was being pressed by the man who supplied his materials, a man in great trouble on account of his wife's long illness, and the necessity of an immediate and very expensive operation.

So the doctor went round, very lordly, to the local estate agent, and made the first payment on the new house he had wanted for so long. "Hullo! Hullo!" laughed the agent; "here we are again. It's curious, but I paid out that note only ten days ago!"

So there were seven hampered and worried men all made happy, and the Bank note was in the hands of its original holder.

*At the time Crowley told this story the pound was still worth roughly about five dollars, so a hundred pounds was the equivalent of five hundred dollars, and bought a lot more than five hundred dollars today. The story emphasized the ecology of money.*

Now then for True Story No. 1. It is my own experience. When, nearly 40 years ago, I walked through Spain, accompanied only by a single

money in use, at least in the rather primitive places which we favoured. The currency was confined to the silver peso, and its fractions. About 90 miles north of Madrid, we found, one fine morning, that our well-meant attempt to pay our bill at the posada threw a bombshell into the works: the people of the Inn jabbered and gesticulated among themselves for about half an hour before they produced our receipt, and bade us Hasta la vista!

Next day, the same thing, rather worse. The day after, worse still; and we saw that they were disputing about the coins that we had handed over. Finally, about 20 miles from Madrid, they wouldn't take our money at all! Instead, they pointed out that we were English gentlemen, and they would be eternally honoured and grateful if we would send the money from Madrid!

On arrival at that city, we noticed long queues of people besieging the Banks; I put my finger to my nose, and said Aha!

But, sitting down at a café, oh no! not at all! Pesos were passing without question. Well, well! So I got into conversation with a knowledgeable-looking bloke, and he told me the whole story. It seemed that the Director of Customs had a

manufactured brass  
bedsteads. The uprights of  
these were packed with forged  
pesos of Fernando VII and one  
other king—I forget his name  
—made of the same standard  
silver alloy as the genuine  
coins, and so well executed  
that the only way to tell the  
false was that they looked  
newer than they should have  
been, in view of the date! And  
so (continued my informant)  
there was a panic, and no one  
would take any money at all,  
and the city was dying on its  
feet! So the Government gave  
orders to the Banks to change  
any coins soever for their  
equivalent in freshly-minted  
money—that's what those  
queues are—and "every one is  
happy again." "But," I  
objected, "I see you have some  
old coins." He laughed.  
"Those one-eyed mules at the  
Banks! All foolishness! Days  
ago we all agreed to take any  
money without question—and  
as long as we all do that, why,  
nobody's hurt!"

*Except the Government, of  
course. Why, the dirty  
Commie! One supposed,  
however, that if the  
contraband coins were not of  
the same standard silver alloy  
the population would not  
have been so breezy about it.*

I am not pretending that there is  
anything new about any of  
this; the whole theory of  
credit implies the probability  
of some such happenings

*The next paragraph was also excised by Regardie.*

(During the Skirmish — 1914-1918 e.v. — some small town in Northern Mexico got cut off by warring presidential brigands from the rest of the country, and got on perfectly well for a year or more without any money or commerce at all, on a basis of good-neighbourly feeling. Similar principles at Cefal; three years without a single quarrel about money. We used to say: "There's no harm in money until you begin to count it!") Trouble comes from Fear, and from Restriction.

When I first landed in the U.S.A. (1900 e.v.) I noticed instantly that practically everybody seemed to have money to burn, defying statistics. "Oh, that's simple!" explained a banker to whom I mentioned it; "in this country we reckon that money circulates 9 times as fast as in England. One dollar does the work of nine." Then, a year later at San Francisco, everything seemed very dear." Why? In S.F. one hardly ever saw a copper coin; the nickel (2 1/2d) was the smallest in practical use. Going on to Honolulu, it was twice as bad; and there the dime (5d) was the smallest coin one ever saw. Somehow, it made for stickiness. When one hesitates to pay money out, one cannot expect other



# MONEY

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You ask me for the initiated view about the power of money. As the poet says: "O.k. oke; I'm yer bloke." F. Marion Crawford, a Victorian novelist, now (I think deservedly) obsolescent, thought I saw one of his books last week on the shelves of a tuppenny shark—library ...

*Here Crowley himself added the following footnote: "No money—lender in the drunkenness of guilt plus the delirium of cocaine fortified by buckets of hashish would dare dream of getting such interest on his capital as these vampires." He had had some. Indeed, this is an excellent description of how Samuel Weiser, Inc. and Llewellyn, among others, grew to think of themselves as "publishers."*

..., wrote a tale **Mr. Isaacs** based on the life of one Mr. Jacobs, the Indian Rothschild of two generations ago, financing princes, little wars—everything. One night in Bombay the burden of his wealth broke his nerve; he stood at the window of his hotel, and flung masses of money to the mob. Soon after came a stranger, and said to him. "You have insulted the



fourth of the great powers that rule this world; it shall be taken from you." It was so; he lost all. In the end he became, after a fashion, Sannyasi, and died (I suppose) in the usual odour.

I thought of this incident in Paris in the twenties, when I saw American tourists plaster the bonnets of their cars with 1000 F notes, or tear them up and strew the floors of banks with them. Grimly I prognosticated Twenty—Nine. And it was so.

"Nice work!" you charmingly remark; but hardly what I sought to know." Patience, child!

Money being the fourth great power, "what are the other three?" Come, come, you can surely do that in your head. Four's Tetragrammaton, isn't it?

Very well, then! The First Great Power is ρ, the Father. Fire, the Wand, the Flame of Creative Genius. The Second is π, the Mother, Water, the Cup, the Sea to which all things tend; it is the gift of pleasing, of absorbing, of drawing all things to oneself.

The Third is γ, the Son, the Sword, the moving, penetrating element, double in nature. For it is intellect, but also the result of Genius absorbed, interpreted, transmuted and applied through the virtue of the Cup

to expand, to explain, to bring into conscious existence.

And the Fourth is the 7 final, the Daughter, Earth, the Disk, Pantacle, or Coin—the Coin on which is stamped the effigy of the Word that begat it with the aid of the other forms of Energy. It is the Princess of the Tarot of whom it is written: "Great indeed is her power when thus firmly established."

It is a trite, and not quite true, saying that money can buy nothing worth having. But it can command service, the real measure of power, and leisure; without these two advantages the most brilliant genius is practically paralysed. It can do much to secure health, or to restore it. The truth is that money is only troublesome when one begins to count it.

*The next paragraph was stricken off by Mr. Regardie, possibly because he was sensitive to references to copyrights, especially by Crowley.*

**This sentence by my Superior in the A·A· and the O.T.O. is in absolute contradiction to My school of thought and a comment here must not be left without comment. In this sentence, (as in many others), my Superior uses the word "because" when he means "as a**

something else. Those who have read my books, commentaries and essays will note I do not use the word "because" in *any* comment, nor proclamation nor in any place, or manner of speech or word. Confer Liber AL Chapter II vs. 27 – 30. I do so to cleanly manifest supernal on the lowest planes possible without interference from the Black Brothers.

*(I am adding the below (partly from my old diaries) as a further explanation after being requested by several students to elaborate on this strange deviation from any other school of the thought. I agree. The apparent unawareness of my students on where all my essays and writings are coming from simply shows a bewilderment that is common for so many first incarnation students who have no past life as experience for overall comprehension. From these type of aspirants they would see no connection whatsoever between my writings and the writing of my Superiors, especially my immediate Superior, Mr. Motta. Of course, not having bothered read any of it in*

*worse only a few of my essays have stupid opinions where no insight whatsoever can be shaken from their worthless, lazy, carcasses.)*

Although the circumstances of the words from My Vision of the Birth Words of M.T. (which does not always correspond completely to the Birth Words in Liber VII) whereas I am another Star altogether with another will to manifest these words were the end at last of my Ordeal of the Babe of the Abyss where I was finally accepted in that Holy Order called ..

(On another plane, and years later I saw this as a vision of achieving Hadit. Of course, you'll not find a Vision of Hadit in Little Essays Towards Truth. This Vision of Hadit was not the first to be unique and not actually be in the official books. This is very confusing for students when I claim to have had visions that are not mentioned in Little Essays Towards Truth and other places in the A·A· system. The Vision of Hadit corresponds to Binah while to achieve Hadit as the Manifested Word is in Chokmah. I realize this statement may be very

**What does this all mean?  
The explanation should be  
obvious to those who  
attempt to sincerely  
develop coordinates from  
the lines of the Class A  
documents. If you  
concentrate over a period  
time on what it means for  
you, you will most  
certainly awaken areas of  
the universe that are  
unique for yourself.)**

**"I am the movement that  
moves movements and  
therefore the Movement  
that Moves me shall  
manifest Me — and I shall  
arise and proclaim "I am  
who thou am He" as I  
understand and  
understand This and That  
shall I be an instrument of  
the Supernal from the  
Word that is Holy. Behold,  
then the secret of the  
Master who would live in  
the world of men that  
because must be accursed  
and be becoming — and all  
divided work shalt be unto  
Nuit, verily All shalt be  
Unto Nuit lest the direful  
judgments make havoc in  
the byways of Thy Sand  
Glass. So leave this Temple  
for now and speak nothing  
more that shall not erupt  
into the supernal will of  
Thee, and What man is and  
shall be is thy microcosm  
not distinguished from  
that supernal Self as the  
Sphinx of the Gods, who in**

.... ..!"

(I deleted this name for the sake of privacy with my personal lives (and life). As serious students will observe from the above words My school of thought was to be not in contradiction to my superior's, and yet certain perceptions had to be adjusted to comply with movement and identity. So, in a sense I do not continue my Superiors work and even seem to be taking directions that seem completely averse to his aspirations and perceptions. On another plane, I am taking his school of thought where he did not and creating adjustment where stagnation will occur if not addressed magically.

(This epigram is copyright in Basutoland, the United States of America, the Republic of San Marino, the Sanjak of Novibazar, Arabia Petraea, and the Scandinavian countries.)

Then there is travel, by which I do not mean globe—trotting; and privacy, less attainable every year as the Meddlesome Matties invade every corner of life.

But this is by the way; the text, tenor and thesis of the illuminated and illuminating discourse is the above

Epigram, which is not merely one of the extravagant absurdities for which I am justly infamous. It is the Pearl of Great Price. Observe that, formally it is a generalization of the principle of the old injunction "to buy the egg of a perfectly black hen without haggling." I want you to realize the supreme importance of this. For one thing, it goes hand-in-hand with the whole doctrine of so-called renunciation—which is nothing of the sort. You don't "renounce" five shillings if you pay that for a country house with 3000 acres of shooting, and the best salmon fishing on Deeside, do you? This is the Greater Interpretation of the Injunction, that no **equation** is possible: Magical Power is **immeasurably** more valuable than any amount of money. But the Epigram is severely practical. It may sound a little romantic, but—here goes! A community which thinks in terms of wealth is rich; in terms of money, poor. How so? Because the former includes the imponderables.

A couple of Japanese wrestlers may be worth more than Phidias, Robert Browning, Titian and Mozart in terms of butchers' meat. We might alter that incorrect truism "money cannot by anything worth having" to "things worth having cannot be

estimated in terms of money." You see, no **counting**. The operation to save your child's life: do you care if the surgeon wants five pounds or fifty? Of course, you may not have the fifty, or be obliged to retrench in other ways to get it; but it makes no odds as to what you feel about it. What is the value of a University Education? The answer is that it is a pure gamble. The student may use his advantages to make a rich marriage, to attract the wife of a millionaire, to earn a judgeship or a post in the Cabinet, to earn £500 a year as a doctor, £150 as a schoolmaster ...

*Those annuities, of course, were already out of date even at the time he was writing. But it is interesting to notice how schoolmasters are always poorly paid in relation to other occupations.*

... —or he may die in the process. So with all the spiritual values; they are, in the most literal sense, inestimable. So—don't start to count!

Most obviously of all, when it comes to The Great Work, money does not count at all. I do not write of any Magical work, in the restricted sense of the phrase. Shaw says: "Admirals always want more battleships" and J.F.C. Fuller: "if a lawyer, more wretches to



whose heart is in his job. (Of course, in this case, money is like all other things of value; nothing counts but the Job.) This, too, is sound Magical doctrine.

**Lack** of money is another matter altogether.

Isn't it about time you sent me a cheque?

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

*As a review of the subject of money, this letter is far from exhaustive. Crowley had a splendid grasp of general monetary principles, and the financial advice he gave his pupils, as well as chance acquaintances and complete strangers, was always penetrating and far-sighted. But in terms of immediate penny-counting or penny-saving he was, as he admits himself, quite inefficient. The epigram about counting money has two aspects: one, if a millionaire starts attaching importance to money in itself, rather than to what money can do, that millionaire is in trouble; two, if you have to count your money before doing something, you are in trouble. This is all quite true, but hardly tells you how to get **more** money — or even any money at all. He will return to the subject in other letters.*

# LETTER 56: MARRIAGE— PROPERTY— WAR—POLITICS

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Directly or indirectly, you have already all you need about marriage in its relation to Magical Training. The Hindu proverb sums it all up: "There are seven kinds of wife—like a mother, a sister, a daughter, a mistress, a friend, an enemy and a slave; of these the only good one is the last."

*From the point of view of a woman who wants to be an Initiate, exactly the same thing is true of a husband. Marriage is nearly always incompatible with such an individual aim as Initiation. Exceptions to this rule are so few and far between that one undergoing Magical training does well to abstain from marriage. This includes homosexual marriages, of course.*

But from your questions I gather that what you want is advice on how to advise, how marriage as an institution is regarded by **The Book of the Law**. Very good.

It is not actually mentioned; but that it is contemplated is

"wife"—AL I, 41. The text confirms my own thesis "There shall be no property in human flesh." So long as this is observed I see no reason why two or more people should not find it convenient to make a contract according to the laws of customs of their community.

But my above thesis is all important; note the fury of denunciation in AL I, 41-42!

As to property in general, the Book lays down no law. So far as one can see, it seems to adhere to "the good old rule, the simple plan that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can."

*Not in those superficially sensible bully—boy terms. The serious student is referred to **Liber NV**, vv. 9—12. Ecology is a basic concept of Θελημα. The next paragraph, which is extremely important, was cut off by Mr. Regardie.*

I think that your best course is to work out all such problems for yourself; at least it is an admirable if arduous, mental exercise. One ought, theoretically, to be able to deduce the ideal system from the Magical Formula of the Aeon of Horus.

Now then, as to war. You need hardly have asked the question; the whole Book is alive with it; it thrills, it throbs. it tingles on almost

every page. It even goes into details. Strategy: "Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! ..." AL III, 9. Then AL III, 3 – 8. England, I suppose ...

*Each of us with any patriotic feeling at all always thinks it will be our country, rather than someone else's...!*

... Verse 6 suggests the mine—layer to any one who has seen one in action. Verse 7 might refer to the tank or the aeroplane—or to something we haven't yet got.

*Such as the atom bomb, which had not been launched yet.*

Notice also Verse 28, a surprising conclusion to the long magical instruction about the "Cakes of Light." Then the mysterious opening of Verse 46 demands attention and research! Can "...the Forties:..." refer to the years '39 e.v. onward—will this war last till '49 e.v.? Can the "...Eighties..." be symbolic, as the decade in which universal peace seemed to nearly everybody as assured for an indefinite period?

*One must take into account that AL dates itself from the year of dictation, 1904 e.v. The Eighties have just started, and the second year of the Forties saw the explosion of the two atom bombs used in war up to now. As for "peace," it is extremely unlikely while the cursed religions still hold swau over noliticians.*

*especially Judeo-Christism  
and Islamism.*

There are any number of other passages, equally warlike; but see II, 24. It is a warning against internecine conflict between the masters; see also III 58,59. Hitler might well quote these two reminders that the real danger is the revolt of the slave classes. They cannot rule or build; no sooner do they find themselves in a crisis than mephitic rubbish about democracy is swept into the dustbin by a Napoleon or a Stalin.

There is just one exception to the general idea of ruthlessness; some shadowy vision of a chivalrous type of warfare is granted to us in AL III, 59: Significant, perhaps, that this and a restatement of Θελημα came immediately before

**"There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul."  
(AL III, 61)**

And this is "As brothers fight ye!" Perhaps the Aeon may give birth to some type of warfare "under Queensbery rules" so to say. A baptism of those who assert their right to belong to the Master class. Something, in short, not wholly dissimilar from the iousts of Feudal times. But on

to adventure any very positive opinion.

The last part of your question refers to politics. "The word politics surprises by himself," as Count Smorltork observed. Practically all those parts of the Book which deal with social matters may be considered as political in the old an proper sense of the word; of modern politics it disdains to speak.

*Since "modern politics" is nothing but demagogy.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,

666

## **LETTER 57: BEINGS I HAVE SEEN WITH MY PHYSICAL EYE**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Well do you know my lifelong rule never to make any assertion that cannot be verified, or at least supported by corroborative evidence, on any subject pertaining to Magick.

When, therefore, you express curiosity as to how much of the normally super-sensible

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senses, and especially that of sight, you must take my answer as "without prejudice," "e. and o.e.," "under the rose," and "in a Pickwickian sense." If you choose to call me a lunatic and/or a liar, I shall accept the verdict with mine accustomed imperturbability. Whether what I am about to tell you is "true" or not doesn't matter, as in any case it proves nothing in particular. What does matter is to accept nothing whatever from the "Astral Plane" without the most conclusive and irrefragable internal evidence.

That is enough for the caveat part of it; now I plunge direct into the autobiographical.

I begin with my childhood. There is one incident, not quite relevant in this place, but yet of such supreme significance that I dare not omit it. I must have been about 6 years old. I was capering round my father during a walk through the meadows. He pointed out a bunch of nettles in the corner of the field, close to the gate (I can see it quite clearly to-day!) and told me that if I touched them they would sting. Some word, gesture, or expression of mine caused him to add: Would you rather be told, or learn by experience? I replied, instantly: I would rather learn by experience. Suiting the action to the word, I dashed

forward, plunged in the clump,  
and learnt.

*It is perhaps not unmeaningful  
in this connection that the  
Nettle flower is the Sacred  
Flower of the A.:A.:*

This incident is the key to the puzzle of my character. But, as a child, what did I see? I cannot think of any one person who subsequently devoted his life to Magick who has not at least one early experience of seeing angels, or fairies, or something of the sort. But A.C.? Nary a one. I was brought up on the Bible, a literalist, fundamentalist—all that a Plymouth Brother could wish. It never occurred to me to doubt a word of what I was told. Perhaps the Wolf's Tail of an healthy scepticism gleamed pale at the age of 10, when I asked my form master how it was that Christ managed to be dead for three days and three nights between Friday night and Sunday morning. He said that he did not know, and (to a further question) that no one had ever explained it. This merely filled me with ambition to be the great exegetist who **had** explained it. I never thought of doubting the story.

*He did eventually explain it,  
although perhaps not the first  
to do so. The "Christ" of the  
"gospels" being a synthesis of  
several symbols, this  
particular incident simply*



*Mercury, the Messenger of the Father, is three days hidden from the Sun.*

Well, all this time, and then through puberty, despite my romantic bent, my absorption in the gramarye of Sir Walter Scott, my imaginative life as one of his heroes, and the rest of it. I never had even a moment's illusion that anything of the sort had ever happened to me. I went through all the motions; I haunted all the places where such things are reputed likely to happen, but nothing did happen.

There is one exception, and one only.

It was in 1896 e.v., at Arolla in the Pennine Alps. I took my cousin, Gregor Grant, a fine climber but with little experience beyond scrambles, and in poor physical condition, for the second (first guideless) ascent of the N.N.E. ridge of Mont Collon, a long and exacting climb of more than average difficulty. I had to help him with the rope for most of the climb. This made us late. I dashed for the quickest way down, a short but very steep ridge with one decidedly bad patch, to the great snowfield at the head of the valley. At the bottom of the last pitch a scree-strewn slope, easy going, led to the snows. We took off the rope, and I sat down to coil it and

wandered down. By this time I was as tired as 14 dogs, each one more tired than all the rest put together; what I call "silly tired." I took a chance (for nightfall was near) on resting 5 or 10 minutes. Restored, I sprang to my feet, threw the coiled rope over my shoulder, and started to run down. But I was too tired to run; I slackened off.

Then, to my amazement, I saw of the slopes below me, two little fellows hopping playfully about on the scree. (A moment while I remind you that all my romance was Celtic; I had never ever read Teutonic myths and fables.) But these little men were exactly the traditional gnome of German folk-tales; the *Heinzelmänner* that one sees sometimes on German beer-mugs (I have never drunk beer in my life) and in friezes on the walls of a *Conditorei*.

I hailed them cheerfully—at first I thought they were some of the local nobility and gentry of a type I had not yet encountered; but they took no notice, just went on playing about. They were still at it when I reached my cousin, sheltering behind some boulders at the foot of the slope; and I saw no more of them.

I saw them as plainly as I ever saw anything; there was nothing ghostly or semi-

A curious point is that I attached no significance to this. I asked my cousin if he had seen them; he said no.

My mind accepted the incident as simply as if I had seen Chamois. Yet even to-day when I have seen lots and lots of things more wonderful, this incident stands out as the simplest and clearest of all my experiences. I give myself full marks!

"Why?" Isn't it obvious? It means that I am not the semi-hysterical type who takes wish-phantasms for facts. When I started seriously to study and practise Magick in the Autumn of '98 e.v., I wished and wished with all my might; but I never got anything out of it. With the exception above recorded, my first experiences were the direct result of intense magical effort on the traditional lines; there was no accident about it; when I evoked N to visible appearance, I got N and nobody else. But even so, there isn't much to splash!

The first definitely physical sight was due to the "evocation to visible appearance" of the Goetia demon Buer by myself and V.H. Frater "Volo Noscere." (Our object was to prolong the life, in imminent danger, of V.H. Frater Iehi Aour—Allan Bennett—Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya—

another 20 odd years. And odd years they were!)

I was wide awake, keyed up, keenly observant at the time.

The temple was approximately 16 feet by 8, and 12 high. A small "double- cube" altar of acacia was in the centre of a circle; outside this was a triangle in which it was proposed to get the demon to appear. The room was thick with the smoke of incense, some that of Abramelin, but mostly, in a special censer in the triangle, Dittany of Crete (we decided to use this, as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky once said that its magical virtue was greater than that of any other herb).

*But in this, as in everything, one woman's food may be another man's poison. Dittany — of Crete, yet! — might have a special appeal for the psychosoma of Blavatsky. Many American Indian tribes swear by sage. Each culture has its own traditions in such matters; only extended research by a great number of experimenters will be of real statistical help. Given the lack of scientific training of the average occultist, we may have to wait one hundred years before people trained along A.:A.: lines produce valid research and valid results.*

As the ceremony proceeded, we were aware that the smoke

throughout the room, but tended to be almost opaquely dense in some parts of it, all but clear in others. This effect was much more definite than could possibly be explained by draughts, or by our own movements. Presently it gathered itself together still more completely, until it was roughly as if a column of smoke were rising from the triangle, leaving the rest of the room practically clear.

Finally, at the climax of the ritual—we had got as far as the "stronger and more potent conjuration"—we both saw, vaguely enough, but yet beyond doubt, parts of a quite definite figure. In particular, there was a helmet suggesting Athene (or horror! Brittanial), part of a tunic or chlamys, and very solid footgear. (I thought of "the well-greaved Greeks.") Now this was very far from satisfactory; it corresponded in no wise with the appearance of Buer which the Goetia had led us to expect. Worse, this was as far as it went; no doubt, seeing it at all had disturbed our concentration. (This is where training in Yoga would have helped our Magick.) From that point it was all a wash-out. We could not get back the enthusiasm necessary to persist. We called it a day, did the banishings, closed the temple, and went to bed with our tails between our legs

(And yet, from a saner point of view, the Operation had been a shining success. "Miraculous" things began to happen; in one way and another the gates opened for Allan to migrate to less asthmatic climes; and the object of our work was amply attained.)

I give prominence to this phenomenon because what we saw, little and unsatisfactory as it was, appeared to our normal physical sight. I learned later that there is a kind of sight half-way between that and the astral. In a "regular" astral vision one sees better when the eyes are shut; with this intermediate instrument, to close them would be as completely annihilating as if the vision were an ordinary object of sight.

It seems, too, as if I had picked up something of the sort as an aftereffect of the Evocation of Buer—a Mercurial demon; for phenomena of one sort or another were simple showered on me from this moment, *pari passu* with my constantly improving technique in regular "astral visions." Sometimes I was quite blind, as compared with Frater V.N.; for when the circles was broken one night—see the whole story in my *Autohagiography*—he saw and identified dozens and scores of

marched widdershins around my library, while all I saw of them was a procession of "half-formed faces" moving shadowy through the dimly-lit room.

When it was a matter of the sense of touch, it was far otherwise; I got it good and hearty—but that is not the subject of this letter. I find all this excessively tedious; I resent having to write about it at all; I wonder whether I am breaking some beastly by-law; in fact, I shall ask you to be content with Buer as far as details go; I never saw anything of importance with purely physical sight with anything like the clarity of my adventure on Mont Collon.

Yes, as I think it over, that by-law is to thank. This Spring I saw very plainly, on four separate occasions, various beings of another order than ours. I was ass enough to tell one or two pupils about it...

And I've never been able to see any more. This, however, it is a positive duty to tell you. One can acquire the power of seeing, with this kind of sight that is neither wholly normal nor wholly astral, all the natural inhabitants of the various places that one reaches in one's travels; one can make intimate contact with individual "elementals" as closely as one can with human beings or animals,

continuous or permanent.

The conditions of such intercourse are complex:

(a) one must have the necessary degree of initiation, magical efficiency, and natural ability;

(b) one must be at the time in the appropriate magical state, or mood;

(c) both parties must desire to make the contact, or else one must be lawfully the superior, a master and slave relationship,

(d) the magical conditions at the time must be suitable and propitious; *exempli gratia*, one would not make love to a salamandrine during a sandstorm. Of course, like all operations, any such efforts must be justified by their consoance with one's True Will.

On this note I end this abortive letter.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

**LETTER 58: "DO  
ANGELS EVER  
CUT  
THEMSELVES  
SHAVING?"**



Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

A very witty way to put it! "Do angels ever cut themselves shaving?" **Rem acu tetigisti**, again. (English: you big tease?)

What sort of existence, what type or degree of reality, do we attribute to them? (By angel, of course, you mean any celestial—or infernal—being such as are listed in the Hierarchy, from Metatron and Ratziel to Lilith and Nahema.) We read of them, for the most part, as if they were persons—although of another order of being; as individual, almost, as ourselves. The principal difference is that they are not, as we are, microcosmic. The Angels of 𐌒 contain all the 𐌒 there is, within these limits, that their rank is not as high as their Archangel, nor as low as their Intelligence or their Spirit. But their 𐌒 is pure 𐌒; no other planet enters into their composition.

We see and hear them, usually (in my own experience) as the result of specific invocation. Less frequently we know them through the sense of touch as well; sometimes their presence is associated with a particular perfume. (This, by the way, is very striking, since it has to overcome that of the incense.) I must very strongly insist, at this point, on the difference between "gods" and

macrocosmic, as we  
microcosmic: an incarnated  
(materialised) God is just as  
much a person, an individual  
animal, as we are; as such, he  
appeals to all our senses  
**exactly** as if he were  
"material."

But everything sensible is matter  
in some state or other; how  
then are we to regard an  
Angel, complete with robes,  
weapons, and other  
impedimenta? (I have never  
known a god thus  
encumbered, when he has  
been "materialised" at all. Of  
course, the mere **apparition**  
of a God is subject to laws  
similar to those governing the  
visions of angels.)

For one thing, all the laws that  
we find in operation on  
various parts of the "Astral  
Plane" are valid. Two things  
can occupy the same place at  
the same time. They are  
"swift without feet, and flying  
without wings." They change  
size, shape, appearance,  
appurtenances of all sorts, at  
will. Anything that is required  
for the purpose of the vision is  
there at will. They bring their  
own background with them.  
They are able to transfer a  
portion of their energy to the  
seer by spontaneous action  
without appreciable means.

But here is where you question  
arises—what is their "life"  
like? In the visions, they  
never do anything but "go

appropriate to their nature and to the character of the vision.

Are we to conclude that the whole set of impressions is no more than symbolic? Is it all a part of oneself, like a daydream, but a daydream intensified and made "real" because its crucial incidents turn out to be true, as must always occur during the testing of the genuineness of the vision?

*The next two paragraphs were cut out by Israel Regardie from his piracy.*

Shall we infringe Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parsimony if we extend our conception of our own powers, and conclude that the vision is but a manifestation of our Unconscious, presented in a symbolic form convenient for our understanding?

I'm sorry, but I can't let it go at that! Some of my own experiences have been so confoundedly objective that it just won't work. So there we are back to your original question about shaving and I fear me sorely that "Occam's razor" will help us no whit.

It seems to me much simpler to say that these Angels are "real" individuals, although living in a world of whose laws we have no conception; and that, in order to communicate with us, they make use of the symbolic forms appropriate:

employ, in short, the language of the Astral Plane.

After all, it's only fair; for that is precisely what we do to them when we invoke them.

Ha! Ha! Ha! I suppose you think you've caught me out in an evasion there! Not so, dear child, not so: this state of affairs is nothing strange.

Ask yourself: "What do I know of Therion's mode of life?" Whenever I see him, he's always on his best behaviour." I've hardly ever seen him eat; perhaps he does so only when I am there, so as not to embarrass me by a display of his holiness ...

*Laughing at himself: the truth was that he ate rarely because he seldom had enough to eat. Mr. Germer, knowing how poor he was, and how fond he had been all his life of good food, good drink, and good tobacco, sent him tidbits from America as often as he could, which was not very often; passing the hat around to everybody — perhaps even to Mr. Grady McMurtry — for money or small presents for the Beast. His letters of thanks for those things, specially to Mr. Germer and to Sascha Germer, who did what she could and even more than what she could to help, are deeply touching in their gratitude and tenderness.*

"... His universe touches mine at

only a very few points." The mere fact of his being a man, and I a woman, makes sympathetic understanding over a vast range of experience almost impossible, certainly imperfect." Then all his reading and his travels touch mine at very few points." And his ignorance of music makes it an almost grotesque extension of magnanimity for me to admit his claim to belong to the human species . . . U.S.W." Then: "How do we manage to communicate at all? There is bound to be an impassable gulf between us at the best, when one considers that his connotation of the commonest words like 'mountain', 'girl', 'school', 'Hindu', 'oasis', is so vastly different from mine. But to do it **at all!** What actually have we done?"

Think it out!

We have made a set of queerly—shapen marks on a sheet of paper, given them names, attached a particular sound to each, made up (God knows how and why!) combinations of these, given names and sounds to them too, and attached a meaning—hardly ever the same for you as for me—to them, made combinations of these too according to a set of quite arbitrary rules, agreed—so far as agreement is possible, or even thinkable—to label a

arrangement: and there we are! You have in this fantastically artificial way succeeded in conveying your thought to my mind.

Now, turn back to **Magick**; read there how we work to establish intelligible intercourse between ourselves and the "angels."

If you can find any difference between that method and this, it is more than I can.

Finally, please remember as a general rule that **all** magical experience is perfectly paralleled by the simplest and commonest phenomena of our daily life!

People who tell you that it is "all quite different beyond the Veil" or what not, are blithering incompetents totally ignorant of the nature of things.

*The next paragraph was again excised by Mr. Regardie.*

Incidentally, Bertrand Russell has given us a superb mathematical proof of this theorem; but I won't afflict you with it at this time of asking.

*In **The Principles of Mathematics**, a book that every Thelemic aspirant should read and study.*

On the contrary, I will tell you more about "communication."

There is a method of using Ethyl Oxide which enables one  
(a) to analyse one's thoughts

with a most exquisite subtlety and accuracy,

(b) to find out—in the French phrase—"what is at the bottom of the bottle." By this they mean the **final** result of any project or investigation; and this, surprisingly often, is not at all what it is possible to discover by any ordinary means.

For instance, one might ask oneself "Do I believe in God?" and, after a vast number of affirmative answers of constantly increasing depth and subtlety, discover with a shock that "at the bottom of the bottle" one believed nothing of the sort! Or vice versa.

On one occasion the following experiment was carried out. A certain Adept was to make use of the Sacred Vapour, and when the time seemed ripe, to answer such questions as should be put to him by his Scribe. Presently, after about an hour's silence, the Scribe asked: "Is communication possible?"

But this he meant merely to enquire whether it would now be in order for him to begin to ask his prepared list of questions.

But the Adept thought that this **was** Question No. 1: meaning "Is there any valid means of making contact between two minds?"

He remained intensely silent—intensely, as opposed to his

abstention from talking—for a very long time, and then broke slowly into a long seductive ripple of hushed laughter, suggestive of the possession of some ineffably delicious secret, of a moonlight revel of Pan with his retinue of Satyrs, nymphs and fauns.

I shall say no more, save to express the hope that you have understood this story, and the Truth and Beauty of this answer.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,,

666

## **LETTER 59: GEOMANCY**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Your last letter has really put me up a gum tree. I do not see how I can write you an account of Geomancy. At first sight it looks as if all I could do was to refer you to the official text book of that sublime and difficult art. You will find in the **Equinox**, Volume I, No. 2. (or am I mistaken and its is No. 4?) ...

*It is No. 2. Mr. Israel Regardie struck off the parenthesis and the following sevens lines of text*



... I cannot bother to refer to it, and the books are not under my hand.

There is, of course, a short account in **Magick** and I do not think that it is a very satisfactory one, certainly not in view of what you have asked me. No, it certainly won't do at all.

The main point of your letter appears to be a question as to whether I think it worth your while to devote a great amount of time to it; whether its usefulness repays the pains required to master it.

Now here we come to a question of personality. The first thing to remember about Geomancy is that although the various intelligences are attributed to the twelve signs of the Zodiac they all appertain to the element of earth. Anyone therefore who has got in his nativity an earthy sign rising, or the sun in an earthly sign, or a good proportion of planets in an earthy sign, is much more likely to find Geomancy attractive than anyone the principal features of whose horoscope are devoted to other elements, especially air, which of course is the enemy of earth.

Now these remarks apply of course very much to the type of question that is likely to be within the grasp of the Geomantic Intelligences, that must certainly be considered

of the practitioner to master the art.

I ought of course to emphasize that I am just the worst person in the habitable globe that you could have asked about this matter, as my rising sign and my planets are all in fire, air, or water, except  $\Psi$ , which as Astrology teaches, refers not so much to the Native as to the period of life.

It has accordingly been exceptionally difficult for me to be of much use to people who have come to me with enquiries similar to yours, still more when they have planted themselves down solidly at my feet and insisted on my teaching them. There is, however, a certain meagre harvest to be gained from my experience. I should like to tell you what happened to such a man.

A resident of Johannesburg and singularly gifted with the power of getting physical results to take place as a result of Magical experiments. This man was as strongly attracted to Geomancy as I was repelled, and I do not know that it would be fair for me to claim that I had been of any special use to him, though he was always kind enough to say so.

When I pointed out that the answers to Geomantic questions were so vague and indeterminate he had already

this difficulty (which he admitted as existing) could be overcome.

It is of course of the very first importance in Geomancy to frame your questions accurately; for the Intelligences serving the Art delight in tricksome gambols. If there is a possibility of assigning a double meaning to the question you can bank on their finding it, and deceiving you.

*The next paragraph was cut out by Mr. Regardie.*

Of all this my disciple was well aware; and he had become extremely artful in allowing no ambiguity to spoil any of his questions.

But as to the further difficulty about their vagueness, what he did was to arrange a series of questions narrowing the issue step by step until he had succeeded in obtaining a precise instruction which would resolve his original difficulty.

I do think, as a matter of fact, that I was able to help to some extent on the purely theoretical side of the Art, and he went back to South Africa feeling himself fully equipped to deal with any problem that might arise.

At that time we were particularly anxious to wind up the first volume of the **Equinox** with a No. 10, which should be a really massive

contribution to Magical thought. That meant a very considerable increase in the cost of production. All this my Disciple, of course, knew, and on arriving in Johannesburg he said to himself "Well, here I am in a part of the world where the earth teems with gold and diamonds. I will procure the necessary funds for the **Equinox** and various other financial necessities of the Work by Geomantic divination.

Now, then, he thought, in and about Johannesburg we have both gold and diamonds; that is exactly the chance for these tricky earth spirits to take advantage of the ambiguity. I will therefore frame the question so as to cover both sources of riches. I will not specify gold or diamonds. I will say simply "mineral wealth."

The answers to his series of questions indicated that he was to go out of the city where he would find a deposit.

The next questions in his series were directed to finding the direction in which he should start his exploration. That was easy.

The next question was the distance involved, and he could think of no way of framing questions which would inform him on that very important point. He got at it indirectly, however, by asking

and as to that the answer was quite clear and unmistakable.

He was to use a horse.

Well, he had a Boer pony, and next morning he set forth with provisions for a day's journey.

On and on he went and found no geological indication of any mineral wealth. Presently he began to get tired and thought it was a little late. He could see in every direction across the Veldt and there was nothing at all. A mile or so in front of him, however, was a row of small kopjes. He said, I may as well go on and get a view from the top.

This he did; and there was still no geological pointer. It struck him, however, that he was getting short of water; and just below on the far side of the kopje were a number of apparently shallow pools.

"I will fill my skin and give my horse a drink and get home feeling like a fool."

But, when he got to the water, his horse turned sharply aside and refused to drink. At that he dismounted and put his finger in the water to test it. He had struck one of the most important deposits of alkali in South Africa. Mineral wealth indeed!

He went home rejoicing and took the necessary steps to protect his find. In the course of the formalities he found it necessary to come to London,

whole story.

Unfortunately we end with an anti-climax. The negotiations went wrong; and the property was stolen from under his nose by one of the big alkali firms.

*This almost always happens where mineral wealth is concerned, for the entire registration and bureaucratic regulatory systems in any country are always in the pocket of the big cartels, who will not stop short of war, much less of murder, in order to keep their monopolies. The same thing is true in the field of inventions. Some very odd happenings occur, and rare is the inventor who is allowed to finance himself or herself, and grow independently wealthy.*

However, it was a good mark for Geomancy.

I am afraid that all this is a digression. As I indicated above, what you want to know is to be found in the official instruction on the subject in the Equinox.

Now far be it from me to cast any doubt on any official instruction, but I cannot help saying that in this particular instance it does not give very full details, and I think you would be well advised to investigate the whole subject afresh, basing your enquiry on the general principles of the science.

*And I think you would be well advised to work from the official Instruction, not apart from it. Its limitations are deliberate, to ensure that the Art will not be profaned by fortunetellers and thieves. The next five lines of text were cut out by Mr. REGARDIE.*

You will presumably have noticed that the Geomantic figures are derived from taking the permutations of two things, four at a time, just as the trigrams of Fu—Hsi are two things taken three at a time, and the Hexagrams of the **Yi** are two things taken six at a time.

The system is consequently based upon 16 figures and no more. Of course all systems of divinations which have any claim to be reasonable are based upon a map of the universe, or at least the Solar system, and 16 is really rather a limited number of units to manipulate.

However, if you are the type of person who has a natural bent towards this particular Art you will be able to develop it on your own lines, guided by your own experience.

*The last two paragraphs, for obvious reasons, were cut out by REGARDIE.*

I do not think there is anything further to add to these scattered remarks except that so far as I know none of the treatises on the subject (with

the single exception of the official instruction) are any use at all.

I feel rather acutely how unsatisfactory these remarks must sound to you, but it is the best that I can do for you. You must regard it either as an excuse, or a confession of incompetence, that I have always had this instinctive distaste for the subject.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 60: KNACK**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I am very glad that it has not been necessary in all this long correspondence with you, to discuss the question of Knack. You seem to be specially gifted; you were able to get the results directly from following out the instructions, and I am glad that it is through you, on behalf of other people, to whom you have communicated these instructions, that this letter has become necessary.

When Otto Morningstar was trying (with indifferent success) to teach me how to



play French Billiards in Mexico City I found one particular difficulty, and that was how to play the massé shot. He kept on explaining and explaining and demonstrating and demonstrating, and none of it seemed any good. I understood intellectually, well enough; but somehow or other it never came off. Presently he said that he guessed he knew what was the matter. Although I had the whole thing perfect in my mind I had not made the link between my mind, my eye and my hand, and what I must do was **not** to go to him for teaching, of which I had had already enough and more than enough. He told me if I went on trying it would happen quite suddenly and unexpectedly one day that I found I could do it. This was particularly decent of him because it was in direct contradiction with his financial interest.

*Since he was being paid for the lessons.*

But he was an all—round good man.

*Also, a Jew.*

So I cut him out so far as the massé shot was concerned and redoubled my practice of it. What he said came out right; one day I found that I had acquired the knack of it.

Now with these semi—pupils of yours the same thing probably

applies.

The point you raise in particular as baffling them is the getting on to the astral plane. It is not much good explaining why the failure occurs, or at what point it occurs; the only thing that is any use is for the pupil to go on and on and on eternally. He must find out for himself where the snag is, and he must continue his experiment until he acquires the knack.

All this should be perfectly obvious; the same sort of thing applies to every kind of game which you know. There is a particular knack for instance in putting. It is not that your calculations are wrong, it is not that your stance is wrong, it is not that your grip is wrong, it is that for some reason or other you fail to co—ordinate all these various factors in the problem; and sooner or later the moment comes when it appears to you quite natural to succeed in getting out of the body, or in opening the eyes on the astral plane, or in getting hold of the particular form of elemental energy which has until that moment escaped you.

*The next three paragraphs were cut out by Mr. Regardie.*

I have mentioned the question of astral journeys because that is one which in your experience, as indeed it has been in mine, is the one that most frequently

I do not know why it is that people should get so easily discouraged as they do. I can only suggest that it is because they are touching so sensitive a spot in their spiritual and magical organisation that it upsets them; they feel as if they were completely hopeless in a much more serious way than if it was a matter of learning some trick in some such game as chess or billiards.

Of course, the worst of it is that failure in these early stages is liable to destroy their confidence in the teacher, and I think it would be a very wise plan on your part to warn them about that.

I ought incidentally to mention that this sudden illumination—that is not quite the right word but I cannot think of a better one—is quite different to the sudden confidence which takes hold of one in the Yoga practices, the more I think of it the more I feel that the question of sensitiveness is of the greatest importance.

In Yoga practices one does not, at least as far as my experience goes, come against the delicacy that one does in all magical and astral practices. The reason for what is, I think, quite obvious. All the Yoga practices are ultimately of the protective type, whereas with magical and astral practices one is

of exterior (or apparently exterior) forces. In neither case however is there any sort of reason at all for discouragement; and as I said above the cure in all cases is apparently the same.

In one way or another the veil is rent, the pupil becomes the master, and the reason for that is really rather beyond my analysis so far as that has gone at present. I do not know whether it is some kind of awakening of some faculty of the magical self, though that seems to me the simplest and most probable explanation; but in any case there is no doubt about the nature of the experience, and there can be no difficulty about the recognition of it when it occurs.

*The next paragraph was again cut out by Mr. Regardie.*

Now, dear Sister, I hope that this letter may be of real use to you in dealing with those difficult semi-pupils. In particular I hope that you will make a point of insisting on how encouraging this doctrine is. Your pupils must not calculate; that indeed is one point where the magical record is rather a hindrance than otherwise.

It reminds me of the story of the Psychologist who wanted to judge the difference in temperament between an Englishman, as Scotsman and

amount of Whisky in a bottle in the next room. They had to go in, report, and come back, and tell him what they thought about it. He filled it 50% with great accuracy.

The Irishman came back fairly cheerful; he rubbed his hands; "Well, there's half a bottle left, your honour."

When the Scotsman came back his face was full of gloom: "I'm afraid," he says, "that half a bottle has gone."

Then the Englishman had his turn. He came in all over smiles, rubbing his hands, and said: "There's not a drop left, so that's that."

Moral—Be English!

*The story varies according to which British strain is telling it, of course. Incidentally, this letter on Knack, although one of the shortest, is one of the most practically helpful in Magick Without Tears.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 61: POWER AND AUTHORITY**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law

Thanks very much for your last letter. I expected no less. As soon as anybody gets into a position of authority, even on a very small scale, their troubles begin on a very large one.

*In most of this letter he will be referring specifically to the problems of the O.T.O. and of the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church.*

Imagine, if you can, what I have been through in the last quarter of a century or more. My subordinates are always asking me for advancement in the Order; they think that if they were only members of the 266th degree everything in the garden would be lovely. They think that if they only possessed the secrets of the 148th degree they would be able to perform all those miracles which at present escape them.

These poor fish! They do not understand the difference between Power and Authority. They do not understand that there are two kinds of degrees, altogether different.

For instance, in the theory of the Church of Rome a bishop is a person on whom has been conferred the magical power to ordain priests. He may choose a totally unworthy person for such ordination, it makes no difference; and the priest, however unworthy he

the correct formulæ which perform the miracle of the Mass, for that miracle to be performed. This is because in the Church we are dealing with a religious as opposed to a magical or scientific qualification. If the Royal Society elected a cobbler, as it could, it would not empower the New Fellow to perform a boiling-point determination, or read a Vernier.

In our own case, though Our authority is at least as absolute as that of the Pope and the Church of Rome ...

*He was being either polite of discreet. The Church of Rome never had any authority, as its history of crimes and absurdities amply proves. But even if it had had authority, that authority would have been withdrawn with the coming of the New Aeon.*

..., it does not confer upon me any power transferable to others by any act of Our will.

*This is not entirely correct; within limits, the Initiate can inspire pupils, or even perfect strangers, to perform beyond their normal capacities. Witness Neuburg's poetry or Fuller's prose while they were under Crowley's influence. The limits involved have to do with the True Will of everybody concerned. The "Black Brother" will abuse his or her pawns without compunction. Compare the*

*hands of Leadbeater and Besant with the fate of Israel Regardie in the hands of Crowley. Regardie survived to prove himself a liar and a thief; Krishnamurti survived to be a worthier person than his false masters. Crowley never abused the True Will of Regardie, but Regardie constantly abused the Will of Crowley – if you will pardon the pun.*

Our own authority came to Us because it was earned, and when We confer grades upon other people Our gift is entirely nugatory unless the beneficiary has won his spurs.

*Witness, for instance, the effects of his conferring, out of misguided kindness, the IX<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. on a totally unprepared individual, Grady McMurtry; and compare the history of McMurtry since that time with the history, for instance, of Karl Germer.*

To put it in a slightly different form of words: Any given degree is, as it were, a seal upon a precise attainment; and although it may please Us to explain the secret or secrets of any given degree or degrees to any particular person or persons, it is not of the slightest effect unless he prove in his own person the ability to perform those functions which all We have done is to give him the right to perform and the Knowledge



The further you advance in the Order the more will you find yourself pestered by people who have simply failed to understand this point of Magical theory.

Another thing is that the business of teaching itself is a very tricky one; even such simple matters as travelling on the astral plane are not to be attained by any amount of teaching unless the pupil has both the capacity and the energy as well as the theoretical and intellectual ability to carry out successfully the practices. (I have already said a good deal about this in my letter on Knack.)

*This last sentence was struck out by Regardie.*

I have thought it most important that you should impress upon everybody these points. It is absolutely pitiful to watch the vain struggle of the incompetent; they are so earnest, so sincere, so worthy in every way of every possible reward and yet they seem unable to advance a single step.

There is another side to this matter which is really approximating to the criminal. There are any number of teachers and masters and bishops and goodness knows what else running around doing what is little better than peddling

secrets. Such practices are of course no better than common fraud.

Please fix it firmly in you mind that with Us any degree, any position of authority, any kind of rank, is utterly worthless except when it is merely a seal upon the actual attainment or achievement.

*The next paragraph was again struck out by Regardie.*

It must seem to you that I am beating a dead dog, that it is little better than waste of time for me to keep on insisting, as I am now doing, upon what any ordinary person would think was patent to the meanest intelligence; but as a matter of plain fact the further you advance in the Order, and the more people you get to know, the more you find this attitude, sometimes absurd and sometimes abominable, getting up and kicking you in the face.

This is one of the reasons why the older I grow and the more experience I have of human nature, the more am I convinced of the wisdom of the Chiefs of the A·A·°, where association with any other person except your immediate superior or the one of whom you are yourself in charge is discouraged in every possible way.

There are of course exceptions. It is necessary, though regrettably so for personal

instruction in the practices to be given or received. For all that, I wish I could show you 200 or 300 letters that I have received in the last twenty years or so: they tell me without a shadow of doubt that anything like fraternization leads only to mischief. When you wish instruction from your superior, it should be for definite points and nothing else. Any breach of this convention is almost certain to lead to one kind of trouble or another. It may in fact be regarded as a defect of concentration if communication between any two members of the Order should take place, except in cases of necessity.

I know that it must seem hard to the weaker brethren of the Order that we should make so little appearance of success in the Great Work to which we are all pledged. It is so universal a convention that success should be measured by members. People like to feel that they have hundreds of Lodges from whom they can obtain assistance in moments of discouragement.

But a far truer and deeper satisfaction is found when the student has contentedly gone on with his work all by his own efforts. Surely you have had sufficient example in these letters, where in moments of

to the fact the despite all appearances one has been watched and guarded from a higher plane. I might say, in fact, that one such experience of the secret guardianship of the Chiefs of the Order is worth a thousand apparently sufficient witnesses to the facts.

I would have you lay this closely to your heart, dear Sister, and moreover always to keep in mind what I have written in this letter so that you may be able to recognise when the occasion arises how much better evidence of the power and intelligence of the Order is this to being constantly cheered up along the difficult way by incidents such as it is possible to explain by what might be considered normal circumstances.

Finally, let me insist that it is a definite symptom of Magical ill—health when the craving for manifestation of that power and intelligence come between the worker and his work.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 62: THE ELASTIC MIND**

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You ask me what I mean by an "elastic mind"—from our telephone conversation on Friday.

It is hard to define; but let me give you an example of the bad kind: an old riddle. "Why is a story like a ghost?" Because

**"A story's a tale  
a tail's a brush  
a brush is a  
broom  
a brougham is is  
a carriage  
a carriage is a gig**

**a gig's a trap  
a trap is a snare  
a snare's a gin  
gin is a spirit  
and a spirit's a  
ghost."**

You will have noticed a logical blunder—usually non distributio medii or Hobson Jobson—at every step in the sorites. It is your instinctive, or instructed, objection to commit these that prevents your mind from actually moving on such lines.

But these "correspondences," such as they are, ought to present themselves, be judged as false or true, and rejected or accepted accordingly.

The inelastic mind, on the other hand, is tied by training to a rigid sequence, so that it never

itself.

To develop a mind properly it needs

(a) "Lehrjahre" (a first-class public school and university education, or the equivalent) when it learns all sides of a question, and is left free to judge for itself and

(b) "Wanderjahre," when it sees the world for itself, not by any pre-arranged course (Cooks', Lunns', University Extension, Baedeker) but built up on the results of the Lehrjahre, foot or horseback, and avoid beaten tracks.

It is the Rosicrucian injunction to "wear the costume of the country in which you are travelling;" this is only another way of saying "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

*You may, however, not like what the Romans do, and therefore have no wish to imitate them. There are only two alternatives then: get out of Rome or change the Romans. The second alternative usually comes to fruit only after you have been dead a few centuries.*

The object of this is not merely to avoid interference or annoyance, but to teach the mind to think down to the roots of the local customs. You learn also the great lesson of Thelema, that nothing is right or wrong in itself: as we say "Circumstances alter

adapt one's life to the impinging facts: to "cut one's coat according to one's cloth." It leads one to the understanding of that great Principle of Compromise which has kept England's head above water through the tempests of a chiliad.

*Rather, has degraded it to a cheap whore. In Magick, there is no compromise! Oftentimes you must Lurk — but this is merely true Elasticity, as his next words make clear.*

But always behind all these must be Will, the restraining and controlling purposefulness which prevents one getting flabby, as worn rubber does. (This is why no one is surprised to hear an ultra-Socialist minister deliver a speech that might have come from Pitt.)

*The Pit of Because, that is, as the history of England since the Socialists took over has amply proved.*

There must be a perfect readiness of the mind to consider all the possible reactions to any given situation, to judge exactly how far one should yield, and in what direction, and to act accordingly; but always on keen guard against the risk of snapping.

Remember that the slightest sign of inelasticity means that the rubber has already "nerished." and that the test of

perfection is that one can "Snap back" to the original condition, with no trace of the stress to which it has been subjected.

*The next two paragraphs were cut out by Mr. Regardie; perhaps he was sensitive to them.*

Beyond all, be armed against the "doctrinaire" type of mind, in yourself or in another. One very soon falls into the habit of repeating ones pet ideas; as the French say. "C'est enfoncer une porte ouverte;" and, probably before you know it yourself, you have become that most obscene, abhorred and incurable of human monsters, a BORE.

I perceive a slight danger of this kind in the letter: moral, SHUT UP!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 63: FEAR, A BAD ASTRAL VISION**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Your letter of yesterday: so happy that my last was useful: but the vision! I must have



We shall come to that later in this letter.

It is reassuring to learn that you are two—thirds human! Greed, anger and sloth are the three Buddhist bed—rock badnesses; and you have certainly given the last a miss in baulk. It is my own darkest and deadliest foe, and oh how mighty! With me he **never** relaxes. Sounds a paradox! but so it is.

Now as to fear. In the Neophyte ceremony of G.:. D.:...

*Not the new Golden Dawn, the Outer Order of the A.:A.:, but the old Golden Dawn of McGregor Mathers, et alii, of which Mr. Regardie is so fond. The new Neophyte ceremony is secret.*

... when the bandage is first removed from the eyes of the Aspirant, Horus, who was in that Aeon "the Lord in the West," tells him: "Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure: be thou therefore without fear for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not."

Listen, my child! I, even I, **moi qui vous parle**, need no information about fear. When I was twelve years old, it was discovered that I had defective kidneys; the opinion, **nomine contradicente**, of the Medical Profession was that I could certainly never live to be twenty-one. (Some people think that they were right!)

But after a couple of years with tutors in the wildest parts of the country, I was found well enough to go to a Public School. They soon found me out! This kidney weakness causes depression and physical cowardice, and the other boys were not sympathetic about kidneys, regarding them mostly as satisfactory parts of the body to punch.

Imagine my misery! The most powerful of all my passions—bar slothùis Pride; and here was I, the object of universal contempt. So, when I was able to determine my own way of life, I observed mildly "Pike's Peak or bust!" and chose for my sports the two, mountain climbing and big—game shooting, reputed the most dangerous. It was a desperate remedy, but it worked. No half measures, either! I used to wander into the jungle alone, looking for tigers, and trusting to my sense of direction to take me back to camp. All my mountain climbing was guideless, and a very great deal of it solitary.

Well, this is not an example for you to copy, is it? But it gives an idea of the principle "Take the bull by the horns." A practice easier to imitate was this following. In most great cities, always in Eastern cities, are black slums. Here one may find blind alleys, dark

houses. One may explore such places, looking for adventure—and it was rather a point of honour to accept the challenge in whatever form it took. Again, one may walk with deliberate carelessness into the traffic; this practice does not in my considerable experience, conduce to one's personal popularity. Another idea was to hasten to cholera—stricken cities, to places where Yellow Jack, plague, typhoid and typhus, dysentery (**et hæc turba malorum**) were endemic; and (of course) big-game hunting takes one to the certainty of malarial fever, with no doctors (or worse, Bengali doctors!) within many a league.

The general principle seems to be "This boat carries Caesar and his Fortunes!" and no doubt Pride in its most Satanic degree is one's greatest asset. But the essence of the practice, as a practice, is to seek out and to face what one fears. Do not forget that courage implies fear—what else should fear be useful for?

Of course, fears differ greatly both in quality and in degree; and one must distinguish between rational fear, ignorance of which implies stupidity, brutishness, imbecility, or what have you, and the pathological fear which springs from mental or moral disorder. There are in

may be uprooted by some form of psycho-analysis. Generally speaking, it is up to you to invent a practice to meet each specific case.

One moment, though, about the fear of death. The radical cure is the gaining of the magical memory. (See also AL I 58) ...

*This may refer to many entirely different — at least in appearance — types of experience, and has nothing necessarily to do with personal memory of "past incarnations." The subject is too sacred, and too easily profaned, for one to go into it here. Cf. **Liber NV**.*

The more previous incarnations one can remember, the less important appears the moment when the curve of life dips below the horizon. (One **very** curious point: when one looks back at the moment of one of one's deaths, one exclaims: "By Jove! that **was** a narrow escape, and no mistake!" Escape from what? Me no savvy; but such is the fact.)

*He has already mentioned this in a previous letter. The escape is from the danger — always present in any incarnation — of the Ruach becoming separated, by the pull of gross impressions, from its links with the Divine Consciousness, or the Supernals. The individual thus separated becomes morally*

*psychiatrist, for instance, he or she might appear completely "normal." This is in part what is meant by that old Initiatic aphorism of the Essenes, "What profits a man to gain the whole world and lose his eternal soul?" Once separated, you may wander in delusion for the rest of your life, or for several lifetimes for all I know, slowly disintegrating under the pull of external forces, or crystallizing into a bundle of automatic behavior. There are many people in this world who are dead, but are too blind to perceive it. Incidentally, please do not confuse the above with the Christist concept of the "damned." The Star is not affected by such incidents at all; only the instrument. And it is not a matter of "divine punishment," but of effect following cause. The person who becomes separated from the Supernal Triad may be universally considered "virtuous." Most Romish popes — as most clergymen of most persuasions — were such dead people. And no "mercy" will avail those dead. "Is a God to live in a dog?"*

How to acquire that Memory?  
The development of the Magical Record is by far the most important of one's weapons. How to use the Record is not easy to explain; but there is a sort of knack

which comes to one suddenly.  
And there are certain types of  
Samadhi during the exercise of  
which these memories appear  
spontaneously, without  
warning of any kind.

There is comfort in the thought  
that the persistent practice of  
seeking out one's fears,  
analysing them and their  
causes, then deliberately  
evoking them to "come out,  
you cad, and fight!" (W.S.  
Gilbert), presently sets up a  
habit of mind which is a strong  
fortress against all fear's  
modes of assault; one springs  
automatically to action when a  
patrol sneaks up within range  
of one's guns.

Particularly useful against the  
fear of death is the punctual  
and vigorous performance of  
**Liber Resh**. Meditate on the  
sun in each station: his  
continuous and even way: the  
endless circle. That formula in  
the Tarot book is **most**  
valuable.

One excellent practice, the  
general idea of which can  
easily be adapted to a host of  
particular cases, is the use of  
the imagination.

Let me tell you how it worked in  
those early Air Raids on  
London. First, I looked at the  
question sensibly, taking the  
view that shelters and gas  
masks were soothing syrup  
with an element of booby—  
trap in it.

*Regarding exercised this*

*paragraph, presumably because he resented the fact that Haldane, a brilliant scientist and sceptic, was one of Crowley's friends and sometime pupil, and a much better man than Regardie in every way. Besides, Haldane was a Marxist. Horrors!*

(J. B. S. Haldane in Spain, running to escape a bomb, found himself racing towards the exact spot where it fell.)

Let me tell you a fable from the East. It is one of those incomparably sublime blossoms of the Spirit of Islam, infinite depth of wisdom adorned with the most exquisite and delicate wit.

*The next paragraph was again excised by Regardie.*

Contrast it with the poor thin propagandist stuff which passes for a parable in the Gospels! There is hardly one to be found worth remembering.

Isaak ben Hiddekel was a Jew of Baghdad. Though not in his first or even second youth, he was in such health, enjoyed such prosperity, and commanded such universal respect and devotion that every moment of his life was dear to him. Among his pleasures one of the chief was the friendship of the aged Mohammed ibn Mahmed of Bassorah, reputed a sage of no common stature for (it was

said) his piety had been rewarded with such gifts as the power to communicate with Archangels, angels, the Jinn, and even with Gabriel himself.

*That is, the Entity who, using this name, is supposed to have visited and taught Mohammed.*

However this may have been, he held Isaak in very great esteem and affection.

*Notice that this apologue reflects a normal relationship between Jews and Moslems before the Zionists started murdering Arabs right and left to regain the "Promised Land." For several centuries wealthy and learned Jews found in Islam their only refuge from Christist savagery. The Zionists, however, are allies of the Christists; which should say something to any Jew with a sense of history and of the consequences of dishonorable compromise.*

It was shortly after leaving his friend's house after a short visit to Baghdad that he met Death. "Good morning," said the saint. "I do hope you're not going to Isaak's, he is a very dear friend of mine." "No!" said Death, "not just now; but since you mention it, I shall be with him at moonrise on the thirteenth of next month. Sorry he's a friend of yours; but no one



these things can't be helped."

Mohammed set off sadly for Bassorah. Indeed, as the days passed, the incident preyed upon his mind, until at last he resolved to risk the breach of professional confidence and warn his friend. He sent accordingly a letter of condolence and farewell.

But Isaak was a man of action. Prompt and stealthy, on the day appointed he saddled his best horse and so passed through the silent streets of the city in search of a refuge.

That evening Mohammed was returning from prayer "**Nowit asali fardh salat al maghrab Allahu akbar**" slowly and mournfully, when hardly halfway from the mosque to his house who should he meet but Death!

"Peace be with thee!" says Death. "And peace with thee," replied the sage. "But I did not expect to see thee here tonight; I thought you were to meet my friend Isaak, and he's in Baghdad." "It wants an hour yet of the time," says Death briskly; "and he's galloping hither as fast as he can."

*The point of the story is, of course, that it is no use to fear the most inevitable of all facts of life. As Shakespeare put it in his Caesar's mouth, the coward dies a thousand deaths in his lifetime; but the brave die only once*

At least, don't let the Gods have  
the laugh on you! Hello!  
Here's the Book of Lies again!

*Israel Regardie excised the  
following reference to the  
phone number of one of  
Crowley's friendly enemies.*

What fun. Now I ring up POL  
5410 and borrow the book and  
get the chapter we need copied  
and—oh! With luck we shall  
get this space filled in a month  
or two!

*The point being that he was so  
poor, so destitute, that he  
could not even own a copy of  
one of his own books.  
Meanwhile, Mr. Israel  
Regardie was living very  
well, thank you, and  
publishing books where the  
only substance was what he  
had learned from Crowley,  
padded up with ego and  
pedantry worthy of an Arthur  
Edward Waite.*

## **THE SMOKING DOG**

**Each act of man  
is the twist and  
double of an  
hare.**

**Love and Death  
are the  
greyhounds that  
course him.**

hounds and  
taketh His  
pleasure in the  
sport.

This is the  
Comedy of Pan,  
that man should  
think he  
hunteth, while  
those hounds  
hunt him.

This is the  
Tragedy of Man,  
when facing Love  
and Death he  
turns to bay.

He is no more  
hare, but boar.

There are no  
other comedies  
or tragedies.

Cease then to be  
the mockery of  
God; in savagery  
of love and death  
live thou and die!  
Thus shall His  
laughter be  
thrilled through  
with Ecstasy.

*The edition of **The Book of Lies** by Mr. Karl Germer included Commentaries by Crowley; it has been pirated by Samuel Weiser, Inc. A new edition, with added commentaries by Marcelo Motta, is being prepared by the O.T.O. Crowley's Commentary on this Chapter of the book reads as follows: The title is explained in the*

*The chapter needs no explanation; it is a definite point of view of life and recommends a course of action calculated to rob the creator of his cruel sport. The note he refers to is that in the original edition. It reads: This chapter was written to clarify Chapter 14, of which it was the origin. FRATER PERDURABO perceived this truth, or rather the first half of it, comedy, at breakfast at "Au Chien qui Fume."*

Very good! Now where were we? in the "blitz?" Oh, yes! No sense in scuffling or slinking or skulking; so one decides to take no notice so far as practical action is concerned.

So, the noise making work rather difficult, one lies down in Shavasana (the "Corpse-Position"—flat on the back, arms by sides, everything relaxed) or the Templar (Sleep of Siloam) position, which is that of the Hanged Man in the Tarot.

*But with your body on the horizontal, of course.*

One then imagines a bomb dropping first in one place, then in another; one imagines the damage, and what one then has to do to counteract the new dangers—perhaps a wall of your house has gone, and you must get clear before the roof falls in. And so on—close the practice by a block-

on the tip of the nose. This must be done realistically enough to make you actually afraid. But presently the fear wears off, and you get interested in your various adventures after each explosion: ambulance taking you to hospital, getting tools and digging out other people and so as far as your imagination takes you. After that comes yet another stage; your interest declines; you find yourself indifferent to the entire proceedings. After a few nights you can no longer distinguish between the real thing and your own private and peculiar Brock's Benefit. The fear will have vanished; familiarity breeds contempt. Finally, one is no longer even aware that the boys are out again on a lark.

Incidentally, one may draw a quite close parallel between these four stages and those accompanying Samadhi (probably listed in Mrs. Rhys David's book on Buddhist Psychology, or in Warren's bran—tub of translations from the **Tripitaka**, or **Three baskets of the Dhamma**. I haven't seen either book for forty years or more ...

*Which probably means that they are very good. I was not even aware that Rhys David — a great Oriental scholar, and probably a Jew — was a woman. She was certainly a*

*one.*

..., don't remember the exact titles; scholars would help us to dig them out, but it isn't worth while. I recall the quintessence accurately enough.

Stage 1 is Ananda, usually translated "Bliss". This is an intensity of enjoyment altogether indescribable. This is due to the temporary destruction of the pain-bearing Ahankara, or Ego—making faculty.

Stage 2. Ananda wears off sufficiently to allow one to observe the state itself: intense interest (objective) of a kind that suggests approach to the Trance of Wonder. (See Little Essays toward Truth, pp. 24-28).

*This book also will be re-issued by us as part of the Breviary of the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church. Perhaps a remark will be useful to the non—average reader at this point: When you experience Ananda for the first time, it is very hard to pass on from that stage to the second: this also is meant by AL's injunction: "Wisdom days: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy." Only a very highly developed type of Aspirant is able to do so with relative ease; the bliss is so deep — seemingly — so extended, so unusual, that those inexperienced in Samadhi may become*

related to the Song of the Sirens in Homer's **Odyssey**, and the remedy there proposed is efficacious if you can avail yourself of it. On the whole, the serious student should deeply, very deeply ponder Chapter 55 of **The Book of Lies** and Crowley's Commentary to it — which we think we have recommended once or twice before to the reader.

Stage 3. Interest exhausted, one just doesn't care. (once more "Indifference" Op. cit. pp. 39-44. How simple, how serene, how innocent a pleasure to write Op. cit.! It **does** make one feel good!)

*This lovely parenthesis deserves explanation for the average victim of American "progressive" education — to say nothing of "socialist" education elsewhere. "Op. cit." is the abbreviation of the Latin phrase Opere citato, which means "work quoted." In this case, of course, it refers to the Chapter "Indifference" in Little Essays Toward Truth. I also feel a modest sense of accomplishment when, instead of repeating myself, or re-quoting Crowley, to the morons of both sexes who constantly write me — and send no stamps, no international mailing coupons, and no S.A.S.E.s, for morons of either sex never think of other*

*am able to refer them to one of the Thelemic works that we, against the efforts of the Vatican, the C.I.A., Shin Beth, the so-called Brazilian so-called Intelligence Military Service and — sometimes — the K.G.B., have been able to print and sell in Brasil, England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Mexico, Spanish America and the so-called United States.*

Stage 4. "Neither indifference nor not-indifference." One hardly knows what to make of this translation of the technical Buddhist term:

*Actually, it is as good a translation as the total lack of referential experience of Western minds after fifteen hundred years of Christist bloodwash could produce for the average "low man" — or rather, pardon me, dear feminists, — "low person,"*

probably no meaning is really illuminating to one who has not experienced that state of mind. To me it seems a kind of non-awareness which is somehow different from mere ignorance.

*One could call it **detachment**. This is a rather advanced attitude: You must have gone through "Ananda" several times in order to achieve this kind of psychic perspective. The "pope" who declared that he did not believe in miracles*



*cannot be included — he simply meant that he knew those "miracles" were of the kind that Mr. James Randi revels — to your and my weal — in exposing. The "detachment" here meant is the result of repeated experience in the mystical Trances and/or Samadhis.*

Rather like one's feeling about the automatic functions of physiology, perhaps: and acceptance so complete that, although the mind contains the idea, it is not stirred thereby into consciousness. These speculations are, perhaps, idle, and so distracting, for you in your present path. Was it worth while to make this analogy? I think so, vague and unscientific as it must have seemed to you, as reminding you of the way in which unlike ideas acquire close kinship as one advance on the path.

*The next paragraph was excised by Mr. Regardie.*

Enough of all this! I could not bear to hear you exclaim:

**"Di magni! Salaputtium disertum!"** as Catullus would certainly have done, had I inflicted all these dry—as—dust dromedary—dropping upon him!

*Possibly the reason why Mr. Regardie so resented Crowley's self—criticism is that Mr. Regardie has always been unable to criticize*

*himself.*

Let us get on to your white rages!

Well I do know them though I call them black—no, I shall **not** quarrel about the colour.

*No mystical significance is attached to it in this context.*

To me they come almost every day. When I see the maid dust my mantelpiece—which I pay her to do—I want not merely to slay her in the extremity of torment; I want to abolish her, to annihilate her—and the mantelpiece too and everything on it! I can hardly keep from roaring at her to get out and never darken my door again. This is not because she is doing it badly; doing it at all is a token of the unspeakable horror of existence. The actual feeling is that she is somewhat disturbing my aura, which I had got so nice and clean and quiet after the nuisance of "getting up." I feel as if I were being pushed about in a crowd of swarming insect—citizens.

*Actually, Initiates of Crowley's then Grade should be served only by Initiates of at least Zelator level, and otherwise left strictly alone; just as an expensive computer is put in an air-conditioned, dust-isolated room, and not tampered with under any unfavourable working conditions. It was this way in ancient Egypt and Crowley*

*himself tried to establish a favourable atmosphere for Helen Parsons Smith's second husband, Wilfred Smith, to reach his full potential — and failed thanks mostly to the egoic hang—ups of the ex—Agape lodge and the obsessive envy of Grady McMurry, who schemed, slandered, plotted and intrigued to have a better man than himself — I knew them both — fail at a job he, McMurry, was incapable of. The maid, incidentally, hated Crowley bitterly: she was able to sense his abhorrence to her presence, but not the cause of it, and interpreted his reaction as disapproval of herself as a person. Actually he just, by that time, disapproved of profanes in general; but in this time and age was surrounded by them to the day of his death. The few people whose aura would have been helpful to him — Mr. and Mrs. Germer, for instance — were thousands of miles away.*

Then there is quite another kind, which is quite clearly pennyplain frustration. Something one wants to do, perhaps a trifle, and one can't. Then one looks for the obstacle, and then the enemy behind that again; maybe one gets into one of those "ladder-meditations" (as described in **Liber Aleph**, quoted in **The Book of Theb** when discussing "The

Fool" and Hashish, only the wrong way up!) which end by the conception of the Universe itself as the very climax, asymptote, quintessence of frustration—the perfect symbol of all uselessness. This is, of course, the absolute contradictory of Θελημα; but it is the sorites on which both Hindu and Buddhist conclusions are based.

This kind of rage is, accordingly, most noxious; it is direct attack from within upon the virgin citadel of Self. It is high treason to existence. Its results are immediately harmful; it begets depression, melancholy, despair. In fact, one does wisely to take the bear by the ring in his snout; accept his conclusions, agree that it is all abject and futile and silly—and turn the hose—pipe of the Trance of Laughter on him until he dances to your pleasure.

*The trance of Laughter also is brilliantly described in **Little Essays Toward Truth**.*

But—is this any answer to your problem? It disturbs me little that you should try to palm off "Peace" upon my sentries as the password. Too often peace is merely the result of war—weariness, and the very negation of victory. It is (or may be) the formula of sloth and the gateway of stagnation.

Life is to be a continuous vibration of ecstasy; and so it

work allows him time to consider the matter, consciously; and even when his work pre-empts his attention, is an eternal fountain of pure joy springing, a crystal fragrance of reverberation light from the most inmost caverns of the Heart. It secretly informs one's dullest thought with sparkling wine, radiant in the Aethyr—see well! the least excuse, since it is always there, and champing at its bit, to turn the dreary cart—horse drudge into proud Pegasus himself!

This is where I want to have you, with us who are come thus far, in a state utterly detached from the Ego, so that you appear the plain Jane Wolfe "doing your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you" and consequently unremarked—like a Rosicrucian, "wearing the habit of the country in which you are travelling"—but trembling with interior illumination, so that the first relaxation of the constant conscious burden of Jane Wolfe, Soror Estai is automatically released, a pillar of Creative Light.

**"I am Thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the Void."**

Liber LXV, as you know, is full of these explosions).

No: I am not at all sure that all

need about white rages. Yet it is certainly contained herein, or, at the least, implied. (Of course, it is all here, my love, and may God bless you, wherever you are.)

Try another aspect.

We tracked the cause: it was frustration. Good: then we must counter it. How? Only (in the last event) by getting the mind firmly fixed in the complete philosophy of Θελημα. There is no such thing as frustration. Every step is a step on the Path. It is simply not true that you were being balked. The height of your irritation is a direct measure of the intensity of your Energy. Again, you soon come to laugh at yourself for your impatience. Probably (you surmise) your trouble is exactly that: you are pushing too hard. Your mind runs back to AL I, **44**; you realize (again!) that any result actually spoils the Truth and Beauty of the Act of Will; it is almost a burden; even an insult. Rather as if I risked my life to save yours, and you tipped me half—a—crown! Here's that **Book of Lies** popping out its ugly mug again: "Thou has **become** the Way." This is why the Ankh or "Key of Life" is a sandal—strap, borne in the hand of every God as a mark of his Godhead: a God is one who goes. (If I remember rightly,

verb meaning "to run", and is heartily abused by scholars for so doing. But perhaps the dreary old sophist was not far wrong, for once.)

*Which is, naturally, the reason why they berate him in this and eat up his sophistry in practically everything else — as they do with Aquinas, or Buckminster Fuller.*

What you need to do, then, is to knit all these ideas into a very close pattern; to make of them a consecrated Talisman. Then, when rage takes you, it can be thrown upon the fire to stifle it: to thrust against the Demon, to disintegrate him. The great point is to have this weapon very firmly constructed, very complete. Your rage will pass in one of those two ways, which are one: Rapture and Laughter.

*The next two paragraphs were cut off by Regardie.*

I want you to go over this apparatus very carefully; to analyse the argument, to make sure that there are no loose ends, to keep it keen and polished and well-oiled, ever ready for immediate use: not only against rage, but against any hampering or depressing line of thought.

Well, let us hope that I've got it all down fairly well this time, and that you will find it work. For I confess to a touch of my Mariana—in—the—moated—  
Grange complex. I've been

umpteen hours on this letter, and I must have killed a Cakkravarti—Rajah, or wounded the body of a Buddha, in my last incarnation, or Tahuti (hang it all! I **have** been most devoted to him all my life) would have let me have a secretary.

*By this time, of course, Mr. Regardie had already abandoned his Master, having learned enough to pass himself off as wise, and thereby make money. Apparently, not enough money, since he finally came down to pirating the Master directly.*

Well, that's that: so now to turn the Flak on to your so-called "Astral Flight." **What** a Tail spin! (Here I dash my turban to the ground! Here I deliver you to Eblis, and reserve a private box for you in Jehannum! Here I melt into salt tears, and think of all the other Gurus that have had to bear it.)

Astral Flight!!!!!!!!!

Excuse me if I mention it, but—no doubt the fault is mine—you seem to have failed to note any single one of all my prayerful injunctions, either in the letter or on your visit.

Perhaps you thought that I should take circles and pentagrams etc. for granted ...

*Meaning that she does not, in her letter, mention having*



...; but you give no hint of the object of your journey. (No don't quote AL I, 44 at me: it doesn't mean that. I don't expect you to answer the clerk at the booking—office "Where to, madam?" with "I don't mind in the least." Though, even in that case it is **magically** true, or should be. As in the case of the young lady who got carried on to Crewe. The unplanned adventure may have proved much more amusing.) How am I to tell whether you were seeing correctly? Suppose your chosen hexagram had been VI Sung "Contention" or XXIX Î "Nourishing"? Where would be the "vision"? You are to set out to explore a country unknown to you: How can I be sure that you have actually been there? How can you be sure yourself? You can't. You can, if you go to a place you have never heard of, and then discover later on, that it actually exists. You have got to display the congruity of your vision with the account of the country given in the Text. If you take Khien I, which is all Lingams and Dragons, and you describe it as a landscape in the Broads, I can only conclude that you did not get anywhere near it.

Then you produce a monk, and never get his name or office. Finally after you return, you get this Caballero dropping in  
unpacked

Alas! I fear me much this was no Astral journey at all; it reads like weak imagination tinged by desire. All you got of interest was the answer to your question: and that you should have gripped, made more precise, analysed, interpreted. Dear me, no!

Final shot: my instinct is all against the "lying in bed." These visions are intensely active: the hardest kind of work. Read **Liber CDXVIII**, 2nd Aethyr (and others) to understand the appalling physical strain, when you reach remote, well-guarded, and exalted confines of the Universe.

In every sense of the expression  
—SIT UP!

(I'm "sitting up" myself to finish this letter ...

*It was late, he was old, undernourished, constantly under telepathic attack, and had no secretary.*

... Here goes for the last lap!)

Music. Justifiable? Why not? A help to your great Work, an aspect of your Will, **nicht wahr?** Go to it!

Apollo is the God of Music, pre-eminently ...

*Only of well-ordered music. Dionysus is the God of wild music, especially with metals and percussion, and Pan the God of distant exotic music, especially played on the flute.*

• but He is too all—

comprehensive, all—  
pervading, to be much use in a  
Talisman except as a general  
background. But there are the  
Muses: Polymina (or  
Polyhymnia) seems the one  
you want: she inspires the  
sublime hymn. How to invoke  
her is a matter for prolonged  
consideration. One would  
hardly see how to tackle the  
problem at all, unless by  
digging out an Angel from one  
of the Enochian Tablets. (See  
**Equinox** I, 7 and 8). Perhaps  
there is a square ruled by Sol  
(or Venus), Fire, Air and  
Water in the Tablet of one of  
these, with an appropriate  
Character on the summit of  
the Pyramid. If so, all would  
be plain sailing.

Of course, there are other Gods,  
notably Pan. (I must ask you  
to set my Hymn to Pan to  
music).

*This has now been done by  
Marcelo Motta. It may not be  
the definitive musical version,  
but it is a start.*

But I doubt if any of these are  
what you want. Probably the  
most practical plan would be  
to make a musical conjuration  
of Sol: use this as your  
invocation when you go on the  
Astral Plane: there find a  
suitable guide to the proper  
authority—and so on!

And that, dear Sister, for to—  
night will be exactly and  
precisely that!

Love is the law love under will

Fraternally,

666

## LETTER 64: MAGICAL POWER

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Rightly you remark that most of these letters have dealt with self—development in one form or another; now, what of the "**causa finalis**" the "practical angle" some would call it.?

*Israel Regardie cut out a considerable part of this paragraph. He may have thought it referred to some friends of his.*

Are the outrageous quack advertisements of the swindlers with their "Great Free Book" and so on, all baseless? My dear child, then back to those letters that gave you a glimpse of the History of Magick, and those in which I told you something of the ways in which the Masters work. Oh, I see! What you want now is to learn how to apply the knowledge and power that you have gained to the execution of your True Will, to accomplishment of the Great Work.

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your own common-sense; the one technical point on which I insist above all others is the Magical Link.

You must lay to heart **Magick** Chapter XIV (pp. 106-122) and never forget one detail. More failure comes from neglect of this than from all other causes put together. Most of the qualities that you need are inborn; all the material is to your hand; and to develop them is a natural process, equally your birthright. But the making of the Link is an intellectual, even mechanical, task; success depends on purely objective considerations.

That granted, there are perhaps a few hints. Firstly, while of course the Magical Theory supposes a kind of omnipotence, please remember that **Magick is Science**, that the Laws of Nature remain the same, however subtle may be the material with which one is working. It is, to put it brutally, a bigger miracle to destroy a fortress than an easy chair.

You know this well enough; but the corollary is that it is nearly always a mistake to try to do things entirely off one's own bat. It is much simpler to look for an existing force, in good working order, that is doing the sort of stuff that you need, and take from it, or

that you happen to require.

You can, theoretically, walk from Cadiz to Vladivostock; but unless there be some special reason, it will save time and waste of energy to make use of a fraction of the machine-power that happens to be moving in that direction.

This is particularly true of moral and political reform. Hitler would have got exactly nowhere if he had been content to announce his evangel; he became master of Germany, and, for a time, of nearly all Europe, by playing upon existing instruments of human passion; the revenge-lust of Central Europe, the panic of the Blimps and Junkers, the discontent of the property-lacking classes, the pride and ambition of the Prussian military clique, and so on. When he had used them to the full, he callously flung them to the wolves. But make no mistake! The Magical Power behind all his actions lay in himself. He had succeeded in making himself a prophet, like Mohammed; even a symbol, like the Cross of the His magical technique was indescribably admirable; he adopted the Swastika, the Hammer of Thor, the distinctive dress, the slogan, the gestures, the greeting; he even imposed a Sacred Book upon the people.

*He means Mein Kampf.*

mystic and incomprehensible, instead of reasonable, diffuse, and intolerably dull, he might have done better. As it was, he came within an ace of capturing England, even before he came to power in Germany; and it was American money that saved the Nazi party at the most critical moment.

*American and in great part Jewish, as is common with big international manipulations of capital from the United States. But this part of the story you don't normally hear told.*

Cleverest move of all, he gave the world something to hate; the Communist and the Jew.

His only trouble was that he couldn't count on his fingers!

*Hitler was too emotional; had he followed the advice of his cool-headed and competent generals, he might have won the war. (Another free advertisement for Bertrand Russell's **The Principles of Mathematics** or Russell and Whitehead's **Principia Mathematica**.)*

I perceive that I am turning into the late Samuel Smiles; having given you an example to imitate—but don't forget your arithmetic!—let me initiate you into one of two other secrets of power!

Um—will I now? Perhaps you're hardly grown up enough. I

contemplated not so much Power as powers: things like healing the sick, making oneself invisible, kindling a flame without combustibles ...

*This last, incidentally, was a power that Crowley never publicly claimed, but that several people not close to him swore he possessed. The same Punch columnist that related his delight in the conversational powers of Crowley and Wilkinson stated that a lady told him in confidence that once, in a social gathering at her house, Crowley had lit the fireplace by magic, and she had been afraid of him ever since.*

..., bewitching the neighbours' cows, spoiling your friend's honeymoon, fascinations of all kinds, levitation, lycanthropy, necromancy, all the regular stuff of the legends and the fables.

Most of these matters are discussed in **Magick**, so all I need tell you is the correct general attitude to all such thaumaturgies.

The best excuse for trying to acquire them is that one learns such a lot in the process. Otherwise—

Here is another of those Eastern stories for you! A certain Yogi thought it would be an admirable achievement to walk across the Ganges. After forty years he succeeded, and went off to his Guru to



demonstrate his power, and receive his due meed of praise. It so happened that this Guru was rather like myself, at least in the matter of his Nasty Temper; and when the disciple came gaily striding back across the Sacred Stream, expecting compliments, he was met with: "Well, I think you're a perfect fool all these years, your neighbours have been going to and fro on a raft for a couple of pice!"

The moral, dear child, is that such powers are never to be considered as the main object; it ought in fact to be obvious from the start that any one's True Will must be deeper and more comprehensive than any mere technical achievement. I will go further and say that any such endeavour must be a magical mistake, like cherishing a gun or a clock or a fishing-rod for its own sake, and not for the use that one can make of it. Indeed, that remark goes to the root of the matter; for all these powers, if we understand them properly, are natural by-products of one's real Great Work. My own experience was very convincing on this point; for one power after another came popping up when it was least wanted, and I saw at once that they represented so many leaks in my boat. They argued imperfect insulation.

a nuisance. Their possession is so flattering, and their seduction so subtle. One understands at once why all the first-class Teachers insist so sternly that the Siddhi (or Iddhi) must be rejected firmly by the Aspirant, if he is not to be sidetracked and ultimately lost.

Nevertheless, "even the evil germs of Matter may alike become useful and good" as Zoroaster reminds us. For one thing, their possession is indubitably a sheet-anchor, at the mercy of the hurricane of Doubt—doubt as to whether the whole business is not Tommy-rot!

Such moments are frequent, even when one has advanced to a stage when Doubt would seem impossible; until you get there, you can have no idea how bad it is!

Then, again, when these powers have sprung naturally and spontaneously from the exercise of one's proper faculties in the Great Work, they ought to be a little more than leaks. You ought to be able to organize and control them in such wise that they are of actual assistance to you in taking the Next Step. After all, what moral or magical difference is there between the power of digesting one's food, and that of transforming oneself into a hawk?

That being the case, let me

butterfly, and flit on to other  
honeysuckles!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 65: MAN**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

In previous letters I hope I have  
been able to give you some  
idea of the initiated  
conception of the Macrocosm,  
and also to have made it clear  
to you why we must all use a  
symbolic language, and the  
necessity of constructing a  
special alphabet as the basis of  
our conversations about  
Magick.

I have also furnished you with  
charts of this alphabet. It  
would of course have been too  
clumsy and cumbersome to  
put all the different systems of  
symbol on to the Tree of Life.  
That Tree is indeed the basis  
of all our classification, and I  
hope by now you have got  
fairly familiar with the process  
of sticking everything that  
turns up on its correct branch  
of the Tree.

In your last letter you thank me  
for having made clear to you  
the initiated teaching with  
regard to the Universe; and

"this being so, where do we come in?" You hold up to me one of the oldest axioms of the Qabalah. "That which is above is like that which is below," and you ask me for details. What, you enquire, is the constitution of Man? With what parts of the Great System is the Little System to coincide?

Perhaps I could hardly do better than call your attention to the description given in my essay on Man in my small book *Little Essays Toward Truth*.

In some respects indeed this description is not as clear as I could have wished. The fact is that this Essay was written chiefly for the benefit of those people who were already more or less familiar with the Tree of Life and its correspondences. But I do not know even to-day, twenty years later, and writing as I am to you who admittedly had no previous knowledge of any of these subjects, how to set forth the facts in more elementary terms. I warned you in the beginning that there was an essential difficulty in these studies which is not to be by-passed or dodged in any way whatever.

*Meaning that pre-chewed pap is for very young children, and who wants to learn Magick or Mysticism must work his or her ass off at it for years and years.*

difficulty which every child finds when he begins any study of any kind. In Latin, for instance, he is told that **mensa** means a table, that it belongs to the first declension and is feminine. There is no why about any of this; no explanation is possible; the child has to pick up the elements of the language one by one, taking what he is taught on trust. And it is only after accumulating a vast collection of unintelligible details that the jig-saw pieces fall into place, and he finds himself able to construe the classical texts.

You must be patient; you must go over and over again everything that is presented to you, and by obeying you will not only come to a clear comprehension of the subject, but find yourself automatically thinking in the language which you have been at such pains to acquire.

I feel then that I must leave you with these descriptions and these charts until painfully at first, but at the end with intense pride and gratification, you find yourself spontaneously grasping the more complex combinations of these letters and words which are the anatomy of the body of our Learning.

And do not forget the old and well-worn saw: "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian

dangerous thing."

*This quotation is from Alexander Pope, and it is not taken seriously enough by the purveyors of "socialistic" and "progressive" education in America, Europe, and their colonies — the so-called "democracies" of the "Third World." Interestingly enough, in the Communist countries, specially Russia, it is taken very seriously as far as the sciences are concerned; but even less seriously in the humanities and the arts. This, however, is deliberate brain-washing, not stupid "do-gooding" on their part. They pervert the minds of their population, but at least they know they are doing it. The miasma of the good intentions of the "liberal educators" in the English-speaking countries, for instance, is totally sickening. It has, in fact, gone a long way towards completely ruining the economy of those countries, which has only managed a false sort of survival up to now by vampirizing its economic colonies in the "Third World."*

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

**In the original of this letter it had four Tree of Life diagrams, three of which were copies of those which**

**Thoth**

## **LETTER 66: VAMPIRES**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

So you want me to tell you all about Vampires? Vampire yourself!

I ask you, how does this come within the scope of your enquiries? Is this information essential to your Accomplishment of the Great Work? As the Government might say "Is your journey really necessary?"

*He refers to the British government. Still in war time, fuel used in transportation was precious to defense, so trips of the citizenry even within the country were curtailed and rigorously discouraged. The Russians do the same in Russia even in peace time, for obvious reasons.*

So musing, I rang you up for details. Vampires, you say, might be a temptation to yourself, or they might sap your energy. Very good. I will tell you the little I know.

Listen to Eliphas Lévi! He warns us against a type of person, fearless and cold-blooded

who seems to have the power to cast a sudden chill, merely by entering the room, upon the gayest party ever assembled.

Tête-à-tête, they shake one's resolution, kill one's enthusiasm, devitalize one's faith and courage.

*But Levi has merely described a certain type of scientific temperament which may be found in perfectly ecological individuals of brilliant mind and strong will. If vampires were that easy to identify no one would be vampirized, and the French magician himself seems to have had exactly the same effect he describes on Douglas Home, the "medium." Most of the vampires or would-be vampires I have met looked soft, very emotional, very helpless, very appealing to the moods and passions. The only true test of whether someone is a vampire or not is if, albeit you feel strongly attracted to the person by your emotions, passions, appetites, or tendencies, you still are able to sense that the person not only is indifferent to your True Will but actually hostile to it. Bear in mind that during at least a stage of discipleship you may feel precisely this way towards your Guru...! In a woman's case, the vampire is usually a man, and vice-versa, but this is merely a*



*homosexual relationships, for instance, the vampire is usually of one's own sex. This should not be confused with that phase in adolescence when it is often normal to become fixated on someone of one's own sex, who becomes a species of role model. This is not necessarily vampirism at all. The entire subject is too complex for a short note, and anyway it is useless to write at length about it. The sole single necessary test is "How does this relationship affect the performance of my True Will?" If the answer to this question has more negative than positive elements, you had better beware.*

Yes, we all know such people. ♃, by the way, is the planet responsible. I have examined a considerable number of nativities, both of murderers and of people murdered; in both cases it was not a "malefic" that did the dirty work, but poor tiny innocent silvery-shining ♃!

*The next three lines were murdered by Mr. Regardie.*

**"Fie for same,  
you naughty  
planet!  
You're the  
blighter that  
began it."**

is it not John Henry Newman  
that sang of Lucifer? I doubt  
it

*This is a joke that either was beyond Mr. Regardie's admittedly limited wit, or which his Roman Catholic sympathies inclined him to excise. The verse is a parody of Cardinal Newman: originally an Anglican theologian, this "gentleman" eventually became converted to Roman Catholicism and, naturally, was elevated to Cardinal by the Vatican in its campaign to bring England back into its sheepfold. The sly dig is related to the fact that the entire structure of Romish theology depends not on the influence of the "Christ" but on the pretended influence of their pretended "Devil," as I believe I have already mentioned elsewhere, more than once, in my annotations to Crowley's works. Crowley knew very well that it was not effete Newman who sang of Lucifer, but Milton. And he is also giving a hint of Mercury as Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, the Messenger of the Gods, the "firstborn" of the Sun. But actually, the "firstborns" of our Sun are, obviously, the planets further away from it. This entire subject is also not only too long for a note but in great part beyond the grade of any reader of this book.*

You, however, are thinking more of the vampire of romance. Bram Stoker's **Dracula** and its kindred. This is a splendidly well documented book by

the way; he got his "facts" and their legal and magical surroundings, perfectly correct.

*The "facts," however, were those of legend, especially Middle European, and not the real facts about vampirism, of course. Dracula was Stoker's magnum opus, parvum as it is. He never produced anything else like this book, but it occupies its own place in its kind of literature, and is fast becoming a classic, like Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly's Frankenstein.*

It is easy enough to laugh at vampires if you live in Upper Tooting, or Surbiton, or one of those places where no self-respecting Vampire would wish to be seen.

*Like Palm Springs or Fort Lauderdale or the Nashville Grand Op'ry.*

But in a lonely mountain village in Bulgaria you might feel differently about it! You should remember, incidentally, that the evidence for vampires is as strong as for pretty well anything else in the world. There are innumerable records extant of legal proceedings wherein the most sober, responsible, worthy and well-respected citizens ...

*But these are usually the most reactionary the most self-satisfied and morally corrupt louts in Christist countries*

*They would declare Galileo a vampire. In fact, they did. One should read all such records with an eye towards history, specially the history of Christism. Look at the trial of Gilles de Retz, for instance!*

... including the advocates and judges ...

*I have never seen anything as cynical as the look in the eye of the judges I have seen; and as for lawyers, the similarity in sound between the words 'lawyer' and 'liar' is not, in my opinion, just mere coincidence. The only times in the history of American law, for instance, when "justice" was granted the right party, it was because there was no greater personal "profit," politically or economically, for the judges and lawyers in doing otherwise.*

..., investigated case after case with the utmost minuteness, with the most distinguished surgeons and anatomists to swear to the clinical details.

Endless is the list of well—attested cases of bodies dug up after months of burial which have been found not merely flourishing with all the lines of life, but gorged with fresh blood.

*However, what else can be expected when you close up a corpse hermetically in a coffin and try to preserve it against the corruption that would otherwise naturally dissolve*

*the lower vehicles? In a person attached to matter, the vehicles will try to preserve their "existence" — the only sort of which they are aware — at any cost. If the lower astral is well developed, it may very well vampirize. But this should not be laid at the door of the deceased, but at the door of the Qliphoth and of human stupidity. The higher vehicles of the deceased may indeed be elsewhere by this time, and even re—incarnated. Corpses should either be cremated, or used in re—processing, which is more intelligent anyway. Transplants, protein and fertilizer are only some of the possibilities. We live in a closed spaceship, the planet Earth; and instead of re—cycling its energies continuously, we stopper its natural processes. Even from a bourgeois point of view, would not it be far better, far more elevating, far more poetic and far more beautiful and touching to bury the corpses of one's loved ones in one's garden, for instance, to give sustenance to noble trees and delicate flowers? Life is a continuous vibration; to stop it is to stagnate, and to stagnate is to rot. There are people enough in this world who have been dead for years, but are too stupid to notice it, and keep going through the motions of the livina. I am*

*chance, would try to pirate more Crowley books, and Mr. James Wasserman and Mr. Donald Weiser would be glad to help.*

I cannot help feeling that all the superior—person explanations—which explain nothing—about collective hysteria and superstition and wish fulfillment and the rest of the current tomfool jargon, are just about as hard to believe as the original straight forward stories.

*This paragraph was again cut out by Regardie, probably because of the reference to the "wiseacres of Wimpole Street."*

The man who shook his head on being shown a giraffe, and said "I don't believe it," is quite on a par with the pontifical wiseacres of Wimpole Street.

It is egomaniac vanity that prompts disbelief in phenomena merely because they lie outside the infinitesimally minute pilule of one's own personal experience.

When I crossed the Burma—China frontier for the first time, who should I meet but our Consul at Tengyueh, the admirable Litton, who had by sheer brains and personality turned the whole province of Yunnan into his own Vice—royalty?

*Of course, it is only possible to*

*—that—be appreciate brains and character, which is the reason why only dishonest men get put in positions of command in the United States of America, to say nothing of England.*

We lunched together on the grass, and I hastened to dig into the goldmine of his knowledge of the country. About the third or fourth thing he said to me was this: "Remember! whatever anyone tells you about China is true." No words have ever impressed me more deeply; they sank right in and were illuminated by daily experience until they had justified themselves a thousand times over.

*The next two paragraphs were again excised by Regardie.*

That goes for Vampires!

Oh yeah! (you vulgarly interpolate) and how does it go with the Master's unfathomably sage discourse on Doubt.

Sister, you're loopy! Sister, if I may doubt all the people who have been to Africa or the Zoo and seen that giraffe, why must I cling with simple childlike trust to the people that say they've been all over Hell and parts of Kansas, and haven't seen one, and **therefore** such things cannot possibly be? Of the two dogmatic assertions, I should unquestionably prefer the positive statement to the

negative.

In 1916, I was the first trained scientific observer to record the appearance commonly called "St Elmo's fire" indiscreetly revealing this fact in a letter to the **New York Times**. I was pestered for the next six months and more by professors of physics (and the rest) from all over the U.S.A. The Existence of the phenomenon had been doubted until then because of certain theoretical difficulties. That, sister, is the point. If a statement is hard to reconcile with the whole body of evidence on the laws of the subject, it is rightly received with suspicion.

A moment with great Huxley ...

*Again, this is Henry Thomas Huxley, neither his grandson Aldous nor his grandson Julian.*

..., and his illustration of the centaur in Piccadilly, reported to him (he humorously hypothesizes) by Professor Owen. What occasions Huxley's doubt, and inspires the questions by means of which he seeks to confirm or to discredit it? Just this, no more: here is the head and torso of a man fitted to the shoulders of a horse; how are the mechanical adjustments effected?

In the same strain, he pointed out that for an angel to have practicable wings as in



Mediaeval pictures, the breast—bone would have to stand out some five feet in front of the body. (The poor fellow, of course, was densely ignorant of the mechanics of the Astral Plane. I am, for once, "on the side of the angels.")

*Here he added the following footnote:*

*"For all that, they move without flapping them. As Swinburne says: 'Swift without feet, and flying without wings.'"*

*It is very likely that when people first perceived beings on the "astral plane," and saw them fly, they immediately thought they must have wings; and wings became part of the set of symbols through which such beings communicated with the intelligence of humankind. Only eyes free from prejudice will see without prejudice on the finer planes of matter; which is another reason for cultivating the scientific stance when researching the subject of lore or pursuing the aim of religion.*

Am I digressing again? No, not really; I am just putting forward a case for keeping an open mind on the subject of Vampires, even of the Clan Dracula.

But certainly there is little or no evidence of the existence of that species in England.

*This paragraph was again*

*probably because his intimate friend, Violet M. Firth, "Dion Fortune," had told of some highly imaginative encounters of hers with "vampires" in her outrageously sensationalistic, crassly Christist, highly plagiaristic, often libelous, and mostly fictitious Psychic Self-Defense.*

How then is the subject in any way important to you? Thus, that there are actually people running about all over the place, who actually possess, and exercise, faculties similar to those mentioned by Lévi, but in much greater intensity, even of a kind far more formidable, and directed by malignant will.

There is a mighty volume of theory and practice concerning this and cognate subjects which will be open to you when—and if—you attain the VIII° of O.T.O. and become Pontiff and Epopot of the Illuminati. Further, when you enter the Sanctuary of the Gnosis—oh boy! Or, more accurately, oh girl!

*The next paragraph was again excised by Regardie.*

Not that the O.T.O. is a Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Seminary for Tuition in Vampirism, with a Chair (hardly suitable) for Werwolves, and Beds of Justice—that sounds more apt—for Incubi and Succubi ...

*The term "Bed of Justice," let us refresh the reader's memory, was the euphemism used by Christist clergy for the rack. But Crowley is merely making a pun; Mr. Regardie excised the paragraph because it defends the O.T.O. against imputations that Mr. Regardie and his cronies would like to see spread.*

...; far from it! But the forces of Nature employed in these presumably abominable practices are similar or identical.

The doctrine of "Vital Force" has been so long and so completely exploded that I hardly need to tell you that in some still undiscovered (or, rather, unpublished) and unmeasured form it is certainly a fact. Haven't I told you one time how we nearly starved on Iztaccihuatl with dozens of tinned foods all round us, they being ancient; of how one can get drunk on half a dozen oysters; of how the best meat I have ever eaten is half—raw Himalyan sheep, cut up and thrown on the glowing ashes before rigor mortis had set in? There **is** a difference between living and dead protoplasm, whether the chemist and his fellow twilight—gropers admit it or no. I do not blame the ignorance of these fumblers with frost—bitten fingers; but they make themselves conspicuously

ignorance as the Quintessence  
of Knowledge; Boeotian  
bombast!

*Boeotia was a Greek state about  
which the Greeks used to  
make jokes much similar to  
American jokes on Pollacks.  
The next fifteen lines were  
again excised by Mr.  
Regardie.*

There **are** forms of Energy, their  
Order too subtle to have been  
properly measured hitherto,  
which underlie and can, within  
certain limits, direct the gross  
chemical and physical changes  
of the body. To deny this is to  
be flung headlong into the  
arms of Animal Automatism.  
Huxley's arguments for this  
theory are precisely like those  
of Bishop Berkeley:  
unanswerable, but  
unconvincing. This letter is  
**not**, to every comma, the  
ineluctable, apodeictic,  
automatic, reaction to the  
stimulus of your question; and  
no one can persuade me that it  
is. Of course that  
unpersuadability is equally a  
factor in the equation; it is  
quite useless to try to "answer  
back." Only, it's silly!

(And, in the meanwhile, the  
mathematical physicists are  
knocking the bottom clean out  
of their ship by shewing that  
causality itself is little more  
than a maniac's raving!)

So then, we may—at least!—get  
busy. It is easy enough to bore  
one's neighbour—look how I

an unintentional business. Is it possible to intensify the devitalizing process, so as to weaken the victim physically, perhaps even almost to the point of death? Yes.

How? The traditional method is to get possession of some object or substance intimately connected with the victim. On this you work magically so as to absorb its virtue. It is best if it was as recently as possible part of his living tissue; for instance, a nail—paring, a hair plucked from his head. Something still alive or nearly so, and still part of the complex of energies that he included in his conception of his body.

Best of all are fluids and secretions, notably blood and one other of supreme importance to the continuity of life. When you can get these still alive to their function, it is best of all. That is why it is not so highly recommended to tear out and devour the heart and liver of your next-door neighbour; you have gone far to destroy just that which is of most importance to you to keep alive.

*The apologue of the hen that laid golden eggs has to do with this. Most American presidents and millionaires and C.I.A. "directors" seem never to have read that apologue.*

some apparent justice, indeed most plausible is such ratiocination, that by taking into your own body, and so preserving the life of, his heart and liver, the whole of his "vital energies" will desert the sinking ship of the physical tissue, and rush to the lifeboat provided by the vampire. Never forget that you confer an inestimable benefit upon the victim by absorbing his lower point of Energy into your higher. Read your **Magick**, Chapter XII!

You say this strongly, my dear Sister in the Lord; your thesis is impeccably stated, your arguments are cogent, plangent, not to be repeated. But—this I pout to you most solemnly—**what experimental evidence do you adduce?** How many hearts, how many livers, have been your spiritual sustenance? Have you excluded every source of error? Have you—here, you know the routine; write it all down and send it along to be vetted!

Be that as it may, I once knew a lady of some seventy summers. She came of a noble Polish family; she was short, sturdy, rather plump but singularly agile; good—looking in a brutal sort of way. But—her eyes! For fifty years she had lived nearly all the year round in her chateau

money, and had always surrounded herself with a dozen or more boys and young men. (By young I mean up to forty). She not only looked twenty—five but she lived twenty—five. It was a genuine, natural, spontaneous twenty—five, not a gallant effort. She would dance the night through and go a long walk in the morning. You may apply to her for details of the treatment; I dare say she is still about, though I did hear that she moved to South America when she saw 1914 coming. In any case, you have had some fairly plain hints so I can say in all simplicity, "Go thou and do likewise!"

*If it be thy True Will, of course.  
Obviously, it was not his.*

I think my old friend Claude  
Farrère ...

*A French popular novelist of the  
first half of this century, who  
wrote science—fiction before  
the Americans took it up.  
Admittedly, Poe launched  
science—fiction in America;  
but Rabelais and Cyrano de  
Bergerac were probably its  
pioneers anywhere in known  
history. One excludes the  
"sacred scripture" of the Jews  
and Christists; these are  
fantasy fiction.*

...had more than an inkling of  
these matters ...

*Naturally. Guess who he got it  
from. But Crowley was good  
friends with the French*

*branch of the O.T.O. — Dr. Gerard Encausse, Frater Papus X<sup>o</sup>, was King at that time — until they fell under the influence of an imperfect would-be Adeptus Minor who was obsessed with the idea that he was the re-incarnation of "Jesus" (oh no, not again! alas, yes). In fact, Papus named a son after this character. A sort of Phyllis McMurtry, except of a higher Grade. This fellow tried his magical best — or worst — to keep the Romanovs going, with the wonderful results that can now be seen both in France and Russia. The serious reader is referred (oh no, not again! you bet your ass and other things yes) to *The Book of Lies*, Chapters 58 and 54. Or vice-versa.*

...; the idea of using young cellular tissue to fortify the old is plainly stated in **La maison des hommes vivants**; but as to the method of transmission his water was drawn from Wells.

*A pun, by Jove! He means H.G. Wells, of course.*

After that—you will agree that I have written enough.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

**LETTER 67:**



# FAITH

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

Dear me! dear me! this is very  
unexpected. I wrote you a  
long while ago about doubt,  
and now I suppose the seed  
fell in fertile ground!

*Wonders never cease. Once in a  
very long while I myself am  
pleasantly surprised.*

My chaste remarks have  
prompted a new question  
"arising out of the previous  
answer, Sir."

You point out quite correctly  
that the doubt of which I  
wrote in passages of such  
burning eloquence is after all  
what used to be called  
"philosophic" doubt; and by  
"philosophic" people  
apparently meant something  
rather like "Pickwickians."

*From Charles Dickens' "Mr.  
Pickwick," a character from  
**David Copperfield** that  
was later developed in **The  
Pickwick Papers**.*

Not the genuine McCoy,  
determining action, but—well,  
rather like scoring points in an  
intellectual game.

Now then (**air connu**) what **is**  
Faith? There are two kinds;  
and they are almost exact  
opposites. (Nota Bene. The  
word is allied to Bide: there's  
some idea of endurance for

perhaps repose) ...

*Or, in the Aquinas sense,  
deliberate stagnation.*

...— in it. Cf Peter!?!?!?) Then the third kind, which is moral, not intellectual; as in "good faith," **bona fide**, yours faithfully; and this is probably the hallmarked sense, for it implies just that endurance which goes with bide, and is not dependent in any way upon reason or conviction. This then I may dismiss as impertinent to the question in your letter, and stick to the other two.

Faith in its Meaning Number One was perfectly well defined by the schoolboy: "the faculty of believing that which we know to be untrue."

*He is referring to Thomas Aquinas; and calling him a "schoolboy," rather than a "schoolman," to emphasize how infantile, how spiritually immature, the statement is. The way he puts it, it is of course not as emotionally appealing as Aquinas put in long wordy paragraphs in his Summa Theologica; but, if you will forgive the pun, it is the summation of the real logical meaning of Aquinas' proposition, on which the Roman Church based itself to persecute, torture, burn and kill all opposition in fifteen centuries of abuse, restriction, murder, and genocide.*

It is at least the acceptance of

any statement as true without criticism, examination, verification, or any other method of test. Faith of this sort is evidently the main symptom of the moron, the half-wit, the village idiot.

*And generally of the Christist and the Zionist, though not of the **Christian**, and not of the Jew.*

It is this kind of faith upon the possession and exercise of which "religious" persons always insist as the first condition of "salvation".

Here is my own lamentable foresight on the subject!

## **THE CONVERT**

**(A Hundred  
Years Hence)**

**There met  
one eve in a  
sylvan glade  
A horrible  
Man and a  
beautiful  
maid.**

**"Where are  
you going, so  
meek and  
holy?"**

**"I'm going to**

**temple to  
worship  
Crowley."**

**"Crowley is  
God, then?  
How did you  
know?"**

**"Why, it's  
Captain Fuller  
that told us  
so."**

**"And how do  
you know that  
Fuller was  
right?"**

**"I'm afraid  
you're a  
wicked man;  
Good-night."**

**While this  
sort of thing  
is styled  
success  
I shall not  
count failure  
bitterness.**

Sometimes, note well! they are even frank about it, and say plainly that there would be no merit in it if there were any reasonable basis for it!

*This is precisely the Aquinas position.*

This position is at the worst both honest and intelligible ...

*It was honest with Aquinas*

*with the "popes." The reader must not let himself or herself be influenced by the use of the adjective "honest" here: A Russian commissar or an F.B.I. agent may be being totally honest to their principles when they oppress a citizen; this does not mean that their principles are ecological, or even honest in themselves. It is absolutely necessary not to confuse the planes, including those of discourse!*

...; the only trouble is that there is no possible means of deciding which to two conflicting statements to accept.

*Short either of the compulsion of scientific verification or the compulsion of the rack. Which you choose to apply depends on how honest your faith really is, and how honest you are intellectually AND emotionally to yourself AND to the external Universe.*

In faith of this kind there are of course in practice delicately shaded degrees; these depend mostly upon the authority of the speaker and your relations with, and opinion of, him.

*Try to remember that authority that imposes "truth" under the threat of guns or reprisals is, to say the least, suspected. Only the authority that sincerely invites criticism and scientific testing is, not necessarily "true." but at least*

*what one might call the ideal of being what one calls "human."*

In practice, moreover, faith is usually tinged—should I say clouded?—by questions of probability. I see no need to weary you with examples of varying degrees; it is enough to dismiss the subject with the remark that faith is not true faith if any considerations of any kind sully its virgin nullity.

To prop faith is to destroy it ...

*It may take fifteen centuries for the general stupidity of humankind to catch up with what is going on, but it does catch up; as Abraham Lincoln said, you can fool some of the people all the time, or all the people for some time, but you can't fool all the people all the time. Although the Kennedys and the Nixons and the Reagans and the Russian and Chinese commissars keep trying.*

...: I am reminded of Mr. Harry Price's young lady of Brocken fame, who was so timorously careful of her virginity that she never felt it safe unless she had a man in bed with her.

*Speaking from the point of view of a coarse male chauvinist pig, that young lady can only have been a half-good fuck at best, no matter how skillful she was at giving head.*

What is the other kind of faith?

have no truck with reason, at least no conscious truck, or it ceases to possess a moral meaning.

*That is to say, it stops being convenient. Cf. the origin of the Latin word **mos**, custom, convention, or convenience, from which all the words having to do with "moral" in English come. One might remark that is particularly significant that the whole concept of "morality" has no root in the English language, and that a Latin word had to be introduced into it at the time when Rome finally conquered England with theology, since it could not conquer it with armies – not even the army of Julius Caesar.*

It is that confidence ...

*Here he introduced the following footnote:  
"Confidence' = cum, with fidere, to trust; = to trust fully. This confidence of which I write is usually a sort of 'hunch.'" It simply means that the entire Manifested Being is geared towards that Bud–Will which is about to be expressed in action. In a true Initiate, this Bud–Will is almost always a bud of the True Will. In the false initiate... let us Keep Silence. But cf. **The Vision and the Voice Commented**, the Tenth Aethyr!*

unfortunate that The Vision and the Voice Commented also was not released before Mr. Marcelo Motta's suspicious and sudden death. Once again, this manuscript was never sent me — nor do I have any way of knowing whether it still exists or who might be hoarding it. As I stated, Thelemic Magick part I was the last book I received — and part II was not released before Mr. Motta went to his Greater Feast.

... in oneself which assures one that the long shot at the tiger will fly true to the mark, that the tricky putt will go down, that the man one never beat before will go down this time; also its horrid contrary, the moral certainty that something will go wrong, even with the easiest problems, with one hundred to one in one's favour.

*Even then, you are sometimes pleasantly surprised. But whether the rest of the Universe echoes your pleasure is again dependent on what kind of Initiate you truly are. Let the serious reader always keep in mind that, on the plane of the ethos, Nuit is Ecology. Her Chapter opens **The Book of the Law**, which is "tripartite," and **the Law is for all (AL i 34.)***

I think the official answer is that



one's certainty is in reality based upon subconscious calculation, so that faith has nothing whatever to do with it. If there is any answer to this, I don't know it.

*Considering the depth of His experience, we may then accept it as a working hypothesis until the experience of other trained observers either disprove it or add to it scientifically.*

After all, that is neither here nor there; there is but one material issue ...

*The word "material" is here used in its sense of "relevant."*

...: how to acquire that kind of faith.

*Not the Romish—Christist—Zionist kind of "faith," but the "confidence in the result of one's volition" which he has just described. But we would venture to say that even this kind of "faith" is undesirable to the High Initiate. No lust of result implies no foreknowledge of the result of one's long shot. This is merely the expression of an opinion, and need not influence the reader one way or another.*

Suppose we hunt it up in that precious **Book of Lies!** Any luck? Sure, kiddums, here we are!

*It is quite obvious that Crowley was a fan of "Uncle Remus."*

**Steeped**

**Mind is a disease  
of semen.**

**All that a man is  
or may be is  
hidden therein**

**Bodily functions  
are parts of the  
machine; silent,  
unless in dis-  
ease.**

**But mind, never  
at ease, creaketh  
"I."**

**This I persisteth  
not, posteth not  
through  
generations,  
changeth  
momently,  
finally is dead.**

**Therefore is man  
only himself  
when lost to  
himself in The  
Charioting.**

Nothing in that to contradict the  
official view, is there?

*He means the scientific, or,  
more specifically,  
psychological explanation of  
"faith" as subconscious  
certainty.*

Nothing in biology either.

Or in Blake:

**"If the Sun and  
Moon should  
doubt  
They'd  
immediately go  
out."**

Or in that other chapter of the

## **Book of Lies:**

### **The Mountaineer**

Consciousness is  
a symptom of  
disease.

All that moves  
well moves  
without will.

All skilfulness,  
all strain, all  
intention is  
contrary to ease.

Practise a  
thousand times,  
and it becomes  
difficult; a  
thousand,  
thousand, and it  
becomes easy; a  
thousand,  
thousand times a  
thousand  
thousand, and it  
is no longer  
Thou that doeth  
it, but It that  
doeth itself  
through thee.  
Not until then is  
that which is  
done well done.

Thus spoke  
FRATER  
PERDURABO as  
he leapt from  
rock to rock of  
the moraine  
without ever  
casting his eyes  
upon the ground

Or in The Book of the Law. You know the passage well enough.

*He means AL i 44.*

Conclusion: this discussion has for ever abolished the use of the word faith to imply **conscious** belief of any sort.

At least, if there should ever be an element of awareness, it is of the nature of a sudden leap into daylight of the quintessence of a mass of subconsciously selected and ordered experience.

Then what, if you please, did Paul mean when he wrote "Faith is the substance of things hoped-for, the evidence of things unseen." Oh, spot the Lady!

*This is a delicious double pun. He means Nuit; not, of course, "Mary." But he is also making reference to the card game called "Spot the Lady" which depends, for victory, on cheating, outsmarting, and anticipating the reaction of the other players. In this game you are expected to cheat; it is part of the rules... We remind the reader that "Paul" is a pseudonym for predecessors of Mr. Israel Regardie in piracy of documents written by far better people than themselves.*

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours etc.

666

*These D S s were cut out from*

*Regardie's piracy.*

P.S. Don't take any wooden money.

P.P.S. I have a marvelous proposition for you; I wouldn't let in anyone on it but my very best friend: there's a man in San Luis Potosi in a mine there; he stole about \$20,000 worth of gold dust and now he's afraid to get rid of it, but he knows I'm safe and knows how to handle it and I've been his very best friend for twenty years, and he's as straight as a die, and I know he'd let us have it for \$10,000 and I've only got \$4,000—and that is where **you** come in!

## **LETTER 68: THE GOD—LETTERS**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Maybe it was Devanagiri that began it! This "sacred" character, used rightly for Sanskrit alone, is supposed (so Allan Bennett told me) to be constructed on—can one call them ideographic?—principles. The upright line is the soft palate; the horizontal the hard; and the line between them shows the position of the tongue when one pronounces the letter. He demonstrated

letter T (['ta' in Sanskrit]">); but I was never able to follow this up with most of the other fifty—five (isn't it?) letters.

*Possibly because it can't be followed up, and Allan Bennett's whispered "truth" was mere wishful thinking. This is only too common in "religion!"*

However, it did start me thinking (why?) about the possibility of a direct relation between the sound of a letter and its meaning in some primitive manner of speech.

So I used to alarm my fellow—citizens, usually passengers on a liner, by spending most of my time repeating some unhappy letter over and over, while I looked into my mind to see if the sound suggested any particular idea. (It was rather fun, you know; but it was most certainly one of the most delicate, subtle, and difficult experiments that I have ever undertaken.)

Bound to flop, obviously, from the word "gun", if only because the same-sounding word in different languages—sometimes even in the same!—has often not merely diverse, but diametrically opposed meanings. Think of Bog, or Bug, the Russian word for God (I do think "Bogey" comes from this, though!); think of the dam of a stream, and of a young thing, and damn. Think of all the different kinds of box

Chesterton must have made tens of thousands of pounds out of it!) Think of "let", meaning both to prevent and to allow. Think of "check" to a chess—player, a banker, a draper, a waitress, a fox—hunter and a Slovak!

The importance of all this: I'm sure I've told you how Thoth, God of all Magick, the Wisdom and the Word, is usually shown with style and papyrus, as inventor of writing, which is the real Magical Art. Hence "grimoire" is nothing but grammar; to cast a "spell" explains itself; and the Angel (e.g. of a Church, see Revelations I, II) was merely the Secretary.

*The next three paragraphs were cut out by Regardie.*

Never mind! I was thinking of language in its (supposed) primal state, when grunts and groans and moans and yells and squeaks and the like were the nearest anybody ever got to:

**"Sweet articulate words**

**Sweetly divided apart."**

And yet I persisted. I wanted to go right back, before letters were put together to make words at all. This is, I believe, almost wholly original work, though I'm not sure that Fabre d'Olivet didn't skate round the

I put to myself this question: when I pronounce the letter so-and-so, what thought or class of thought tends to arise in my mind? (If you practise this in public, people may wonder!)

With the vowels, one does seem to find a natural correspondence. (I wrote a ballet "The Blind Prophet" on these lines, long before it struck me to investigate on scientific lines). The Hindus knew this with their A—U—M: A is the open breath, U the controlled force, M no breath at all. (See **Magick**, pp. 45-49). To me I is a shrill feminine sound, as O is the roar of the male. U is pursed, E hardly significant.

As to Magick, the Gnostics were **chili con carne** plus **molten platinum** plus a few girls I have known on the vowels. Their incantations consist almost entirely of combinations of these. Seven at a time is very frequent; in fact it seems sometimes as if their theurgy depended on variations of these combinations. Their theology, too. Never mind that just now!

*Part of the information he communicated on these matters to his pupils was published in German and in Spanish by Arnold Krum-Heller, Frater Huiracocha VIII<sup>o</sup> O.T.O.. in a veru*



*"Logos, Mantra and Magick."*

But the consonants? That is a harder nut to crack.

Students of language have been accustomed to group the consonants exactly as we now happen to require. Here, in brief, is the list:

Dentals, Labials, Gutturals.

Various modifications extend them to fifty-nine and there are twenty-seven vowels. I shall naturally concern myself only with those that matter to the subject: in practice, the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet will serve for this preliminary study, especially as in that case, we have already the attributions. I will begin by classing them.

**Gutturals** 1. G. Luna.

☾, house of  
Luna; 𐤅

2. Ch. here  
exalted.

3. K. 𐤅.

♃, house of  
𐤅. Atu

4. Q. XVII "The  
Moon."

You will note that either 𐤅 or Luna occurs in every case; in two, doubly. Guttur, moreover, is the Latin word for throat. Both planets emphasize the soft open expansive aspects of Nature; they both refer accordingly to the feminine throat, the tube either of present or of future Life. (𐤅, when in ♃, has an

side; but his letter when there is  $\upsilon$ .) Now pronounce these letters; observe the motions of opening and expulsion of the breath. Well, then, you will no longer wonder at that list we had in another letter of the words Cwm, coombe, quean, queen, and so on; also (?) quill, queer, quaintest, curious, (?) quick, (?) quince: especially with the U vowel, which sounds prehensile, ready to suck. Kupris (or Ctytto) the Greek or Syrian Aphrodite—Venus, is the outstanding example in Theogony.

But, you ask, what has all this to do with the Gods? Patience, child; this will develop as we proceed. Let us look at the dentals. These, for the profane scholar, include the "sibilants," and "liquids."

- Dentals:*
1. D. ♀.
  2. Z.  $\text{II}$ , house of  
 $\text{Z}$ .
  3. T.  $\text{Q}$ , house of  
 Sun.
  4. L. ♀;  $\text{h}$  here  
 exalted.
  5. M. Water.
  6. N.  $\text{M}$ , house of  
 $\text{N}$ .
  7. S.  $\text{S}$ , house of  
 $\text{S}$ .
  8. R. Sol.
  9. Sh. Fire.
  10. Th.  $\text{h}$ ; the Earth.

Here, we see at one glance, there is no such simple obvious

relationship, as in the previous list. Nor indeed is there, to **my** ear, any close connection in the sounds.

Better luck, perhaps, with the last lot.

*Labials* 1. B. בּ.

(or F) 1. House

2. V. of וּ; Luna exalted therein.

3. P. פּ.

Not a bit of it; almost worse than before. Here, then, I say it, weeping, with agonized reluctance, the Holy Qabalah has let us down with a bump! (It did look, too, didn't it, as if it was all going to go so miraculously well!)

All is not lost—not even honour! Suppose you reflect that (after all) Hebrew is a late language, invented; far, far removed from the primitive grunts and groans (with their corresponding motions) that we set out to study.

*That is certainly to a great extent a matter of the level of discourse. The conduct of the Zionists towards the Arabs, for instance, leads to the impression that at least their kind of Hebrew is very close to the grunts and groans that so abound in the "Old Testament" disguised as curses or begging.*

Let us take the high hand, and say that the Guttural Correspondence doesn't rime with anything, that it is just an

*The next eleven lines were cut out by Regardie.*

...; nay, that it should serve us as a warning not to be led away like Macbeth—you remember how Banquo warned him that

**"Oftentimes, to  
win us to our  
harms,  
The instruments  
of darkness tell  
us truths,  
Win us with  
honest trifles, to  
betray us  
in deepest  
consequence."**

—and breaks off abruptly to speak with his cousins.

Never forget the abiding temptation of men of science, the hidden rocks on which so many have been wrecked, to generalize on insufficient data. May the gods keep us from that! I dread it more than all the other snags put together.

With all due caution, therefore, let us attack our puzzle from the other end; let us see what astral experiment tells us about the philology of it!

Good! We'll call it D-Day and drop our paratroops. D is a sharp, sudden, forceful explosive sound, cut off smartly. Now then I can't tell whether you will connect this with ejaculation, with the idea of paternity. Whether or no, a vast number of people did so

today children seem instinctively to say "Dad" for "Father," though no allowance can be made for cases of mistaken identity. And the most ancient Father—Gods of the oldest and simplest civilizations are thus named. In Sumer He was AD, or ADAD, whence the later Egyptian Hadit, and the Semitic Adonai. (There are also words like AVD, the creative Magick).

*It might possibly be more inclusive to define AUD as Solar-type Magick, since the Lunar or Negative Current can also be used creatively.*

So also the Greeks in Syria knew Adonis, and the Latin Deus is itself the general word for God. Again, Valhalla houses Odin, Woden; and there are others. When the dental is complicated to a sibilant, as we shall see later, another idea is introduced; while the lightening of the sound to T has yet another effect.

Sanskrit also helps us with such roots as DETH, to show, DAM, to tame, DEVK, to lead, DHEIGH, to knead, mould, DHER, to support, DO, to give, DHE, to put and a while group of words like Deva, a divine being.

But that comes later: meanwhile, practise pronouncing these names, as also English words such as Do, Deed, Dare, Drive, Doubt. Dig. Dog. Dive. Duck.

of your mind, and see whether you do not soon associate the D—sound with a swift, hard, definite, fertile and completed act. For a fair test, take only the oldest and simplest words, words which might naturally be wanted in the Stone Age.

The next sound-group to be considered may conveniently be N. Here at once we have innumerable Gods and Goddesses flocking up: Nu, Nuit, Ann, Noah, John, Oannes, On, Jonah, **et alii**. With the exception of On, a special case, all these divine or semi-divine Beings refer to the Night, the Starry Heavens, the Element of Water, the North ...

*In the Northern Hemisphere, that is.*

..., the Mother-Goddess, as appears when we consider their legends and rituals. N, n, means a fish and refers to the water sign of ♃. (Note, later when we reach Sh, that Joshua was the Son of Nun.) To me the sound gives the idea of a continuum, an eternal movement; and this is of course our Thelemic conception of the Universe, the "Star-sponge," of which I have elsewhere written at such length.

But at the moment I am especially desirous that you should compare and contrast this letter with the S Sound. (S or Sh combined with T is

**Magick**, pp. 336-8) You should find it child's play to determine the significance of the sibilant. It is the one letter which necessitates the exposure of the skeleton! (**id est**, the Subconscious). Hence "Hush!" it is the hiss of the snake, great Lord of Life and Death—(life? yes, the spermatozoon, child!) "Silence! Danger! There is a **man** somewhere about." The savage reaction. And, sure enough, Ish is the Hebrew for man (Mankind is ADM, Adam, Sanskrit **Admi**, the Father and Mother conjoined. "Male and Female created They Man.")

*Notice that the interpretation of a dangerous "stranger" as a "man" was not deliberately chauvinistic but sociobiologic, else would not be reflected in language. The male of the human species was usually more obviously aggressive and destructive than the female, especially in Semitic cultures.*

The S—gods are innumerable. Asar (Asi, Isis, is his female twin) Astarte, Ishtar or Ashtoreth, Set, Saturn, Shu, Zeus, (into whom the D intrudes, because S is the male as N the female, and D the father as M the mother) and the Jesus group. Here is the idea of the South, or East, both quarters referring, in ways very slightly divergent,

Sun, the Father—God in his aspect as the Holy Ghost.

*The reader is again reminded that in the Southern Hemisphere the quarters attributed to the heat of the Sun are East and North.*

The ancient tradition appears in the Gospels: the Lesser Mysteries of John, beheaded with the Sword, and consumed on a Disk, and the Greater Mysteries of Jesus, pierced with a Wand, and consumed in a Cup. All same Tarot!

I am not at all sure how far it is wise to take this letter. To make it complete, we should need a Book about three times the size of **The Book of Thoth**, and I should want another half—century of research before I started to write it! As this seems for divers reasons a little awkward in practice, I am rather afraid that we must content ourselves with this very sketchy account: always, when one touches the subject, one "goes all woolly." One lacks not only completeness, but precision. Then there is the "over—lapping" nuisance, and the fact that the natures and the names of the Gods change slowly as time goes by. The confusion! The contradictions! I could wish to be the proverbial bargee. Oh! I could go on making excuses for another hour! I can't be helped; and I feel that



quite a bit of service by calling your attention to the existence of the subject, by stimulating you to research, by suggesting certain potential lines on which to attack the same, and perhaps even by giving you a few tips which you may find useful in practical Magick.

The subject is closely bound up with Mantra—Yoga, and with Invocation. You will doubtless have noticed (for instance) that many chapters of the Q'uran have the letter L for a leit—motif. Islam attaches immense importance to this liquid L, as it appears in Allah (compare the Hebrew L—Gods, AL, Aloah, Elohim, A'alion, **et cetera.**, and look up the L—idea in your **Book of Thoth**, and in **Magick**, pp. 331 sqq. ) and other peculiarly sacred names and words.

Before cursing my way to dinner —oh! how I hate the need of food unless I am practising the "Ninth Art" and disguise myself as a gourmet—I must mention the letter M. This is the only letter that can be pronounced with the lips firmly closed; it is the beginning of speech, and so the Mother of the Alphabet. (Distinguish from N, the letter of the Female). Look up **Magick** again; Chapter VII (pp. 45-49) gives a good account of M in discussing AUM. Note, too, the root MU "to be silent," form which we

Mystery and others. As the letter of the Mother it appears to this day in nature everywhere, the first call of the child to "Mamma." In nearly every language, moreover, the word for Mother is based on M. Madar, Mere, Mutter, Umm, AMA or AIMA and the rest.

The vibrant R suggests light-rays: Ra, the Sun; the labials bring to mind the curves in Nature—you will soon discover the words with a few little experiments; the T is a D, only lighter, quicker and younger—and so Good—night!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 69: ORIGINAL SIN**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

It was at Dover. I had passed the Customs Inspector. Turning back, I said: "But perhaps I ought to have declared my Browning?" Much agitated, he muttered: "How ever did I come to miss that?" and began all over again. I helped him out: "You see, you were thinking of pistols, I of poetry." (There is a lesson in

that!)

*Yes, and it is: don't kid the bureaucracy, for they will get back at you. Anybody with any self-respect or intelligent character would not work at customs, or in the police for that matter, anywhere in the world these days; for the police, the customs and the entire bureaucracy everywhere are the instruments of tyranny. But they are just stupid instruments. One should attack the roots, not the branches, if one will eradicate the trouble. Crowley was hounded by customs officers wherever he went; but the hounding was done at the behest of their superiors, not by initiative of the officers themselves.*

And now you—of all people!—  
fire him off at me.

*Browning, that is. The next twenty lines were excised in Regardie's piracy.*

"Gold Hair" you write; "what about R.B's defence of Christianity?" You mean, of course,

**"'Tis the faith  
that launched  
point-blank its  
dart**

**At the head of a  
lie, taught  
Original Sin, The  
corruption of  
man's heart."**

It is impossible to commit all the possible logical errors in the course of a single syllogism; but he has an honest try.

1. It's not a man's heart, but a girl's.
2. He argues from an extravagantly rose case of aberration as if it were an universal rule.
3. All his premises are false; and even at that, defective.
4. Non distributio medii.
5. Ignoratio elenchi.
6. Need I go on?

For one thing, I have yet to learn who told the "lie." It was not until Rousseau that we had the nonsense about the "noble savage."

*Not quite: Voltaire's "Candide" preceded it by decades. But Voltaire was both more intelligent and less maudlin than Rousseau.*

But it is at least true that man's deepest instincts, being natural and necessary, are, for him, "right." It **is** true that an artificial society creates artificial crimes; but this is not "Original" Sin; on the contrary. What's that you say?

I laugh! I wondered when you were going to pull me up, and send me packing to my Skeat about what "Sin" means. O.K. Police routine does beat the gifted amateur. Sin, astonishingly, means **real!**  
Curtius tells us "Language

regards the guilty man as the man **who it was.**" Then, what is "guilt"? A.S. gylt, trespass; in our own Thelemic language, "deviation from (especially in the matter of excess, **trespasser**) the True Will." Please take notice that most of the words which denote misconduct imply wandering, either from the home or from the path: error, debauch, wrong (=twisted), wry, evil (excessive) **detraquer**, go astray, and several others. So I too leap into the breach with Curtius, and point out that "Language itself asserts the doctrine of the True Will." But what says **The Book of the Law**? It is at pains to define Sin in plain terms: "The word of Sin is Restriction. ..." (AL I 41). From the context it seems clear that this refers more especially to interference with the will of another.

This statement is the first need of the world to—day for we are plagued with Meddlesome Matties, male and female, whose one overmastering passion is to mind other peoples' business. They can think of nothing but "control." They aim at an Ethic like that of the convict Prison; at a civilization like that of the Bees or the Termites. But neither history nor biology acquaint us with any form of progress achieved by any of these communities

Penal settlements and Pall Mall Clubs have not even made provision for the perpetuation of their species; and all such "well—ordered" establishments are quite evidently defenceless against any serious change in their environment. They have failed to comply with the first requirements of biology; at best, they stagnate, they achieve nothing, they never "get anywhere."

A settled society is useful at certain periods; when, for instance, it is advisable to consolidate the gains gotten by pioneer adventurers; but history shows with appalling clarity that the very qualities which serve to protect must inevitably destroy the very conditions which they aim to preserve.

Hey! Hasn't the dear old **Book of Lies** got its word on the subject? Never known to fail!

## **The Wound of Amfortas**

**The Self-mastery of Percivale became the Self-Masturbatory of the Bourgeois.**

**Vir-tus has become "virtue."**

**The qualities which have made a man, a race, a city, a caste,**

off; death is the  
penalty of  
failure. As it is  
written: In the  
hour of success  
sacrifice that  
which is dearest  
to thee unto the  
Infernal gods!

The Englishmen  
lives upon the  
excrement of his  
forefathers.

All moral codes  
are worthless in  
themselves; yet  
in every new  
code there is  
hope. Provided  
always that the  
code is not  
changed because  
it is too hard but  
because it is  
fulfilled.

The dead dog  
floats with the  
stream; in  
puritan France  
the best women  
are harlots; in  
vicious England  
the best women  
are virgins.

If only the  
Archbishop of  
Canterbury were  
to go naked in  
the streets and  
beg his bread!

The new Christ,  
like the old, is  
the friend of  
publicans and

**his nature is  
ascetic.**

**O if everyman  
did No Matter  
What, provided  
that it is the one  
thing that he will  
not and cannot  
do.**

That settles it.

We do progress; but how? Not by the tinkering of the meliorist; not by the crushing of initiative; not by laws and regulations which hamstring the racehorse, and handcuff the boxer; but by the innovations of the eccentric, by the phantasies of the hashish-dreamer of philosophy, by the aspirations of the idealist to the impossible, by the imagination of the revolutionary, by the perilous adventure of the pioneer. Progress is by leaps and bounds, but breaking from custom, by working on untried experiments; in short, by the follies and crimes of men of genius, only recognizable as wisdom and virtue after they have been tortured to death, and their murderers reap gloatingly the harvest of the seeds they sowed at midnight.

*Yes, but it is precisely this false formula of the Sacrificed or Dying King that the Aeon of Horus came to replace. If the proposed rule of the game be dog eat dog, bite first! The*



*cultural shock in their eyes  
when you do this would be  
amusing if it were not sad.  
But no matter how the tumor  
wail, it is the duty of the  
surgeon to excise it from the  
body of society. Cf. AL III, 18-  
19.*

Damn it! All this is so trite that  
I am half ashamed to write it;  
and yet—everyone acquiesces  
with a smile, and goes off to  
vote another set of fetters for  
his feet!

Sin? This is the sin of sins:  
Restriction. All boots from  
the one last: all beautifully  
polished on parade; the March  
of Time will find not much but  
hobbling!

More of this when I answer your  
letter (just in as I drew rein to  
read this over) about  
Education.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. On reading this, I note that I  
passed over with deserved  
contempt the theory of  
"original sin" in the sense  
which you probably meant me  
to take: the defect deliberately  
implanted in man by "Old  
Nobodaddy" with no better  
object than to prepare the  
grotesquely tragic farce of the  
"Atonement." I will merely  
remark that no idea at once so  
base and so contemptible, so  
bestial and so idiotic, can  
challenge its ignoble

Rotten with sex-perversion, it is a noisome blend of sadism and masochism based on the most abject form of fear.

The only argument for it is that it ever did exist; but it does **not** exist for wholesome minds.

## **LETTER 70: MORALITY (1)**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"**Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!**" I knew from the first that your sly, insidious, poisoned poniard, slipped in between my ribs, would soon or late involve a complete exposition of the whole subject of Morality.

Of we go! What really is it? The word comes from **Mos**, Latin for custom, manner. Similarly, ethics: from Greek ΕΘΟΣ, custom. "It isn't done" may be modern slang, but it's correct. Interesting to study the usage of "**moeurs**" and "**manières**" in French. "Manner" from "**manus**"—hand: it is "the way to handle things."

But the theological conception has steered a very wrong course, even for theology; brought in Divine Injunction.

host of bogeys. (Candles in hollow turnips deceive nobody outside a churchyard!)

*This paragraph was cut out by that relentless whitewasher of better people's work, Israel Regardie.*

So we find ourselves discussing a "palely wandering" phantom idea whose connotations or extensions depend on the time, the place, and the victim. We know "the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban," and the difference between Old and New Testament morality in such matters as polygamy and diet; while the fur flies when two learned professors go down with a smart attack of Odium Theologicum, and are ready to destroy a civilization on the question of whether it is right or wrong for a priest (or presbyter? or minister?) to wear a white nightie or a black in the pulpit.

But what **you** want to know is the difference between

(a) common or area morality

...

*"Area" meaning geographic, that is, the morality or some particular region of the world. As everybody should know, before the expansionism of Judeo—Christist cultures such as the British and Spanish Empires (respectively Protestant and Roman Catholic), local morality was widely different all over the*

*remarkably enlightened attitude of the South Seas islanders towards sex before the slime of the "missionaries" hit them in the face.*

- (b) Yogin—or "holy man's" morality, and
- (c) the Magical Morality of the New Aeon of Θελημα.

1. **Area Morality:** This is the code of the "Slave—Gods," very thoroughly analysed, pulverized, and de-loused by Nietzsche in **Antichrist**. It consists of all the meanest vices, especially envy, cowardice, cruelty and greed: all based on over—mastering Fear. Fear of the nightmare type. With this incubus, the rich and powerful have devised an engine to keep down the poor and the weak. They are lavish alike with threats and promises in Ogre Bogey's Castle and Cloud—Cuckoo—Land. "Religion is the opium of the people," when they flinch no longer from the phantom knout.

*Marxism, however, is merely a religion of this sort replacing another, with the rich and powerful carefully disguised as the hierarchy of the Party. This absolutely does not mean to imply that the situation in the "democracies" is not exactly analogous. Were not for its missionary zeal, Russia would be at least as prosperous as the United*

*Russian citizen would be as wrapped up in trinkets, and as blindfolded to the misery of the rest of the world, as the average American. Does this mean that a religion whose theology (at least!) is really concerned (albeit clumsily and unscientifically) with the fate of the poor is better than a religion whose theology merely pretends to be concerned with it, and was actually especially designed to keep the poor enslaved to unscrupulous tyrants? Can we consider there is a special social advantage of one over the other while emotionally both still function at the level of the troglodytes? History will tell.*

**2. Eight Lectures on Yoga** gives a reasonable account of the essence of this matter, especially in the talks on Yama and Niyama. (A book on this subject might well include a few quotations, notably from paragraphs 8, 9 and 10 in the former). It might be summarized as "doing that, and only that, which facilitates the task in hand." A line of conduct becomes a custom when experience has shown that to follow it makes for success.

*But the problem that faces every new thinker, and should face every newborn, is: What is my definition of success? Can I, for instance, call myself*

*money or power at the expense of the prosperity or the freedom of other human beings? And if so, what should my auto-established limits be? Judeo—Christist morality was, from the beginning, dichotomous and inecological. It functioned in practice for a few at the expense of the many. There is no evidence so far that Marxist morality will function any better; in fact, available evidence points the other way. It is time to replace both with **The Book of the Law**. Cf. **Liber OZ** for the application of **Θελημα** to politics, sociology and morality.*

"Don't press!" "Play with a straight bat!" "Don't draw to five!" do not involve abstract considerations of right and wrong. Orthodox Hinduism has raped this pure system, and begotten a bastard code which reeks of religion. A political manoeuvre of the Brahmin caste.

Suppose we relax a little, come down to earth, and look at what the far-famed morality of the Holy Man was, and is, in actual practice. You will find this useful to crush Toshophist and Antroposophagist cockroaches as well as the ordinary Christian Scolex when they assail you.

In the lands of Hinduism and (to a less extent) of Islam, the Sultan, the Dewan, the

whatsoever they call "the Grand Pandjandrum Himself, with the little round button on top," it is almost a 100 per cent rule that the button works loose and is lost! Even in less exalted circles, any absolute ruler, on however petty a scale, is liable to go the whole hog in an unexceptionably hoggish fashion. He has none to gainsay him, and he sees no reason for controlling himself. This suits nearly everybody pretty well ...

*As long, that is, as the idiot primarily harms only himself or a small proportion of the ruled. Otherwise you get the usual revolution, and the usual new set of idiots in power to start the same cycle all over again, albeit under a different nomenclature.*

...; the shrewd Wazir can govern while his "master" fills up on "The King's Peg" (we must try one when champagne is once again reasonably cheap) and all the other sensuous and sensual delights unstinted. The result is that by the time he is twenty—he was probably married at 12—he is no longer fitted to carry out his very first duty to the State, the production of an heir.

Quite contrary to this is the career of the "Holy Man." Accustomed to the severest physical toil, inured to all the rigours of climate, aloof from

becomes a very champion of virility. (Of course, there are exceptions, but the average "holy man" is a fairly tall fellow of his hands).

*The above parenthesis was excluded by the ineffable Regardie, possibly because it intimates that Holy Men have penises and not only use, but also know how to use such appendices.*

More, he has been particularly trained for this form of asceticism by all sorts of secret methods and practices; some of these, by the way, I was able to learn myself, and found surprisingly efficacious.

So we have the law of supply and demand at work as uncomplainingly as usual: the Holy Man prays for the threatened Dynasty, blesses the Barren Queen; and they all live happy ever after. This is not an Arabian Night's Tale of Antiquity; it is the same today: there are very few Englishmen who have spent any time in India who have not been approached with proposals of this character.

Similar conditions, curiously enough, existed in France; the "**fiis à papa**" was usually a hopeless rotter, and his wife often resorted to a famous monastery on the Riviera, where was an exceptionally holy Image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, prayers unto whom removed sterility. But



the monks, the Image somehow lost its virtue.

Now get your Bible and turn up Luke VIII, 2! When the sal volatile has worked, turn to John XIII 2,3 and ask a scholar what any Greek of the period would have understood by the technical expressions there unambiguously employed.

Presently, I hope, you will begin to wonder whether, after all, the "morality" of the middle classes of the nineteenth century, in Anglo-Saxon countries, is quite as axiomatic as you were taught to suppose.

Please let me emphasize the fact that I have heard and seen these conditions in Eastern countries with my own ears and eyes. Vivekananda—certainly the best of the modern Indian writes on Yoga—complained bitterly that the old greymalkin witches of New York who called themselves his disciples had to be dodged with infinite precaution whenever he wanted to spend an evening in the Tenderloin. On the other hand, the Sheikh of Mish—and a very holy Sheikh he was—introduced his "boy friend" as such to me when I visited him in the Sahara, without the slightest shame or embarrassment.

Believe me, the humbug about "morality" in this country and the U.S.A., yes, even on the Continent in nious circles is

the Wise. If you are fooled by that, you will never get out of the stinking bog of platitudinous mouthings of make-believe "Masters." Need I refer to the fact that most of the unco' guid are penny plain hypocrites. A little less vile are those whose prejudices are Freudian in character, who "compound for sins that they're inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to."

*Again, Mr. Regardie found it necessary to cut a paragraph of Crowley's work; his reasons for doing so are quite obvious.*

Even when, poor-spirited molluscs, they are honest, all that twaddle is Negation. "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water!" does not produce a Gertrud Ederle. Thank God, the modern girl has cast off at least one of her fetters—the **ceinture de chastété!**

*Gertrude Ederle was one of the first women to become internationally famous as a swimming champion; naturally, with the heated opposition and "virtuous" disapproval of her own fimmily.*

Perhaps we have now relaxed enough; we see that the "Holy man" is not such a fool as he looks; and we may get on with our excursions into the

New Aeon, which is the Aeon of Horus, crowned and conquering child: and—"The word of the Law is Θελημα."

3. So much of **The Book of the Law** deals directly or indirectly with morals that to quote relevant passages would be merely bewildering. Not that this state of mind fails to result from the first, second, third and ninety-third perusals!

**"When Duty  
bellows loud  
'Thou must!'  
The youth  
replies 'Pike's  
Peak or Bust!'"**

is all very well, or might be if the bellow gave further particulars. And one's general impression may very well be that Thelema not only gives general licence to to any fool thing that comes into one's head, but urges in the most emphatic terms, reinforced by the most eloquent appeals in superb language, by glowing promises, and by categorical assurance that no harm can possibly come thereby, the performance of just that specific type of action, the maintenance of just that line of conduct, which is most severely depreciated by the high priests and jurists of every religion, every system of ethics, that ever was under the sun!

meanly-pointed nose, or yell "Whoop La!" and make for Piccadilly Circus: in either case you will be wrong; you will not have understood the Book.

Shameful confession, one of my own Chelas (or so it is rather incredibly reported to me) said recently: "Self—discipline is a form of Restriction." (That, you remember, is "The word of Sin ...".) Of all the utter rubbish! (Anyhow, he was a "centre of pestilence" for discussing the Book at all.) About 90 % of  $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$ , at a guess, is nothing **but** self—discipline. One is only allowed to do anything and everything so as to have more scope for exercising that virtue.

Concentrate on "...thou hast no right but to do thy will." The point is that any possible act is to be performed if it is a necessary factor in that Equation of your Will. Any act that is not such a factor, however harmless, noble, virtuous or what not, is at the best a waste of energy. But there are no artificial barriers on any type of act in general. The standard of conduct has one single touchstone. There may be—there will be—every kind of difficulty in determining whether, by this standard, any given act is "right" or "wrong": but there should be no confusion. No

only in reference to the True Will of the person who proposes to perform it. This is the Doctrine of Relativity applied to the moral sphere.

I think that, if you have understood this, the whole theory is now within your grasp; hold it fast, and lay about you!

*The next three paragraphs were again cut out by Regardie.*

Of course, there must be certain courses of action which, generally speaking, will be right for pretty well everybody. Some, **per contra**, will be generally barred, as interfering with another's equal right. Some cases will be so difficult that only a Magister Templi can judge them, and a Magus carry them wisely into effect. Fearsome responsibility, I should say, that of the Masters who began the building—up of the New Aeon by bringing about these Wars!

*But the wars were not caused by the Masters: they were the reaction of the Slave—gods to the impact of Change. As Crowley himself said on the occasion of ceremonially distributing copies of Liber AL to representatives of the races of humankind, "If everybody would just do as I tell them, the war would be avoided."*

(I do wish that we had the sense to take our ideas of Deceit

conditions from the Bible, as our rulers so loudly profess that they do. The Enemy knows well enough that there is no other way to make a war pay.)

*A recent cartoon in an American news magazine ruefully had a character asking a roly—poly, cheerful “Germany”: 'How did you manage to come out of two World Wars so prosperously?' 'Well,' Germany replies, 'you must choose your enemies with great care.' Of course, Germany came out divided against itself, as it will always happen to any country that publicly burns **The Book of the Law**; but had it not been for the atheistic Russians applying "Old Testament" Peace Conditions to it, even that might not have happened!*

Now then, I hope that we have succeeded in clarifying this exceptionally muddy marish water of morality from most of its alien and toxic dirt; too often the Aspirant to the Sacred Wisdom finds no firm path under his feet; the Bog of Respectability mires him who sought the Garden of Delights; soon the last bubbles burst from his choked lungs; he is engulfed in the Slough of Despond.

In the passive elements of Earth and Water is no creative virtue to cleanse themselves

chance to acquire; it is therefore of cardinal importance to watch them, guard them, keep their Purity untainted and unsoiled; shall the Holy Grail brim with poison of Asps, and the golden Paten be defiled with the Bread of Iniquity? Come Fire, come Air, cleanse ye and kindle the pure instruments, that Spirit may indwell, inform, inspire the whole, the One Continuous Sacrament of Life!

We have considered this Morality from quite a number of very different points of view; wrought subtly and accurately into final shape, you should find no further difficulty in understanding fully at least the theoretical and abstract aspects of the business.

But as to your own wit of judgment as to the general rules of your own private Code of Morals, what is "right" and what is "wrong" for **you**, that will emerge only from long self-analysis such as is the chief work of the Sword in the process of your Initiation.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

*This P.S. and quotation were cut by Regardie; our colleague Mr. Martin P. Starr remarks that possibly he did not want it to compete with his*

P.S. Most of this is stated or implied in AHA!

**MARSYAS** . . . . . Be  
ever as you can  
A simple honest  
gentleman!  
Body and manners  
be at ease,  
Not bloat with  
blazoned  
sanctities!  
Who fights as  
fights the soldier—  
saint?  
And see the artist—  
adept paint!  
Weak are the souls  
that fear the stress  
Of earth upon their  
holiness!  
They fast, they eat  
fantastic food,  
They prate of beans  
and brotherhood,  
Wear sandals, and  
long hair, and  
spats,  
And think that  
makes them  
Arahats!  
How shall man still  
his spirit—storm?  
Rational dress and  
Food Reform!

*OLYMPAS* I know such saints.

*MARSYAS* An  
easy vice:  
So wondrous well  
they advertise!  
O their mean souls  
are satisfied  
With wind of  
spiritual pride.  
They're all  
negation. "Do not  
eat;  
What poison to the  
-----"



not; deny the will!  
Wine and tobacco  
make us ill."  
Magic is life: the  
Will to Live  
Is one supreme  
Affirmative.  
These things that  
flinch from Life are  
worth  
No more to Heaven  
than to Earth.  
Affirm the  
everlasting Yes!

*OLYMPAS* Those saints at  
least score one  
success:  
Perfection of their  
priggishness!

*MARSYAS* Enough. The soul is  
subtler fed  
With meditation's  
wine and bread.  
Forget their  
failings and our  
own;  
Fix all our  
thoughts on love  
alone!

## **LETTER 71: MORALITY (2)**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

The contents of your letter  
appalled me. I had hoped that  
you had left behind forever all  
that **quality** of thinking. It is  
unclean. It is stuffy and  
flabby. You write of a matter

possibly have information, and what you say is not even a good guess; it is simply contrary to fact. It shows also that you have failed to grasp the nature of the O.T.O. Its main **raison d'etre**, apart from social and political plans, is the teaching and use of a secret method of achieving certain results. This secret is a scientific secret; it is guarded against betrayal or abuse by a very simple automatic arrangement. Its guardians cannot be "dying" any more than electricians as a class can be.

It is really difficult to answer your letters. You have got things so higgledy-piggledy. You write of the constitutions of two orders, the A.:A.: and the O.T.O.; yet you ignore the printed information about them which you are supposed to have read.

I have to answer each sentence of your letter separately, so incoherent have you become!

You are a "student" of A.:A.:, and become a Probationer as soon as you take and pass the examination. (This is intended mostly to make sure that you have some general idea of the principal branches of the subject, and know the more important correspondences,) The rest:— please read "One Star in Sight" again, and do for God's sake try to assimilate the

and very fully given!

*The next paragraph apparently upset Mr. Regardie, for he cut it.*

It is terrifyingly near the state of mind which we symbolize by Choronzon, this hurrying flustered dash of yours from one point of view to another: a set of statements all true after a fashion, but flung out with such apprehensive agitation that a sensitive reader like myself comes near to being upset.

You say that you must tread the Path alone: quite true, if only because anything that exists for you is necessarily part of yourself. Yet you have to "go to others", and you become a veritable busybody. You quote odd opinions at random without the means of estimating their value.

Cannot I ever get you to understand the difference between an honest and dishonest teacher? I have always made it a rule never to put forward any statement of which I cannot produce proof; when I venture a personal opinion it is always Marked in Plain Figures to that effect. (I refer you to **Magick** p. 368: p. 375, paragraphs 1 and 2: and p. 415, paragraphs 000 and 00. We insist from the beginning on the individual character of the work, and upon the necessity of maintaining the objective and

explicitly warned against reliance upon "authority," even that of the Order itself.) Consider my own assets, personal, social, educational, experiential and the rest: don't you see that all I had to do was to put out some brightly—coloured and mellifluous lie, and avoid treading on too many toes, to have had hundreds of thousands of idiots worshipping me?

Please get a Konx om Pax somehow, and read p. XII:

**"It's only too  
easy to form a  
cult,  
To cry a crusade  
with 'Deus Vult' .**

...

**"A pinch of  
Bible, a gallon of  
gas,**

**And I, or any  
other guess ass,  
Could bring to  
our mystical  
Moonlight Mass  
Those empty-  
headed  
Athenians."**

and so on.

But I never forget that I am working on the 2,000 year basis; my work will stand when all the pompous platitudes and pleasant pieties have withered for the iridescent soft-soap bubbles that they are

Soap! Yes, indeed. I work on gold, and gold must be cleansed with acid.

I really cannot understand how you can be so inaccurate, with the very text before your eyes! You write—"you write that in Jan. 1899 etc." But I don't. Captain J. F. C. Fuller wrote it. A small point; but you must learn to be careful about every tiniest detail.

Then you go on about "not only invisible chiefs ...

*Here he appended a footnote: "How do you know They are 'invisible?' I foresee that sooner or later you will be asking for more information about them, so I am planning a separate letter to supply this." Mr. Germer added the following parenthesis: (See Letters 9, 50 and 77.). This parenthesis was cut out by Regardie.*

... of the A.:A.: . . . . but also the Chiefs of the Golden Dawn . . ." The Golden Dawn is merely the name for the Outer Order: see **Magick** pp. 230-231. **You have never been taught to read carefully.** You write of Theoricus as the grade following Neophyte: it isn't. Back to **Magick** pp. 230-231! You have never taken the trouble to go with me through the Rituals of O.T.O., or you would not ask such questions. The O.T.O. is a training of the Masonic type: there is no

any Yoga. There is a certain amount of Qabalah, and that of great doctrinal value. But the really vital matter is the gradual progress towards disclosure of the Secret of the Ninth Degree. To use that secret to advantage involves mastery both of Yoga and of Magick; but neither is taught in the Order. Now it comes to be mentioned, this is really very strange. However, I didn't invent the system; I must suppose that those who did knew what they were about.

To me it is

- (a) convenient in various practical ways,
- (b) a machine for carrying out the orders of the Secret Chiefs of A·A·A·,
- (c) by virtue of the Secret a magical weapon of incalculable power.

You are not "stuck." You can use your Astral Body well enough: too well, in one way.

*She had no control over her imagination.*

But I think you need a few more journeys with me: you ought to get on to the stage where the vision results from a definite invocation.

Do please forget all these vague statements about the "clarification of one's dream—life" (meaning what?) and "shadow—thinking" (meaning what?) These speculations are

your very next paragraph you give the whole show away! "Artistically it appeals to me—but not spiritually." **You have been spiritually poisoned.**

*As anybody brought up in a society dominated by one of the "religions" cursed in **AL**.*

What blasphemy more hideous could be penned? What lie so base, so false, so nasty, what so devilish and deadly a doctrine? I feel contaminated by the mere fact of being in a world where such filth is possible to conceive. I am all but in tears to think of my beloved sister tortured by so foul a denizen of the Abyss. Cannot you see in this the root of all your toadstool spawn of miseries, of doubts, of fears, of indecisions?

As an Artist you are a consecrated Virgin Priestess, the Oracle of the Most High. None has the right to approach you save with the most blessed awe, with arms outstretched as to invoke your benediction. By "spiritually" you mean no more than "according to the lower and middle—middle—class morality of the Anglo—Saxon of the period when Longfellow and Tennyson were supposed to be poets, and Royal Academicians painters."

There is a highly popular school of "occultists" which is 99 % an escane—mechanism. The

bogeys; but far deeper is the root—fear—fear of being alone, of being oneself, of life itself. With this there goes the sense of guilt.

**The Book of the Law** cuts directly at the root of all this calamitous, this infamous tissue of falsehood.

What is the meaning of Initiation? It is the Path to the realisation of your Self as the sole, the supreme, the absolute of all Truth, Beauty, Purity, Perfection!

What is the artistic sense in you? What but the One Channel always open to you through which this Light flows freely to enkindle you (and the world through you) with flowers of inexhaustible fervour and flame?

And you set up against That this spectre of grim fear, of shame, of qualms and doubts, of inward quakings lest — — you are too stricken with panic to see clearly what the horror is. You say "the elemental spirits and the Archangels are watching." (!) My dear, dear, sister, did you invent these beings for no better purpose than to spy on you?

*This should be read with great attention by the serious Aspirant.*

They are there to serve you; they are parts of your being whose function is to enable you to reach further in one particular



interference from the other parts, so long as you happen to need them for some service or other in the Great Work.

Please cleanse your mind once and for all of this delusion, disastrous and most damnable, that there can be opposition between two essential parts of your nature.

*The next paragraph was cut out by Israel Regardie; one would add "unpardonably," if any of that conscienceless bowdlerizer's cuts were pardonable or justifiable.*

I think this idea is a monstrous growth upon the tetanus-soaked soil of your fear of "the senses." Observe how all these mealy-mouthed prigs develop their distrust of Life until hardly an action remains that is not "dangerous" or in some way harmful. They dare not smoke, drink, love—do anything natural to them. They are right!! The Self in them is Guilt, a marsh miasmal of foul pestilence. Last, since "nature, though one expel it with a pitchfork, always returns," they do their "sins" in secret, and pile hypocrisy upon the summit of all their other vices.

I cannot write more; it makes me too sad. I hope there is no need. Do be your Self, the radiant Daughter of the Muse!

With **that** command I turn to other tasks.

Fraternally yours ever,

666

## LETTER 72: EDUCATION

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Education means "leading out"; this is not the same as "stuffing in."

I refuse to enlarge on this theme; it is all—important. To extract something, you should first know what is there. Here astrology ought to give useful hints; its indications give the mind something to work on. Experience makes "confirmation strong as Holy Writ;" but beware of **à priori**. Do not be dogmatic; do not insist in the face of disappointment. Astrology in education is useful as geology is to the prospector; it tells you the sort of thing to look for, and the direction in which to explore.

*He refers to the study of the temperament and personality structure of the individual student. The guys at **The Skeptical Inquirer** periodically wax wrathful over Astrology; but in the terms on which they object to*

*Astrology is useful as an indicator of personality structural traits; but you can predict the future from it only insofar as certain individual characteristics may be expected to produce certain specific reactions to environment. It is not true, for instance, that a person "born under Mars" will always become either an athlete, a soldier, or a surgeon; but either the body or the mind will show certain traits which have been associated with the "Influence of Mars" throughout the ages. Astrology is thus useful in education, and in medicine as an indicator, and no more. As an indicator it can be extremely useful at times; as fortune-telling it is most of the time totally absurd. Successful specific predictions of the future "based" on Astrology are actually either mere coincidence or, more rarely, examples of precognition; not examples of Astrology at all. It is this confusion, along with the unscrupulous claims of the average charlatan, that has brought Astrology into such disrepute. Were the skeptics to approach Astrology from this point of view of the true Initiatic interpretation of it, they might be surprised.*

There are, however, two main lines of teaching which are of

children; it is hardly possible to begin too early.

Firstly, accustom his ear from the start to noble sounds; the music of nature and the rhythm of great poetry. Do not aim at his understanding, but at his subconscious mind. Protect him from cacophonous noise; avoid scoring any cheap success with him by inflicting jingles ...

*This not only eliminates any but cable or public television but even casts doubts on much of certain acclaimed didactic television programs; for instance, parts of "Sesame Street."*

...; do not insult him by "baby-talk."

*How can a child learn to speak properly, if you speak to it as if you — and by reflexion, it — were an uneducated moron with a speech impediment? Please notice that at the time Crowley wrote the above this aspect of child education was a totally novel idea, as were all his ideas on social problems, of which the education of children is perhaps the most important of all.*

Secondly, let him understand, as soon as you start actual teaching, the difference between the real and the conventional in what you make him memorize. Nothing irritates children more than the arbitrary "because I say

so."

*Intelligent children, at any rate.*

Nobody knows why the alphabet has the order which we know; it is quite senseless. One could construct a much more rational order: **exempli gratia** the Mother, the Single and the Double letters, all in the natural order of the elements, planets and signs.

*But here, amusingly enough, he falls into the trap of considering "rational" an order based on just as arbitrary an arrangement as any other: the arrangement of the Qabalah. It is possible to argue that the Tree of Life does mirror aspects of the human being's constitution; but from there to extrapolate that the order in which the "elements," planets and signs are put necessarily mirrors aspects of real Nature is to fall into the trap of Orthodoxy, therefore of Dogma, unless one is willing to admit that the Hebrews got their alphabet and their Qabalah ready-made from a genius or geniuses of another cultural group, much as Esperanto was — and still is — an artifact rather than a natural language; yet, based on the most practicable structures of several such. If, however, you assume as a postulate that the attribution of the order of the "elements" to the letters of the "Sacred*

*convention from the start, you can dismiss such speculations as of interest only to anthropologists and apologists, and can safely use the Qabalah, rather than be abused by Hebrew Orthodoxy. Just remember that the order of the "elements" might well be the same even if the letters of the "Sacred Name" were totally others. Number, not language, and not theology, is the true basis of the Qabalah. To assume otherwise would be the same as to defend the absurd idea that Hebrew is the only means of communication by speech possible to humankind. No doubt this idea would flatter Messrs. Kahane, Begin, Shamir and Schlag among others, but why should any sane person wish to flatter these egomaniacs? Talk of taking coals to Newcastle! Furthermore, the argument (often advanced by unthinking Orthodox zealots after Crowley proved it) that the Hindu and Chinese systems mirror the correspondences of the Qabalah does not prove the "superiority" of the Hebrews over other cultures, rather, it is added evidence that the Hebrews received the Qabalah, they did not invent it; for both Sanskrit and Chinese are much more ancient languages than any language of the Semites. Even*

*bound to take the Hebrew Qabalah as the basis of his masterly correlation of the religious, mystical and magical systems of humankind (because, as he repeatedly stated, it was the most practical, the simplest, and the most efficient system) merely argues for the Qabalah being the latest and therefore the most polished model among those systems; not the oldest or original.*

Again, we have the "Missionary" Alphabet, arranged "scientifically" as Gutturals, modified ditto, Dentals, Labials, vowels and so on; a most repulsive concoction! But I would not accept any emendation from the God Thoth himself; it is infinitely simpler to stick to the familiar order. But explain to the child that this is only for convenience, like the rule of the road; indeed, like almost any rules!

But when your teaching is of the disputable kind, explain that too; encourage him to question, to demand a reason and to disagree. Get him to fence with you; sharpen his wits by dialectic; lure him into thinking for himself. I want tricks which will show him the advantages of a given subject of study; make him pester you to teach him. We did this most successfully at the Abbey of Θελημα in Cefalu; let me

One of us would take the children shopping and bring up the subject of ice—cream. Where, oh where could we get some? Presently one would exclaim and point to a placard and say, "I really do believe there'll be some there"—and lo! it was so. Then they would wonder how one knew, and one would say: Why, there's "Helados" printed on that piece of card in the window. They would want to learn to read at once. We would discourage them, saying what hard work it was, and how much crying it cost, at the same time giving another demonstration of the advantages. They would insist, and we should yield—to active, eager children, not to dullards that hated the idea of "lessons." So with pretty well everything; we first excited the child's will in the desired direction.

*After destroying the Abbey, Italian pedagogues — of Roman Catholic persuasion — tried to adopt its methods in Education. The Maria Montessori method is an example. Unfortunately, it is so carefully interwoven with Christist slave mentality that it indoctrinates, rather than educates, the child. Which, after all, was probably the intention in the first place.*

But (you ask) are there any special branches of learning



for all?

Yes.

*This paragraph, for reasons that by now should be obvious to any intelligent reader, was omitted by "Israel" Regardie.*

Our old unvalued friend St. Paul, the cunning crook who turned the Jewish communism of the Apostles into an international ramp, saw in a vision a man from Macedonia who said "Come over and help us!" This time it has been a woman from California, but the purport of her complaints was identical. Much as I should like to see my Father the Sun once more before I die, nothing doing until—if ever—life recovers from the blight of regulations. Luckily, one thing she said helps us out: someone had told her that I had written on Education in **Liber Aleph—The Book of Wisdom or Folly**—which has been ready for the printer for more than a quarter of a century—and there's nothing I can do about it!

*A new edition of **Liber Aleph** is in preparation by the O.T.O.*

However, I looked up the typescript. The book is itself Education; there are, however, six chapters which treat of the subject in the Special sense in which your question has involved us.

So I shall fling these chapters headlong into this letter.

**DE  
VOLUNTATE  
JUVENUM**

Long, O my Son,  
hath been this  
Digression from  
the plain Path of  
My word  
concerning  
Children; but it  
was most needful  
that thou  
shouldst  
understand the  
Limits of true  
Liberty. For that  
is not the Will of  
any Man which  
ultimateth in his  
own Ruin and  
that of all his  
Fellows; and that  
is not Liberty  
whose Exercise  
bringeth him to  
Bondage. Thou  
mayst therefore  
assume that it is  
always an  
essential Part of  
the Will of any  
Child to grow to  
Manhood or to  
Womanhood in  
Health, and his  
Guardians may  
therefore  
prevent him  
from ignorantly  
acting in  
Opposition  
thereunto, Care

taken to remove the cause of the Error, namely, Ignorance, as aforesaid. Thou mayst also assume that it is Part of the Child's Will to train every Function of the Mind; and the Guardians may therefore combat the Inertia which hinders its Development. Yet here is much Caution necessary, and it is better to work by exciting and satisfying any natural Curiosity than by forcing Application to set Tasks, however obvious this Necessity may appear.

## **DE MODO DISPUTANDI**

Now in this training of the Child is one most dear Consideration, that I shall impress upon thee as is Conformity with

Experience in the way of Truth. And it is this, that since that which can be thought is not true, every Statement is in some sense false. Even on the Sea of Pure Reason, we may say that every Statement is in some Sense disputable.

Therefore in every Case, even the simplest, the Child should be taught not only the Thesis, but also its opposite, leaving the Decision to the child's own Judgment and good Sense, fortified by Experience. And this Practice will develop its Power of Thought, and its Confidence in itself, and its Interest in all Knowledge. But most of all beware against any Attempt to bias its Mind on any Point that lieth without the

ascertained and  
undisputed Fact.  
Remember also,  
even when thou  
art most sure,  
that so were they  
sure who gave  
Instruction to  
the young  
Copernicus. Pay  
Reverence also to  
the Unknown  
unto whom thou  
presumest to  
impart thy  
knowledge; for  
he may be one  
greater than  
thou.

**DE  
VOLUTATE  
JUVENIS  
COGNOSCENDA**

It is important  
that thou  
shouldst  
understand as  
early as may be  
what is the true  
Will of the Child  
in the Matter of  
his Career. Be  
thou well aware  
of all Ideals and  
Daydreams; for  
the Child is  
himself, and not  
thy Toy. Recall  
the comic  
Tragedy of  
Napoleon and

Rome; build not  
an House for a  
wild Goat, nor  
plant a Forest for  
the Domain of a  
Shark. But be  
thou vigilant for  
every Sign,  
conscious or  
unconscious, of  
the Will of the  
Child, giving him  
then all  
Opportunity to  
pursue the Path  
which he thus  
indicates. Learn  
this, that he,  
being young, will  
weary quickly of  
all false Ways,  
however pleasant  
they may be to  
him at the  
Outset; but of the  
true Way he will  
not weary. This  
being in this  
Manner  
discovered, thou  
mayst prepare it  
for him  
perfectly; for no  
man can keep all  
Roads open for  
ever. And to him  
making his  
Choice explain  
how one may not  
travel far on any  
one Road  
without a general  
Knowledge of  
Things

irrelevant. And with that he will understand, and bend him wisely to his Work.

**DE ARTE  
MENTIS  
COLENDI (1)  
MATHEMATICA**

Now, concerning the first Foundation of Thy Mind I will say somewhat. Thou shalt study with Diligence in the Mathematics, because thereby shall be revealed unto thee the Laws of thine own Reason and the Limitations thereof. This Science manifesteth unto thee thy true Nature in respect of the Machinery whereby it worketh, and showeth in pure Nakedness, without Clothing of Personality or Desire, the Anatomy of thy conscious Self. Furthermore, by this thou mayst understand the

**Relations  
between all  
Things, and the  
Nature of  
Necessity, and  
come to the  
Knowledge of  
Form. For this  
Mathematics is  
as it were the last  
Veil before the  
Image of Truth,  
so that there is  
no Way better  
than our Holy  
Qabalah, which  
analyseth all  
Things soever,  
and reduceth  
them to pure  
Number; and  
thus their  
Natures being no  
longer coloured  
and confused,  
they may be  
regulated and  
formulated in  
Simplicity by the  
Operation of  
Pure Reason, to  
their great  
Comfort in the  
Work of our  
Transcendental  
Art, whereby the  
Many become  
One.**

**SEQUITUR  
(2) CLASSICA**

**My son, neglect  
not in any wise**



the study of the  
Writings of  
Antiquity, and  
that in the  
original  
Language. For  
by this thou shalt  
discover the  
History of the  
Structure of thy  
Mind, that is, its  
Nature regarded  
as the last Term  
in a Sequence of  
Causes and  
Effects. For thy  
Mind hath been  
built up of these  
Elements, so that  
in these Books  
thou mayst bring  
into the Light  
thine own sub-  
conscious  
Memories. And  
thy Memory is as  
it were the  
Mortar in the  
House of thy  
Mind, without  
which is no  
Cohesion or  
Individuality  
possible, so that  
it is called  
Dementia. And  
these Books have  
lived long and  
become famous  
because they are  
the Fruits of  
ancient Trees  
whereof thou art  
directly the Heir

they are more  
truly germane to  
thine own  
Nature than  
Books of  
Collateral  
Offshoots,  
though such  
were in  
themselves  
better and wiser.  
Yes, O my son, in  
these Writings  
thou mayst study  
to come to the  
true  
Comprehension  
of thine own  
Nature, and that  
of the whole  
Universe, in the  
dimensions of  
Time, even as the  
Mathematic  
declareth it in  
that of Space:  
that is, of  
Extension.  
Moreover, by  
this Study shall  
the Child  
comprehend the  
Foundation of  
Manners: the  
which, as sayeth  
one of the Sons  
of Wisdom,  
maketh Man.

**SEQUITUR**  
**(3)**  
**SCIENTIFICA**

Space are the conditions of Mind, these two Studies are fundamental.

Yet there remaineth

Causality, which is the Root of the Actions and Reactions of Nature. This

also shalt thou seek ardently, that thou mayest comprehend the Variety of the Universe, its Harmony and its Beauty, with the Knowledge of that which compelleth it.

Yet this is not equal to the former two in Power to reveal thee to thyself; and its first Use is to instruct thee in the true Method of Advancement in Knowledge,

which is, fundamentally, the observation of the Like and Unlike. Also, it shall arouse in thee the Ecstasy of Wonder; and it shall bring thee to a proper

**of Art Magick.  
For our Magick  
is but one of the  
Powers that lie  
within us  
undeveloped and  
unanalysed; and  
it is by the  
Method of  
Science that it  
must be made  
clear, and  
available to the  
Use of Man. Is  
not this a Gift  
beyond Price, the  
Fruit of a Tree  
not only of  
Knowledge but of  
Life? For there  
is that in Man  
which is God,  
and there is that  
also which is  
Dust; and by our  
Magick we shall  
make these twain  
one Flesh, to the  
Obtaining of the  
Empery of the  
Universe.**

I suppose I might have put it more concisely: Classics is itself Initiation, being the key of the Unconscious; Mathematics is the Art of manipulating the Ruach, and of raising it to Neschamah; and Science is co—terminous with Magick.

These are the three branches of study which I regard as fundamental. No others are in

Geography is almost meaningless until one makes it real by dint of honest travel, which does not mean either "commuting" or "luxury cruises," still less "globe-trotting." Law is a specialized study, with a view to a career; History is too unsystematic and uncertain to be of much use as mental training ...

*As Henry Ford the First (and only) said, 'History is bunk', especially when told by your own country.*

... Art is to be studied for and by one's solitary self; any teaching soever is rank poison.

The final wisdom on this subject is perhaps the old "Something of everything, and everything of something."

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours ever,

666

P.S. Better mention, perhaps, that literacy is no test of education. For ignorance of life, the don class leaves all others at the post; and it is these monkish and monkeyish recluses, with their hideous clatter and cackle, "The tittering, thin-bearded, epicene," "Dwarf, fringed with fear," the obscene vole, dweller by and in backwaters that has foisted upon us the grotesque and poisonous superstition that wisdom abides only in dogs-eared, worm-eaten, mule-inspired

folios.

I like the story—it is a true tale —of the old Jew millionaire who bought up the annual waste of the Pennsylvania Railroad—a matter of Three Million Dollars. He called with his cheque very neatly made out—and signed it by making his mark! The Railroad Man was naturally flabbergasted, and could not help exclaiming, "Yet you made all those millions of yours—what would you have been if only you had been able to read and write?" "Doorkeeper at the Synagogue" was the prompt reply. His illiteracy had disqualified him when he applied for the job after landing.

The story is not only true, but "of all Truth;" see my previous letter on "Certainty."

Books are not the only medium even of learning; more, what they teach is partial, prejudiced, meagre, sterile, uncertain, and alien to reality. It follows that all the best books are those which make no pretence to accuracy: poetry, theatre, fiction. All others date. Another point is that Truth abides above and aloof from intellectual expression, and consequently those books which bear the Magic Keys of the Portal of the Intelligible by dint of inspiration and suggestion

with Reality than those whose appeal is only to the Intellect. "Didactic" poetry, "realistic" plays and novels, are contradictions in terms.

P.P.S. One more effort: the above reminds me that I have said no word about the other side of the medal. There are many children who cannot be educated at all in any sense of the word. It is an abominable waste of both of them and of the teacher to push against brick walls.

Yet one last point. I am as near seventy as makes no matter, and I am still learning with all my might. All my life I have been taught: governesses, private tutors, schools, private and public, the best of the Universities: how little I know! I have traveled all over the world in all conditions, from "grand seigneur," to "holy man;" how little I know!

What then of the ninety—and—  
nine ...

*He means the other ninety—  
nine percent of people who  
have no such educational  
advantages; please put your  
Qabalah away on this one!*

..., dragged by the ears through  
suicide examinations, and  
kicked out of school into  
factory in their teens? They  
have learnt only just enough  
to facilitate the swallowing of  
the gross venal lies of the  
radio and the Yellow Press ...

*The unwary might argue that at least on television you see with your own eyes what is happening or has happened; they forget that what you see is carefully selected by the manipulators of the media.*

...; or, if mother—wit has chanced to warn them, they learn a little—very little—more, getting their Science from a Shilling Handbook and so on, till they know just enough to become dangerous agitators.

No, anything like a real education demands leisure, the conversation of the wise, the means to travel, and the rest.

There is only one solution: to pick out the diamonds from the clay, cut them, polish them, and set them as they deserve. Attempt no idiot experiments with the muck of the mine! You will observe that I am advocating an aristocratic revolution. And so I am!

*Aristocratic, however, not in the sense of any extant "aristocracy," which is always based on artificial privilege; but in the sense of a true new aristocracy based on merit, the members of which may rise from any echelon of society at any time through the chance permutation of genes. Such an aristocracy, furthermore, cannot, as we remarked elsewhere ho*



*prompt to welcome members of any class that prove themselves worthy to belong to it.*

P.P.P.S. Short of the ideals above outlined, you may as well have a **pis aller**—words of astonishing insight and wisdom, not alien to the Law Θελημα, and written by one who was trained on **The Book of the Law**.

**"Self—confidence must be cultivated in the younger members of the nation from childhood onwards. Their whole education and training must be directed towards giving them a conviction that they are superior to others", wrote Hitler.**

**"In the case of female education," I read on, "the main stress should be laid on bodily training, after that on character, and, last of all, on the intellect; but the one absolute aim of female**

**be with a view to  
the future  
mother."**

They are quoted as an extreme example of all that is horrible and evil by Mr. George E. Chust of the "Daily Telegraph"—from **Mein Kampf!**

*In this particular case I must disagree with both Crowley and Mr. Chust, to say nothing of Herr Hitler. There is nothing particularly "horrible" or "evil" in those paragraphs, of course; it is the same kind of well-meaning tripe that can be found elsewhere under other names and authors; indeed, it can be found in great part in some early O.T.O. documents, especially those of the German O.T.O. But the point is that the above recommendations disagree both with Crowley's precepts on Education, as detailed in the **Liber Aleph** chapters quoted above, in several points, and with **The Book of the Law** itself in one fundamental point. As to teaching self-confidence to the masses, what the Nazis did was to foment the mystique of the "Chosen People" — under the variant name of the "Aryan Race" — in male children; and to foment the spirit of mammalian herd animals in the girls. Self-confidence*

*learn by experience, and to forgive oneself if one errs, since no one is infallible; what the Nazis — and the Zionists — did and do is to believe that they are absolutely right and therefore anybody who disagrees with them must be absolutely wrong. The Nazis did not last long and could not last; the Zionists have lasted further because after fifteen thousand years of ruthless persecution Jews are, on the whole, exceptional people; but on the long run the Zionists, also, cannot last with their present attitude, since even those they oppress will be culled by oppression in the very same way Jews were, and will learn hatred from infancy, as the Jews did. And as to making women put the mere bodily animal before intellect — this is not at all the teaching of **The Book of the Law**, as Crowley himself has made abundantly clear in his letters up to now. Specifically, we must again refer serious readers, especially women, to **AL** iii, 11, and the commentaries thereon.*

P.P.P.P.S. There is a game, an improvement on the "Spelling Bee"—I have anti-christened it "Fore and aft" so as to be natty and naval—which is in my opinion one of the three or four best indoor games for two ever invented. Here are

disputed points? Apply to me.

*The game he describes has since made the rounds of many countries, vitalized by the Magick of the Beast. In Brasil it is called — talk about puns! — the "Gallows." You begin by drawing a gallows in a piece of paper (or on the blackboard), and every time someone makes a mistake a line is added to a drawing of a puppet hanging from a noose, until the final loser is pictorially hanged. In this case at least, the Hanged Man can be a woman.*

1. A "Word" consists of four or more letters.
2. It must be printed in big black type in the Dictionary chosen for reference. (Nuttall's is fairly good, though some very well-known words are omitted. The Oxford Pocket Dictionary is useless; it is for morons, illiterates, wallowers in "Basic English"—and (I suppose) Oxonians. No proper names, however well-known, unless used as common: e.g. Bobby, a flatfoot, a beetlecrusher, a harness bull; or Xantippe, a shrew, a lady. X-rays is given in the plural only: ditto "Rontgen-rays", and they give "Rontgenogram". "You never can tell!" Participles, plurals and the like are not "words" unless printed as such in big black type. exempli gratia Nuttall's "Juttingly" is a word;

smaller type. "Soaking" is in small type, but also in big type as a noun; so it is a word.)

3. The Dictionary is the sole and final arbiter. This produces blasphemy, but averts assassination.
4. The first player starts with the letter A. The second may put any letter he chooses either before or after that A. The other continues as he will, and can.
5. The player who cannot add a letter without completing a "word" loses.

They proceed to B, and so on to Z.

6. A player whose turn it is must either add his letter within a reasonable (This is a matter of good feeling, courtesy and consideration) time, may say "I challenge" or, alternatively, "That is a 'word'." The other must then give the "word" that he intends, or deny that it is a "word" within the meaning of the Art, as the case may be. The Dictionary decides the winner. The challenged player may give one word only, and that in the form which is printed in the Dictionary; *exempli gratia* if he were challenged at BRUSS, and answered Brussels, he would lose; if BRUSSELS-SPROUTS, he would win. Hyphens need not be given. CASHMERE is a "word"; it is a kind of shawl, etc., so is CHARLEY, a night—

Dictionary decides.

7. This game calls not only for an extensive vocabulary but for courage; foresight, judgment, resource, subtlety and even low cunning. It can be played by more than two players, but the more there are, the more the element of chance comes in; and this is hateful to really fine players and diminishes the excitement. The rapier—play of two experts, when a word changes from one line of formation to another, and then again, perhaps even a third time, is as exhilarating as a baseball—game or a bull—fight.

And what the Tartarus—Tophet—Jehanna has all this to do with Education, and the Great Work? This, child! H. G. Wells and others have pointed out with serene justice that a gap in your vocabulary implies a gap in your mind; you lack the corresponding idea.

*The rest of this paragraph, and the next, were excised by Regardie.*

Too true, "Erbert! But I threap that a pakeha with such xerotes as his will chowter with an arsis of ischonophony, beyond aught that any fub, even in Vigonia and dwale mammodis with a cascade from a Dewan tauty, a kiss—me—quick, a chou over her merkin and a parka over her chudder could do to save him

when he reads this. Sruti!

(Whaur's your Wullie Chaucer  
noo?)

I put this in for you because an  
American officer, very dear to  
me ...

*This was Grady McMurtry, poor  
Crowley.*

..., flited from the Front for a few  
days to ask me a few questions  
—oh, "very much above your  
exalted grade" my dear—and I  
thought it might be useful to  
him to learn this game,  
needing, as it does, such very  
meagre apparatus, to wile  
away some of the long hours  
between attacks. He picked it  
up quickly enough; but, after a  
bit when I suggested that he  
should pass it on to his  
comrades—in—arms, he  
jeered at me openly!

Their vocabulary to mine, he  
said, holds just about the same  
proportion as mine does to  
yours; I hypothesized  
modestly, "about five per  
cent." (After all, I am forty—  
five years his senior.) He  
roared at me. "Not one in a  
hundred," he said, "know so  
much as the names of nine—  
tenths of the subjects that I  
discuss habitually and  
fluently. They gasp, they gape,  
they grunt, the gibber; it is  
almost always black  
bewilderment. And some of  
them are college graduates—  
which I'm not."

*As one can see, McMurtry*

*snob and a prig at that young age. Crowley, in the natural humility of a truly educated person, suggested a game that would improve the vocabulary of the common soldier; McMurtry was merely interested in proving his superiority to his subordinates; although "superiority" that is defined in terms of the limits of your own educational background is hardly something to boast of except in company that falls within those limits as well. I constantly find that illiterates or poorly educated people vastly exceed me in the specialized vocabulary of their trade or their environment.*

*Crowley here added the following footnote, which Mr. Regardie, another snob and prig, thought fit to modify at a point that we will note:*

*They attach no meaning to these words:*

*Palaeontology,*

*Criterion,*

*Vector,*

*Synthesis (They know "synthetic" but can't connect it with the noun),*

*Epitome,*

*Foreign Policy (To them a mere phrase; no idea of its connotation or principles)*

*Demology, (The original word; Mr. Regardie apparently thought it was a misprint, and changed it to "Demology")*



*along his lines of intellectual access.)*

*Entrepreneur,  
Correspondent and Co—  
respondent (They don't know  
the difference),  
Subcutaneous,  
Chordee and  
Gleet (Although they have  
them!),  
Histology ("Something to do  
with history")*

He was snatched from school,  
and given a commission on the  
spot, apparently because he  
was one of very few that could  
be differentiated from the  
average Learned Pig.

*This, of course, was McMurtry's  
version; his subsequent  
collaboration in government  
probes of Thelemites suggests  
a different story.*

All this made me exceeding  
sorrowful.

*And McMurtry extremely  
happy.*

I began to understand why my  
**Liber OZ**, written entirely in  
words of one syllable only,  
with this very idea in mind,  
turned out to be completely  
beyond the average man's (or  
woman's) understanding.

*This is absolutely not the case;  
they understand only too  
well, the slaves; but they fear  
the last paragraph, since guilt  
is in their souls.*

I had some Mass Observation  
done on it.

"But this is rank socialism." "Sv.

Golly!" "Cripes!" "Coo!"  
"How **dreadful!**" about the  
nearest most of them got to  
Ralph Straus and Desmond  
MacCarthy!

Words of one syllable! Louis  
Marlow had already told me  
what a fool I was to expect  
that. "All they can digest,"  
said he, "is a mess of stewed  
clichés with Bird's custard  
Power."

Damn everything—it's true, it's  
true.

*But irrelevant. It does not  
matter whether the "people"  
understand or approve **Liber  
OZ** or not. The "people" never  
make laws or impose  
systems: it is always an elite  
who do. Study your  
demology...!*

So do you at least get together  
the stones that you need to  
build your Basilica!

## **LETTER 73: "MONSTERS", NIGGERS, JEWS, ETC.**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

Come now, is this quite fair?  
When I agreed to tip you off  
about Magick and the rest, I  
certainly never expected to be

interviewed by an American Sunday Newspaper. What do I prefer for breakfast, and my views on the future of the theatre, and is the Great White Brotherhood in favour of Eugenic Babies? No, dear sister—I nearly said sob—sister. But this I will say, you have been very artful, and led me on very cleverly—you must have been a terror to young men—for the matter of that, I dare say you are still!

And I don't see how to get out of swallowing this last sly bait ...

*All the above was excised from  
Regardie's piracy*

...; as you say, "Every man and every woman is a star." does need some attention to the definition of "man" and "woman." What is the position, you say, of "monsters"? And men of inferior" races, like the Veddah, Hottentot and the Australian Blackfellow? There must be a line somewhere, and will I please draw it? You make me feel like Giotto!

There is one remark which I must make at the beginning. It's some poet or other, Tennyson or Kipling, I think (I forget who) that wrote: "Folks in the loomp, is baad."

*He is, of course, being facetious.  
The idiom is too American for  
Kipling's poetry, and  
Tennyson would never have  
written a line like that.*

It is true all round. Someone wisely took note that the vilest man alive had always found someone to love him.

*The "someone" is, of course, Eliphas Levi.*

Remember the monster: that Sir Frederick Treves picked up from an East End peep—show, and had petted by princesses? (What a cunning trick!) Revolting, all the same, to read his account of it.

*This "monster" was the celebrated "Elephant Man," and the "princesses," with that refinement of feeling one learns to expect from Christist "high society," misguidedly thought the nickname referred to the size of his penis. Clever Treves! Please notice how Crowley caught the true character of the individuals involved. One wonders where the dramatists who have recently exploited this story got it. Perhaps they read Mr. Regardie's piracy.*

He—the monster, not Treves!—seems to have been a most charming individual—ah! That's the word we want. Every individual has some qualities that endear him to some other. And per contra, I doubt if there is any class which is not detestable to some other class. Artists, police, the clergy, "reds," foxhunters, Freemasons, Jews, "heaven-born," women's clubwomen (especially in

dog—lovers; you can't find one body without its "natural" enemies. It's right, what's worse; every class, as a class, is almost sure to have more defects than qualities." As soon as you put men together, they somehow sink, corporatively, below the level of the worst of the individuals composing it. Collect scholars on a club committee, or men of science on a jury; all their virtues vanish, and their vices pop out, reinforced by the self—confidence which the power of numbers is bound to bestow.

*But this is **not** true self—confidence, it is confidence in the herd. One must remark that neither Crowley nor any true Initiate has ever exhibited this kind of "confidence."*

It is peculiarly noticeable that when a class is a ruling minority, it acquires a detestation as well as a contempt for the surrounding "mob." In the Northern States of U.S.A., where the whites are overwhelming in number, the "nigger" can be more or less a "regular fellow;" in the South, where fear is a factor, Lynch Law prevails. (Should it? The reason for "NO" is that it is a confession of weakness.) But in the North, there is a very strong feeling about certain other classes: the Irish, the Italians, the Jews. Why? Fear

Italians in crime, the Jews in finance. But none of these phobias prevent friendship between individuals of hostile classes.

I think that perhaps I have already written enough—at least enough to start you thinking on the right lines. And mark well this! The submergence of the individual in his class means the end of all true human relations between men. Socialism means war. When the class moves as a class, there can be no exceptions.

This is no original thought of mine; Stalin and Hitler both saw it crystal—clear; both, the one adroitly, the other clumsily, but with equally consummate hypocrisy, acted it out. They picked individuals to rule under their autocracy, killed off those that wouldn't fit, destroyed the power of the Trades Unions or Soviets while pretending to make them powerful and prosperous, and settled down to the serious business of preparing for the war which both knew to be inevitable.

It is this fundamental fact which ensures that every democracy shall end with an upstart autocrat; the stability of peace depends upon the original idea which aggrandized America in a century from four millions to a hundred: extreme individualism with

period of peace abroad (bar  
frontier skirmishes like the  
Crimean war) and prosperity  
at home coincided with Free  
Trade and Laissez—faire.

Now we may return, refreshed,  
to the main question of  
monsters, real (like Treves')  
or imaginary like Jews and  
niggers.

*The next two paragraphs were  
again excised by Regardie.*

'Arf a mo! Haven't we solved the  
problem, ambulando?  
Everything would be okydoke  
and hunkydory if only we can  
prevent classes from acting as  
such?

I suppose so. Then, what about a  
spot of pithy paradox for a  
change?

Why should the classes want to  
act as classes? It's obvious;  
"Union is strength." The  
worst Fifteen can do more  
with a football than the best  
opposing team of one—excuse  
my Irish!

Well, what tortoise is **that**  
elephant based upon? Why,  
still obviously, upon the  
universal sense of individual  
weakness. We all want a big  
bruvver to tell of him! Hence  
the Gods and the Classes. It's  
**fear** at the base of the whole  
pyramid of skulls.

How right politicians are to look  
upon their constituents as  
cattle! Anyone who has any  
experience of dealing with any  
class as such knows the futility

indeed to any other qualities than those of brutes.

And so, whenever we find one Man who has no fear like Ibsen's Doctor Stockmann or Mark Twain's Colonel Grainger that strolled out on his balcony with his shotgun to face the mob that had come to lynch him, he can get away with it. "An Enemy of the People" wrote Ibsen,

**"Ye are against the people,  
O my chosen!" says The  
Book of the Law.  
(AL II, 25).**

Not only does it seem to me the only conceivable way of reconciling this and similar passages with "Every man and every woman is a star." to assert the sovereignty of the individual, and to deny the right—to—exist to "class-consciousness," "crowd-psychology," and so to mob-rule and Lynch-Law, but also the only practicable plan whereby we may each one of us settle down peaceably to mind his own business, to pursue his True Will, and to accomplish the Great Work.

So never lose sight for a moment of the maxim so often repeated in one context or another in these letters: that fear is at the root of every possibility of trouble, and that

**"Fear is failure, and the  
forerunner of failure Re**



**fear; for in the heart of the  
coward virtue abideth not."**

Good—night; and don't look  
under the bed!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 74: OBSTACLES ON THE PATH**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

Peccavi! And how! But my  
excuse is good, and I will try  
to make amends.

First, a little counter—attack—  
your letter is so rambling and  
diffuse that at first I couldn't  
make out what you were  
getting at, and at last decided  
that it is much too random to  
reproduce, or even to deal  
with in detail. I shall simply  
formulate the case for the  
Prosecution, plead guilty, and  
appeal for clemency.

The gravamen is that the Path of  
the Wise is gay with flowers,  
gilded with kiosks, and beset  
with snares; that every step is  
the Abode of Terror and  
Rapture—and all that! Yet I  
habitually write in the manner  
of a drunken dominie! You

Theognis."

I tempted you, it seems with  
"The Chymical Marriage of  
Christian Rosencreutz", its  
incomparable mystery and  
glamour, its fugitive beauty,  
its ineffable romance, its  
chivalry and its adventure,  
pellucid gleams as of sunlight  
under the sea, vast brooding  
wings of horror  
overshadowing the firmament,  
yet with strong Starlight  
constant overhead. And then I  
let you down!

You did expect at least  
something of the atmosphere  
of the Arabian Nights; if not so  
high, of Apuleius and  
Petronius Arbiter; of Rabelais,  
Meinhold, de la Motte  
Fouqué; and the Morte  
d'Arthur in later times, of  
Balzac, Dumas, Lytton,  
Huysmans, Mabel Collins and  
Arthur Machen.

*To say nothing of a bit of "Dion  
Fortune," Marie Corelli, sax  
Rohmer, or even Dennis  
Wheatley, to go straight to  
the chaff. And why not Peter  
Straub and David Seltzer?  
And... but a list of all  
mediocrity would grow too  
long.*

You look at me with strange sad  
eyes: "But you, too, Master,  
have not you too led a life as  
strange, as glamorous, as  
weird and as romantic, as the  
best of them? Then why this  
cold detachment from that  
ambience?" Well, if you put it  
like that, I can only say that I

guilty and entirely innocent!

For, while the charge is true, the  
defence is not to be shaken.

The worst of all teachers are the  
Boloney Magnates, of whom I  
have already given some  
account. But the next worst  
are just exactly those who try  
to create an atmosphere of  
romance, and succeed only in a  
crude theatricalism. So,  
avoiding the swirling turmoil  
of Scylla, I have broken the  
ship on the barren rock  
Charybdis.

Now let me hearten you, brave  
sister! All the old tales are  
true! You can have as many  
dragons, princesses, vampires,  
knights—errant, glendowers,  
enchanted apes, Jinn,  
sorcerers and incubi as you  
like to fancy, and—whoa  
Emma! did I tell you about  
Cardinal Newman? Well, I  
will.

The one passage in his snivelling  
Apologia which impressed me  
was a tale of his childhood—  
before the real poet, lover and  
mystic had been buried  
beneath the dung—heap of  
Theology. He tells us that he  
read the **Arabian Nights**—in  
a heavily Bowdlerized edition,  
bet you a tosser!

*Several Israel Regardies have  
worked at it. The only two  
editions valuable to the  
serious student are the  
translations by Paine and by  
Burton, when they, also, are*

*notes are, furthermore, invaluable as an introduction to Arab thought and life, and to Arab sexual mores. But if intact, his translation is sixteen volumes; Paine's also huge. They should, however, be found for little money somewhere in these days when "bestsellers" are prefabricated trash.*

...— and was enchanted, like the rest of us, so that he sighed "I wish these tales were true!" The same thing happened to me; but I set my teeth, and muttered: "I will **make** these tales true!"

Well, I have, haven't I? You said it yourself!

*The next two paragraphs were excised from Regardie's piracy.*

Let me be very frank about one point. It has always puzzled me completely why one is forbidden to relate certain of one's adventures. You remember, perhaps, in one of these letters I started out gaily to tell you some quite simple things—I couldn't, can't, see quite what harm could come of it—and I was pulled up sharp—yes, and actually punished, like a school-boy! I had often done much more impudent things, and nobody seemed to give a hoot. Oh somebody tell me why!

The only suggestion that occurs to me is that I might somehow

enemy to blaspheme." Let it go at that!

**"Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!"**

Yes child, my deepest attitude is to be found in my life. I have been to most of the holy inaccessible places, and talked with the most holy inaccessible men; I have dared all the most dangerous adventures, both of the flesh and of the spirit; and I challenge the world's literature to match for sublimity and terror such experiences as those in the latter half of **The Vision and the Voice**.

You understand, of course, that I say all this merely in indication; or rather, as I said before, as an appeal for clemency.

On the contrary (you will retort) you are a mean cat (Felis Leo, please!) not to let us all in on the ground floor of so imposing a Cathedral!

*The next paragraph was again cut out by Regardie.*

To atone? Not a catalogue, which would be interminable; not a classification, which would be impossible, save in the roughest terms; nothing but a few short notes, possibly an anecdote or so. Just a tickle or a dram of schnapps, to enliven the proceedings—ordeals—temptations—that

Khabardar karo! With now  
and then a snappy Achtung!

Oh, curse this mind of mine! I  
just can't help running to hide  
under the broad skirts of the  
Qabalah! It's Disk, Sword, Cup  
and Wand again! Sorry, but  
**c'est trop fort pour moi.**

Disks. To master Earth,  
remember that the Disk is  
always spinning; fix this idea,  
get rid of its solidity.

Commonly, the first tests of the  
young Aspirant refer to cash  
—"that's God's sol solid in this  
world." The proper magical  
attitude is very hard to  
describe. (I'm not talking of  
that black hen's egg any more;  
that is simple.) Very sorry to  
have to say it, but it is not  
unlike that of the spendthrift.  
Money must circulate, or it  
loses its true value. A banker  
in New York once told me that  
the dollar circulated nine  
times as fast as the English  
equivalent, so that people  
seemed to themselves to be  
nine times as rich. (I told you  
about the £100 note in a  
special letter on Money). But  
here I am stressing the  
spiritual effect; what happens  
is that anxiety vanishes; one  
feel that as it goes out, so it  
comes in. This view is not  
incompatible with thrift and  
prudence, and all that lot of  
virtues, far from it, it tucks in  
with them quite easily. You  
must practise this; there's a  
knack in it. Success in this

indeed; not only does the refusal to count (Fourpen'north or Yoga, please miss, and Mum says can I have a penny if I bring back the bottle!), bring about the needlessness of counting, but also one acquires the power to command!

A century ago, very nearly, there lived in Bristol and "Open Brother" names Muller, who was a wizard at this; Grace before breakfast, the usual palaver about the Lord and His blessings and His bounty **et cetera, da capo**; to conclude "and, Blessed Lord, we would humbly venture to remind Thee that this morning Thou art £3 4s. 6 1/2d. short in the accounts; trusting that Thou wilt give this small matter Thine immediate attention, for Jesus' Christ's sake, Amen." Sure enough, when he came to open his post, there would be just enough, sometimes exactly enough, to cover that amount.

This story was told me by an enemy, who thought quite seriously that he would go to Hell for being "Open." ("Open" Brethren were lax about the Lord's Supper, let people partake who were not sound upon the Ramsgate Question; and other Theological Atrocities!) It meant that the facts were so undeniable that the "advertisement for Answer to

"miracle by a heretic."

I knew a poetess of great distinction who used to amuse herself by breaking off a conversation and saying, "Give me a franc" (or a shilling, or any small sum) and then going on with her previous remarks. She told me that of over a hundred people I was the second who had passed the coin to her without remark of any kind.

*This was Gertrude Stein. According to Ernest Hemmingway, she was still at it years later, when he was perhaps the third person to pass the test.*

This story—do you think?—is neither here nor there. No, my remarks are rarely asyntartete. The Masters, at one stage or another of initiation—it is forbidden to indicate the conditions—arrange for some test of the Aspirant's attitude in some matter, not necessarily involving cash. If he fails, goodnight!

*The person himself or herself may think he or she wants to persist on the Path, but gravitates slowly away from it, and usually forgets — literally — that Aspiration was ever a part of his or her life.*

Swords, now. The snags connected with this type of test are probably the nastiest



confusion, logical error (and, worse, logical precision of the kind that distinguishes many lunatics), dispersion, indecision, failure to estimate values correctly—oh!—there is no end to the list. So much so, indeed, that there is no specific critical test, it is all part of the routine, and goes on incessantly.

Well, there is just one. Without warning a decision of critical importance has to be made by the candidate, and he is given so many minutes to say Yes or No. He gets no second chance.

But I must warn you of one particular disgrace. You know that people of low mentality haunt fortune-tellers of equal calibre, but with more low cunning. They do not really want to know the future, or to get advice; their real object is to persuade some supposed "authority" to flatter them and confirm them in their folly and stupidity.

It is the same thing with a terrifying percentage of the people that come for "teaching" and "initiation." The moment they learn anything they didn't know before, off they fly in a temper! No sooner does it become apparent that the Master is **not** a stupid middle-class prig and hypocrite—another edition of themselves, in short—they are frightened, they are horrified, they flee

the man in the Bible! I have seen people turn fish—belly pale in the face, and come near fainting outright, when it has dawned upon them suddenly that magick is a real thing!

It's all beyond me!

*Sometimes it is merely the shock of being suddenly confronted, in practice, with a set of circumstances which one had previously admitted only as a working hypothesis. Many people dream of dragons constantly; but one imagines that Ms. Anne McCaffrey, for instance, might faint if, going for a walk, she found a dragon sunning itself on her path. After the first shock, one adjusts — or flees Magick forever. not everybody has Crowley's indomitable courage.*

Cups: we are much more definite again. The great test is so well known, and accounts have already been published, that it can be here plainly stated. Early in his career, the Aspirant is exposed to the seductions of a Vampire, and warned in due form and due season.

"Sleep with A,B,C,D,E and F, my lad, and our hearty best wishes! But not with G on any account, on peril of your work!"

So off he goes to G, without a second's hesitation. This test may be prolonged; the

danger has been recognized, and he may have half a dozen warnings, either direct or springing from his relations with her. And the penalty is not so drastically final; often he gets off with a term of penal servitude.

*Miscalled "marriage" and/or "parenthood."*

On the other hand, the Aspirant who can spot at the first hint why the Masters think that particular woman a danger, and acts promptly and decisively as he should, is secretly marked down as a sword of very fine temper indeed!

*Such, of course, are not graced with cognomens like 'Hymeneus Alpha.'*

The rest of the Cup Ordeals consists for the most part of progressive estimations of the quality of the Postulant's devotion to the work; there is not, as a rule, anything particularly spectacular or dramatic in it. If you stick to your Greetings and Adorations and all such mnemonics, you are not likely to go very far wrong.

Wands: this obviously a pure question of Will. You will find as you go on that obstacles of varying degrees of difficulty confront you; and the way in which you deal with them is most carefully watched. The best advice that I can give is to

need of the Bull—at—a—Gate method, though that must always be ready in reserve; no, the best analogy is rapier-play. Elastic strength. Warfare shows us.

That seems to cover your question more or less; but don't forget that it depends on yourself how much of the dramatic quality colours your Path. I suppose I have been lucky to have had the use of all the traditional trappings; but it is always possible to make a "coat of many colours" out of a heap of rags.

*Depending, usually, on the quality of the fabric. But in this as in everything "there is a factor infinite & unknown."*

To show you that you have had Chaucer and John Bunyan—yes, and Laurence Sterne: to bring up the rear, James Thomson (B.V.) to say nothing of Conrad and Hardy. Nor let me forget "The Cream of the Jest" and "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" of my friend, James Branch Cabell.

So now, fair damozel, bestride thy palfrey, and away to the Mountains of Magick!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. One danger I had purposely passed over, as it is not likely to come your way. But, since others may read these letters

—

Some, and these the men of highest promise, often of great achievement, are tempted by Treason. They acquire a "Judas—complex," think how splendid it would be if they were to destroy the Order—or, at the very least, unhorse the Master.

This is, of course, absurd in itself, because if they had crossed the Abyss, they would understand why it is impossible. It would be like "destroying Electricity," or "debunking" the Venus of Milo. The maximum of success possible in such an operation would be to become a "Black—Brother;" but what happens in practice, so far as my own experience goes, is complete dispersion of the mental faculties amounting to suicide; I could quote no less than four cases in which actual physical self—murder was the direct result.

## **LETTER 75: THE A:.A:. AND THE PLANET**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

You Write:

**Am I to**

the A.:A.: has two main lines of Work.

(1) The initiation of Individuals,

(2) Action on the world in general—say

"Weltpolitik"?

Because your letters on the History of Magick do imply (2) ...

*She probably refers to Letters 6—8.*

...; and yet the A.:A.:

discourages any form of group working. Is it that the Masters

(8<sup>o</sup> = 3<sup>o</sup> Magistri Templi) having been admitted to the Third Order—the A.:A.:

proper; below this are R.R. et A.C. and G. D.—are no longer liable to the dangers which make group activity in lower grades

undesirable. Or do they still work as Individuals, yet, *because* they are initiates, *appear* to act as

body? You have often expressed yourself as if this were so. 'Of course, They had to pick on me to do the dirty work' is a typical growl of the old Big Lion! But again there is that Magical Memory of yours when you came down from that Hermitage in the little wood overhanging the nullah below the Great Peak 'somewhere in Asia' and sat in some sort of Consistory in the valley where the great Lamaserai—or whatever it was—towers over the track, (I quote some of your phrases from memory.) Which is it?"

My dear child, that is all very sensibly put; and the answer is that Convenience would decide.

*That is putting it politely. The frank answer is that she had, and could have, no possible concept of what the A.:A.: really is, or what the "Masters" really are, and how*

questions sound like the typical pathetic probe of any of the "intelligence" services that are always nipping at our heels to the disgrace and dishonor of whatever "country" pays them.

Then you go on, after a digression:

**"Then how are  
They acting at  
present? What  
impact has the  
new Word,  
Θελημα, made  
upon the planet?  
What are we to  
expect as a  
result? And can  
we poor  
benighted  
outsiders help  
Them in any  
way? I know it's  
'cheek' to ask."**

*In which case, she should know better than to ask, if she were in good faith; but she was not. However, near death already, Crowley did not care one way or the other; his main Work was done, and the rest would be left to others. So, kindly as always, he prates on.*

then turn the other cheek, and repeat the question! I will do my best to make it all clear. But do not forget that I am myself completely in the dark with regard to the special functions of most of my



To begin, then!

**Achtung!** I am going to be hard  
—boiled...

*That would be the day. Had he  
ever been hard—boiled in his  
life, instead of truthful and  
compassionate — which does  
not mean 'pitiful' — he would  
have died rich and famous,  
instead of poor and infamous.*

...; my first act is to enlist the  
Devil himself in our ranks, and  
take the Materialistic  
Interpretation of History from  
Karl Marx ...

*This remark is a veiled barb. It  
shows he was perfectly aware  
that her question, rather than  
innocent, was an  
"intelligence" probe from the  
"right." A Fool, but no fool,  
he!*

..., and accept economic laws as  
the manifest levers which  
determine the fortune of one  
part of the earth or another.

I shall take exception only by  
showing that these principles  
are secondary: oil in Texas,  
nitrates on the Pacific slope of  
the Andes, sulphur in  
Louisiana (which put Etna's  
nose out of joint by making it  
cheaper for the burgers of  
Messina to import it from four  
thousand miles away instead  
of digging it out of their own  
back garden), even coal and  
timber, upset very few apple—  
carts until individual genius  
had found for these  
commodities such uses as our

The technical developments of almost every form of wealth are the forebears of Big Business; and Big Business, directly or indirectly, is the immediate cause of War.

*Or "revolutions for democracy" in the Third World that put thieves in places of power and sell the country to the international cartels. See our essay on Occultism and the Intelligence Services further in this number of **The Oriflamme**.*

In the "To—day and to—morrow" series is an essay called **Ouroboros**, by Garet Garrett; one of the most shrewd and deep—delving analysis of economics ever written. May I condense him crudely? Mass Production for profit fails when its markets are exhausted; so every effort is made to impose it not only on the native but the foreigner, and should guile fail, then force!

But the process ineluctably goes on; when the whole world buys the nasty stuff, and will accept no other, the exploiter is still faced by diminishing returns.

*And this, although maybe Garrett did not point it out at the time, on many other levels besides that of his own efforts; for having offended against Ecology, he has disturbed all other forms of economic activity and*

*while acquiring fictitious wealth.*

No possibility of expansion; sooner or later dividends dwindle, and the Business is Bust.

To even the most stupid it becomes plain at this stage that war is wholly ruinous; organization breaks down altogether; one meaningless revolution follows another; famine and pestilence complete the job.

*The above devastatingly accurate and prophetic description could be compared with the political and economical upheavals of the last fifty years in countries as Viet Nam, Cambodia, Iran, Chile, Argentina, Brasil, El Salvador, Nigeria, Rhodesia, the Congo, et Cetera, et Cetera. In all those countries the C.I.A., officially in the name of the American people, but actually in the service of the cartels, has fought to protect corrupt and corrupting Big Business — not always American — with disastrous results not only to the people of those countries, but ultimately to the United States of America and the stupid international nabobs as well.*

Last time—when Osiris replaced Isis—the wreck was limited in scope—note that it was the civilized the organized part

Arabs could remain aloof, and keep a small torch burning until Light returned with the Renaissance.)

This time there is no civilization which can escape being involved in the totality of the catastrophe.

*These two paragraphs were excised by Mr. Regardie, for reasons better known to himself and his associates.*

Towards this collapse all totalitarian movements inevitably tend.

Bertrand Russell himself admits that, although himself "temperamentally Anarchistic," Society must be yet more organized than it is to—day if it is to exist at all.

*Which shows that he roundly missed the boat of Θελημα, albeit one of the most brilliant intellects of our time.*

But his, as Garet Garrett shows, is the John Gilpin type of horsemanship. We are to—day more or less at the stage where "off flew Gilpin's hat and wig."

Achievement of high aims, which tends ultimately to the well—being, the prosperity of the republic, depends on the proportion of masters to servants.

*This is based on a misinterpretation of The Book of the Law. If science be allowed to progress — which may be impossible due to the*

*may reach a stage in which servilism will be transferred from human beings to machines; indeed, the whole tendency of society is already in that direction, and most of our troubles come from the fact that people still think in terms of old Aeon structures; even Crowley fell into this trap here. Let us see how he develops the thought.*

The stability of a building depends on the proportion of superstructure to foundations. The rule holds good in every department of Nature. There is an optimum for every case. If there is one barber for ten thousand men, most of them will remain unshorn; if there are five thousand barbers, most of them will be out of a job.

*And if there be machines to do the job, only one barber will be necessary in every hundred thousand, or even more, human beings: the barber who does the programming.*

Apply this measure to society; there must be an optimum relation between industry and agriculture, between town and country. When the proper balance is not struck, the community must depend on outside help, importing what it lacks, exporting its surplus. This is an unnatural state of affairs ...

*Not necessarily. Even in a natural state of affairs*

*vital for the health — which is the wealth — of nations. If all nations produce the same products, disaster. Cooperation, rather than heedless competition, should be the keyword in international business relations.*

...; it results in business, and therefore ultimately in war.

*As business is interpreted and conducted at present, without the slightest concern for the safeguards laid down in **The Book of the Law** and condensed superbly in **Liber OZ**.*

That is, as soon as the stress set up by the conditions becomes insupportable. So long as "business" is confined to luxuries, no great harm need result; but when interference with the flow of foreign trade threatens actual necessities, the unit concerned realizes that it is in danger of strangulation. Consider England's food supply! Switzerland, Russia, China, the U.S.A. can laugh at U—boats. England must support a Navy ...

*All this is out of date: the atom bomb has totally changed the realities of war. No country is "safe" anymore. Also, the tendency of the Garrett essay seems to be the need to put the production or exploitation of basic needs in the hands of government rather than of*

*is simply an extension of the foolish concept that governments are less greedy and more intelligent than millionaires. Unfortunately, the rule is that intelligence and generosity are exceptional racial traits, and absolutely necessary to progress (controlled ruthlessness is at times absolutely necessary as well). What we need, therefore, is to educate, train, and select the people who control the economy. A Reagan in a democracy can be as disastrous as a Hitler in a tyranny, for one lacks character and far-sightedness, and the other emotional self-control.*

..., a wealth-consuming, not a wealth-producing, item in the Budget.

*However, it would be wealth-producing if it were a commercial Navy, rather than a military one. The whole concept of the British Navy is totally out of date. England needed a Navy when it must protect its colonial empire from encroachment. Now it no longer has an empire, it should convert its navy to business use. Who wants to invade those islands, anyway? The climate is loathsome, the people hypocritical, the royalty a ridiculous travesty of past false glories. Only a Hitler*

*Britain. Let the Britons keep it, and good riddance!*

Similar remarks apply to practically all Government Departments. The minimum of organization is desirable; all artificial doctrinaire multiplication of works which produce no wealth is waste; and for many reasons (some absurd, like "social position") tend to create fresh unnecessary necessities. **Ad infinitum**, like the fleas in the epigram!

When laws are reasonable in the eyes of the average man, he respects them, keeps them, does his best to maintain them; therefore a minute Police Force, with powers strictly limited, is adequate to deal with the almost negligibly small criminal class. A convention is laudable when it is convenient. When laws are unjust, monstrous, ridiculous, that same average man, willy-nilly, becomes a criminal; and the law requires a Tcheka or a Gestapo ...

*Or the F.B.I. of Messers. Hoover and McCarthy's, to say nothing of Messers. Reagan and Falwell's, dreams.*

... with dictatorial powers and no safeguards to maintain the farce. Also, corruption becomes normal in official circles; and is excused. I refer you to Mr. J. H. Thomas.

*Here he appended the following*



*"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having fixed the increase of Income Tax at three pence, proceeded to defraud the Insurance Companies by insuring himself against a rise of the sum!"*

*Considering the morality of the average insurance company, I feel a bit sympathetic towards Mr. Thomas, Raffles and Stingaree and Robin Hood, you know.*

One evil leads to another; the seven devils always take possession of a house that is swept and garnished to the point at which people find it uncomfortable.

But is not all this beside the point, you ask? No. It was needful to indicate this cumulative progression to social shipwreck, because, today an obvious peril of the most menacing, in 1904 e.v. no ordinary sane person foresaw anything of the sort. But special knowledge alters things, and it is certain that the Masters anticipated, with great exactness of calculation, the way things would go in the political world.

Practically all the messages received during the "Cairo Working" (March—April 1904 e.v.) came to me through Ouarda. No woman ever lived who was more ignorant of, or less interested in, anything to

of the race; she cared for nothing beyond her personal comfort

**and pleasure. When the communications ceased, she dropped the whole affair without a thought.**

*But this, in some cases, is done by the communicating Intelligence itself in order to protect the ex—mouthpiece from residual shock. Since Ouarda (Rose Kelly) was interested in nothing but herself, there was no need for her to remember or wonder or fear. Who can clear muddy water...? And, since the water wanted to contemplate its own navel, why stir the mud?*

She nearly always referred to the authors of these messages as "They:" when asked who "They" were, she would say haltingly and stupidly "the gods," or some equally unhelpful term. But she was always absolutely clear and precise as to the instructions. The New Aeon was to supersede the old; my special job was to preserve the Sacred Tradition, so that a new Renaissance might in due season rekindle the hidden Light. I was accordingly to make a Quintessence of the Ancient Wisdom, and publish it in as permanent a form as possible. This I did in **The Equinox** I should perhaps

and admitted only the "Publication in Class "A", "A-B", "B" and "D" material.

*There is also Class E, which includes material that the A.A. considers generally useful to all Initiatic Systems, connected directly with Θελημα or not.*

But I had the idea that it would be a good plan to add all sorts of other stuff, so that people who were not in any way interested in the real Work might preserve their copies.

This by the way: the essence this letter is to show that "They", not one person but a number acting in concert, not only foresaw a planet-wide catastrophe, but were agreed on measures calculated to assure the survival of the Wisdom worth saving until the time, perhaps three hundred or six hundred years later, when a new current should revive the shattered thought of mankind.

**The Equinox**, in a word, was to be a sort of Rosetta Stone.

*This does not in the least augur well to the preservation of our present civilization.*

**We continue to warn this planet we call earth that not only every civilization that does not accept the Law of Θελημα will be ruthlessly destroyed but We point out to those would hear that the entire**

the world was destroyed by fire in 1904 e.v... Those that are the closest to being Thelemic will transform; become for Us and those who are who continue to disobey our Law will be crushed by the impact of the Lord of the Aeon. This date I write this is December 26, An CVI, 2009 e.v. The energy is growing again and you, the profane cannot feel it as We can. It is accumulating for *still another attack upon this planet*. We are warning you, yet again! And rest not assured, those who would adhere to the dogma of Asar that We are coming — and Our Messengers will be more terrible than even the last World War, for you cannot know *where* We will strike for you have forgotten the ancient magick being wrapped up in black veils and the garments of dogmatic poverty. Of course, where We are is in addition beyond the reach of your profane science! Call Me the Sphinx of the Gods, and I do hereby Command all the Nations of the earth to accept the Law of Θελημα or suffer the consequences of your disobedience. *Even by My Authority have I spoken, and that which will come to pass*

*me you, or not!*

There is one other matter of incomparable importance: the wars which have begun the disintegration of the world have followed, each at an interval of nine months, the operative publications of **The Book of the Law**. This again seems to make it almost certain that "They" not only know the future, at least in broad outline, but are at pains to arrange it.

*It is easier to arrange the future than to predict a future arranged by chance; albeit **any** future is so arranged to an extent varying on the inverse ratio of your power, wisdom and foresight.*

I have no doubt that the advance of Natural Science is in the charge of a certain group of "Masters." Even the spiritually and morally as well as the physically destructive phenomena of our age must be parts of some vast all-comprehensive plan.

Putting two and two together, and making 718, it looks as if the Masters acquiesced in and helped to fulfill, the formula of the catastrophic succession of the Aeons.

*Remember, however, that a catastrophe is not really necessary; as Crowley said when distributing copies of AL, "If everybody did what I tell them to do. the war would*

*"catastrophe" instead of "war" and perhaps you will begin to understand AL i 32.*

An analogy. We have the secret of the Elixir of Life, and could carry on in the same body indefinitely; yet at least some masters prefer to reincarnate in the regular way, only taking care to waste no time in Ameniti, but to get back to the Old Bench and pick up the New Tools with the minimum of delay.

By having attained the Freedom of "Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness" "we are blessed; and bless" by refusing to linger therein, but shouldering once more "Atlantean the load of the too vast orb of" the Karma of Mankind.

This hypothesis does at least make intelligible Their action in riding for a fall instead of preventing it.

*However, in this Crowley forgot the basic and essential rule: the Law "is for all." The "Masters" cannot stop the general course of events; They can merely manipulate it. The two World Wars, and further contemplated catastrophes, are not of Our making: they are of the "people's" making. Let the dead bury their dead, if any be alive to do it when the convulsion is over. The reaction of stupidity to*

*fear, and aggression; for the animal in the human being resents being trained into Service. Slaves always will not; "they know not how to will."*

It may also be that They feel that human progress has reached its asymptote so far as the old Formula can carry it.

*This is incontrovertibly obvious; should the Law of Θελημα be accepted with a minimum of disturbance, the present progress of the arts and sciences will reach incalculably further in the very near future. The wildest dreams of science—fictioners will be realized, and a Golden Age unlike anything before will flower. But at the present time the indications are that the fear and the greed of the slaves in power will prevail upon the sloth of the slaves under them and together, like the pigs of the apologue, they will turn upon those who cast them pearls rather than garbage, and rend them. Humankind will always have the gods, the governments, and the level of progress it desires. In these matters, and only in these matters, democracy is infallible: it is the vote of all that produces catastrophe or welfare: not the Will of the Masters; for We can do nothing to you that you would not do to yourselves.*

view, there does not seem to be much point in taking an action so fundamentally revolutionary (on the surface) as the proclamation of a New Word.

But then (you will object, if an objection it be) people like Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini, the Mikado, **et hoc genus omne**, are loyal emissaries of the Masters, or the gods! Well, why not? An analogy, once more. In the Christian legend we find God (omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent) employing Judas, Pilate and Herod, no less than Jesus, as actors in the Drama which replaced Isis by Osiris in the Great Formula. Perfectly true; but this fact does not in any way exculpate the criminals. It is no excuse for the Commandants of Belsen and Buchenwald that they were acting under orders. The Drama is not mere play—acting, in which the most virtuous man may play the vilest of parts.

*All this is pure foolish philosophizing, and not Thelemic. It must be clearly understood:*

There is no grace;  
there is no Guilt;  
This is the Law: Do  
what thou wilt!

*Lenin died a saint — to the Marxists and especially the Russians at any rate;*



down, for there is more than one way to reach a certain Initiation; he may or may not have remembered helping the Vatican expel Crowley from Sicily as he went; Hitler, for all we know, may have died peacefully in Spain or Chile or Argentina — why should the boys be supposed to come specifically from Brasil...? — and the Mikado, last heard of, was in very good health, thank you. The greed and cruelty of the victors after the First World War, and the oppression of Japan by the Americans and the British is what made those "villains" rise in reaction to the world. Had Mussolini supported Crowley against the Vatican, and had Hitler not ordered the public burning of the German translations of the Holy Books of *Θελημα*, especially of **The Book of the Law**, he might have conquered Europe, or even the world. For had they had the perception of the enormous value of Crowley and *Θελημα*, they would have been different people, and would have led their countries in a different way. As for the "crimes" of Belsen and Buchenwald, look at history and you will see that such atrocities had been done before, and have been done since; and the murderers, torturers and tyrants have not only not been punished.

the same governments that, having won the war, hanged the Commanders of Belsen and Buchenwald et al. when they could put their hands on them. The Nuremberg Trials will seem, to future historians, as pitifully false as the trial of the Templars, or as the trial of "Jesus" would have been, or as was the trial of Aleister Crowley: for in every case it was not justice that was served, but the expediency of hypocrites. Should the lesson of Nuremberg have been heeded — that some orders a soldier should, in the name of humanity and ecology, refuse to obey — then the Zionists would not be in Palestine, the Biafrans would still be in Biafra, and the Americans would never have gone to Vietnam, Korea, Lebanon, or El Salvador. To say nothing of Chile or Brasil. But one cannot blame Crowley for not understanding the fundamental moral of **AL** — although he wrote the **Mass of the Phoenix** himself. A human organism is but human, even when indwelt by a God. And he **did** receive **AL**, and he **did** write the **Mass of the Phoenix**. Such are but two of the miracles that he managed to concentrate in one lifetime. Even I, who am here criticizing him, can only criticize from the standpoint which he taught

Your further objection, doubtless, will be that this theory makes the Masters responsible for the agony of the planet. I refer you to **The Book of the Heart Girt with a Serpent**, Cp I, v. 33-40.

33. Let us take  
our delight in  
the multitude  
of men!  
Let us shape  
unto  
ourselves a  
boat of  
mother-of-  
pearl from  
them, that we  
may ride  
upon the  
river of  
Amrit!

34. Thou seest  
yon petal of  
amaranth,  
blown by the  
wind from  
the low sweet  
brows of  
Hathor?

35. (The  
Magister saw  
it and  
rejoiced in  
the beauty of  
it.) Listen!

36. (From a  
certain world  
came an  
infinite wail.)  
That falling  
petal seemed  
to the little  
ones a wave  
to engulf  
their  
continent

reproach thy  
servant,  
saying: Who  
hath set thee  
to save us?

38. He will be  
sore  
distressed.
39. All they  
understand  
not that thou  
and I are  
fashioning a  
boat of  
mother-of-  
pearl. We will  
sail down the  
river of Amrit  
even to the  
yew-groves of  
Yama, where  
we may  
rejoice  
exceedingly.
40. The joy of  
men shall be  
our silver  
gleam, their  
woe our blue  
gleam—all in  
the mother-  
of-pearl.

And again, Cp. I, v. 50-52 and v.  
56-62.

50. Adonai spake  
yet again with  
V.V.V.V.V.  
and said:  
The earth is  
ripe for  
vintage; let us  
eat of her  
grapes and be  
drunken  
thereon.
51. And  
\*\*\*\*\*

said: O my  
lord, my  
dove, my  
excellent one,  
how shall this  
word seem  
unto the  
children of  
men?

52. And He  
answered  
him: Not as  
thou canst  
see.  
It is certain  
that every  
letter of this  
cipher hath  
some value;  
but who shall  
determine  
the value?  
For it varieth  
ever,  
according to  
the subtlety  
of Him that  
made it.

....

56. And Adonai  
said: The  
strong brown  
reaper swept  
his swathe  
and rejoiced.  
The wise man  
counted his  
muscles, and  
pondered,  
and  
understood  
not, and was  
sad.  
Reap thou,  
and rejoice!
57. Then was the

arm.

Lo! an  
earthquake,  
and plague,  
and terror on  
the earth!

A casting  
down of them  
that sate in  
high places; a  
famine upon  
the  
multitude.

58. And the grape  
fell ripe and  
rich into his  
mouth.

59. Stained is the  
purple of thy  
mouth, O  
brilliant one,  
with the  
white glory of  
the lips of  
Adonai.

60. The foam of  
the grape is  
like the  
storm upon  
the sea; the  
ships tremble  
and shudder,  
the  
shipmaster is  
afraid.

61. That is thy  
drunkenness,  
O holy one,  
and the winds  
whirl away  
the soul of  
the scribe  
into the  
happy haven.

62. O Lord God!  
let the haven  
be cast down  
by the fury of

of the grape  
tincture my  
soul with Thy  
light!

....

Yes, I dare say. But is there not here a sort of moral oxymoron? Are not the Masters pursuing two diametrically opposed policies at the same time?

Genius—or Initiation, which implies the liberation and development of the genius latent in us all (is not one of names of the "Holy Guardian Angel" the Genius?)—is practically the monopoly of the "crazy adventurer," as the official mind will most certainly rate him. Then why do not the Masters oppose all forms of organization tooth—and—nail?

It depends, surely, on the stage which a society has reached on its fall to the servile state. Civilization of course, implies organization up to a certain point. The freedom of any function is built upon system; and so long as Law and Order make it easier for a man to do his True Will, they are admirable. It is when system is adored for its own sake, or as a means of endowing mediocrities with power as such, that the "critical temperature" is attained.

*In this sense, the United States of America are rapidly*

It so happens that I write this on the eve of a General Election in England; and it seems to me that whichever wins, England loses: The Socialists openly proclaim that they mean to run the country on the lines of a convict prison; but the Tories, for all their fine talk, would be helpless against the Banks and the Trusts to whom they must look for support.

*Why "must?" Because it is those outfits who finance the cost of the propaganda of the election, and they expect to be paid with all kinds of special favors, which usually mean artificial restrictions to trade or artificial propping up of ailing businesses; which, naturally, eventually means a weakening of the entire economy. The Socialists are simply another side of the same coin, propping up artificially the salaries of workers who do not work enough to pay for the devaluation of the currency, which invariably follows such artifices. Do not think that in Russia it is different; there, the worker who does not go to work can go to Siberia. Communism works badly, but at least it creaks along. Socialism is slow stagnation and death. The example of England is flagrant now; let us see how Crowley predicted the outcome; remember that he died within three years of*

. . . . .



Mr. Motta died within three years of writing the above comment. By Mr. Motta persistently using "Because" in his comments herein he unknowingly invites the Black Brothers to his living room to tea. He did not see this during his lifetime and, behold, I the *Sphinx of the Gods* have arisen once again from My Throne to cause adjustment by placing the pointer stick upon these sacred lines. My beloved Superior should of seen *Liber AL Chapter II, vs. 27 - 33* and how it would manifest the outcome of His insight into the lower planes. Obey and heed these lines from *The Book of the Law* or you will be sentenced to an early death where the forces of the Black Brother will lay too heavily upon your instrument — as it occurred with my Superior. That is, if you are working a powerful Magical Gesture as this one and have attained the Grade of M.T. manifesting Supernal. Yet all should obey these Commands from *The Book of the Law* to achieve tolerance into the lower planes and the ease of the strain of the attack of the Black Brothers.

Still, perhaps with a little help from Hashish, one can imagine a Merchant Prince or a Banker being intelligent, or even, in a weak moment, human; and this is not the case with officials. The standard, moreover, of education and Good Manners, low as it is, is less low in Tory circles.

As I think that totalitarian methods are already on the way to extinguish the last spark of manly independence—that is, in self-styled civilized countries—it seems to me that we all should regard with shrewd suspicion any plans for "perfecting" social conditions. The extreme horror is the formula of the gregarious type of insect. Inherent in the premises is the impossibility of advance.

**One may sum the policy of the A·A· as follows:**

- 1. To assist the initiation of the individual.**
- 2. To maintain a form of social order in which the adventure of initiation is easy—to undertake!**
- 3. To work out the Magical Formula of the New Aeon.**

I doubt it. But what you are asking is how to decide upon your personal programme.

The intelligent visitor from who knows what planet was puzzled. He chanced to have landed in England—to find a General Election in full blast. (The operative word is "blast".) They must be absolute imbeciles, was his first reaction, to risk upsetting the policy of Government with a first—class war on.

*The next paragraph was excised by Israel Regardie.*

(There would have been no need of such nonsense—I interrupted—if Parliament was elected by my simple plan. I'll give you the main idea; I don't insist on the figures. When a candidate is returned by 50 per cent over his runner—up, he sits for five years. If forty percent, four years; and so on. An alternative—to "stagger" the assembly, as (I think) is done in the Senate of the United States.)

How are you going to vote?

Rather like the question of the dentist. The teeth can be tinkered: of course, sooner or later they have to go. Is it worth the trouble and expense? The Socialists would have them all out right away, and replaced by a set of "dentures," which (obviously) are perfect. Arrange them,

pattern; no trouble, no pain:  
all one's dream come true!  
But hardly biological.

*This is an image, of course. The solution is to improve the natural functions, not to replace them with artificial ones.*

You may argue that convicts are examples of living individuals whose safety, shelter, nourishment and the rest are organized with the utmost care; but accidents will happen in the best—regulated "brown stone jugs." ...

*Such as rape, murder and riot. Prisons are built with bricks of law, as Blake said; and are rotten with it.*

... The one ideally automatic case is the foetus. You will agree that here is lack of initiative; in fact, its "True Will" is to escape, albeit into a harsh and hostile universe, fraught with unknown and incalculable dangers.

As the Ritual says: "Prepare to enter the Immeasurable Region!"

I think your decision should depend on how far caries has travelled on its road of destruction.

I do **not** think that the Masters need be unanimous.

*Only Humankind must.*

A practical plan might be for them to concentrate on one particular group, or one part

in as good shape as possible until the time has come for Nature to grow a new set.

They will be grown on a new Formula, to meet the new needs, just as when our "permanent" (Alas, not much!) set replace our milk—teeth.

You ask me if I think this change can be made without bloodshed.

No. The obscure autocrats of Diplomacy and Big Business ...

*Obscure because they are cunning enough to keep themselves out of the public eye; otherwise it would be soon noticed that America, for instance, is not a democracy, but a plutobureaucracy.*

... are infinitely stupid and short-sighted; they cannot see an inch beyond their too often stigmatically shapen probosces, except where the profit ...

*Usually fictitious; but they are either too stupid to notice the devaluation of the currency consequent to their inecological behavior, or to cowardly to face it.*

... of the next financial year is concerned. They live in perpetual panic, and shy at their own shadows. The accordingly attack even the most innocuous windmills in suicidal charges.

*The next paragraph was cut by Israel Regardie:*

-- " " " " " " " " --

**Et flavem Tibrim  
spumantem sanguine  
cerno.**

So, whichever way you vote, you are asking for trouble, or would do, if the vote had any meaning. The result of any election, or for the matter of that any revolution, is an almost wholly insignificant component of those stupendous and inscrutable Magical Forces which determine the destinies of the planet.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 76: THE GODS: HOW AND WHY THEY OVERLAP**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Your last letter.

I am glad: it shows you have been putting in some genuine original work. Result! You make a very shrewd observation; you have noticed the curious fashion in which Gods seem to overlap. It is not the same (you point out) with Angels. In no other

*This is not correct; but since we have been pirated enough, one will not go further into it at this time.*

... for the Living Creatures, Wheels, Wings, Fiery Serpents, with such quasi-human cohorts as the Beni Elohim who beget the children on women, to whom the Qabalah has introduced us. The Beni Elohim is actually an exception; there is the Incubus and some of the Fairy Folk, as well as certain Gods and demi-Gods, who act thus paternally. But you are right in the main. The Arabs, for example, have "seven heavens" and seven Orders of Angels, also Jinn; but the classes are by no means identical. This, even though certain Archangels, notably Gabriel, appear in both systems. But then Gabriel is a definite individual, a person—and this fact is the key to your puzzle.

*He means that Mohammed's Gabriel is a person, not that Gabriel the Angel or Archangel of the Qabalah is, necessarily, the Gabriel of Mohammed. "A King may choose his garment as he will; there is no certain test."*

For, as I have explained in a previous letter, Gods are people: macrocosms, not mere collocations of the elements, planets and signs as are most of the angels, intelligences and spirits. It is interesting to

seems to be more than one of these; he enjoys the divine privilege of being himself. Between you and me and the pylon, I suspect that Gabriel who gave the Q'uran to Mohammed was in reality a "Master" or messenger of some such person, more or less as Aiwass describes himself as "...the minister of Hoor—paar—kraat." AL i 7) His name implies some such function; for G.B.R. is Mercury between the Two Greater Lights, Sol and Luna. This seems to mean that he is something more than a lunar or terrestrial archangel; as he would appear to be from 777. (There now! That was my private fiend again—the Demon of Digression. Back to our Gods!) 777 itself, to say nothing of "The Golden Bough" and the Good Lord knows how many other similar monuments of lexicography (for really they are little more), is our text—book. We are bound to note at once that the Gods sympathise, run into one another, coalesce much more closely than any other of the Orders of Being. There is not really much in common between a jackal and a beetle, or between a wolf and an owl, although they are grouped under Pisces or Aries respectively. But Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Melcarth, Mithras, Mercury, ...



tripping off the tongue. They all have histories; their birth, their life, their death, their subsequent career; all goes naturally with them exactly as if they were (say) a set of warriors, painters, anything superbly human. We feel instinctively that we know them, or at least know of them in the same sense that we know of our fellow men and women; and that is a sense which never so much as occurs to us when we discuss Archangels. The great exception is the Holy Guardian Angel; and this as I have shewn in another letter is for exactly the same reason; He is a Person, a macrocosmic Individual. (We do not know about his birth and so on; but that is because he is, so to speak, a **private** God; he only appears to the world at all through some reference to him by his client; for instance, the genius or Augoeides of Socrates).

Let us see how this works in practice. Consider Zeus, Jupiter, Amon- Ra, Indra, etc., we can think of them as the same identical people known and described by Greeks, Romans, Egyptians and Hindus; they differ as Mont Cervin differs from Monte Silvio and the Matterhorn.

(They are bound to **appear** different, because the mountain does not look the

from Domodossola, or even as seen by a French-Swiss and a German-Swiss.) In the same way read the Life of Napoleon written by one of his marshals, by Michelet (a rabid Republican), by Lord Rosebery, by a patriotic Russian, and by a German poet and philosopher: one can hardly believe that the subject of any two of these biographies is the same man.

But upon certain points the identity is bound to transpire; even when we read of his crushing and classic defeat at Waterloo by the Belgians, the man is detected. Transferring the analogy to the Gods, it is then open to us to suppose that Tahuti, Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Loki, Hanuman and the rest are identical, and that the diversity of the name and the series of exploits is due merely to the accidents of time and space. But it is at least equally plausible to suggest that these Gods are different individuals, although of the identical Order of Being, characteristics and function. Very much as if one took Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, Hood, Blake, Rodney and Nelson, as seen through the mists of history, tradition, legend and plain mythopoeia. Add a few names not English, and our position is closely parallel. Personally, I incline to the latter hypothesis; but it

unless that it is because I feel that to identify them completely would be to reduce their stature to that of personifications of various cosmic energies.

History lends its weight to my view. When the philosophic schools, unable to refute the charge of absurdity leveled at the orthodox devotee who believed that Mars actually begot Romulus and Remus on a Vestal Virgin, explained that Mars was no more than the martial instinct, and the Virgin a type of Purity, their faith declined, and with it Roman Virtue.

*Our colleague Mr. Martin P. Starr, who was one of the O.T.O. members who generously agreed to proofread this book, sent us a note to the effect that the twins' foster—mother, a she—wolf, is actually "Lupa" in Latin, and therefore may also mean a prostitute, since "Lupa" carries that double meaning. But this merely emphasizes the archetypical, spiritual identity of the Heavenly Virgin and the Heavenly Whore. BABALON is the mother of all heroes.*

"Educate" Colonel Blimp's children and we have the "intelligentsia" of Bloomsbury. I am very sorry about all this; but life must always be brutal and stupid so long as it depends upon

nourishment.

How restore faith in the Gods?  
There is only one way; we  
must get to know them  
personally. And that, of  
course, is one of the principal  
tasks of the Magician.

*The serious reader is referred to  
"The Paris Working",  
"Heavenly Bridegrooms",  
"The Wake World", "The Field  
Theory of Sex" and "The Bagh  
—i—Muattar" in **Equinox V  
4** subtitled **Sex and  
Religion.***

One further remark. I have  
suggested that all these  
"identical" gods are in reality  
distinct persons, but belonging  
to the same families. Can we  
follow up this line of thought?  
Yes: but I will defer it to a  
subsequent letter.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 77: WORK WORTHWHILE: WHY?**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

Your remarks on my o = 2 letter  
are very apt and inspiriting—

understood what you want to say. (Really, you know, they **are** a bit muddled—or I am!) May I frame your question, if it is a question, in my own terms? Yes? Right.

*Mr. Regardie omitted the last two phrases of the above paragraph. Possibly he considered them superfluous; but possibly the writer, who could write circles and think spirals around Mr. Regardie any day of the week, including Saturdays, meant them as part of his style; at any rate, we do not feel that Mr. Regardie has had the right training, in the last fifty years of his life, to edit Moses; much less THERION.*

You say that I have advanced an invulnerable theory of the Universe in philosophical and mathematical language, and you suppose (underlined three times with two question marks) that one could, with a great effort, deduce therefrom perfectly good reasons for an unswerving contemplation of one's umbilicus, or the performance of strange dances and the vibration of mysterious names. But what are you to say (you enquire) to the ordinary Bloke—on—the—Boulevard, to the man of the world who has acquired a shrewd knowledge of Nature, but finds no rational guide to the conduct of life. He observes many unsatisfactory

and for his own sake would like to "remould them nearer to the heart's desire, to refurbish the cliché of Fitzgerald about "this sorry scheme of things." He is not in the least interested in the learned exposition of  $0 = 2$ . But he is aware that the A·A· professes a sound solution of the problem of conduct and would like to know if its programme can be justified in terms of Common Sense.

As luck would have it, only a few weeks ago I was asked to address a group of just such people—and they gave me three—quarters of an hour's notice. It was really more like ten minutes, as the rest of the time was bespoke by letter—writing and posting which could in no wise be postponed.

So I had to devise an adequate gambit, one which ruthlessly excluded any touch of subtlety, or any assumption of previous knowledge of the subject on the part of the audience.

It came off. For the first time in history, the laymen elicited intelligent and relevant questions. There were only three half—wits in the five score or so persons present, and these (naturally!) were just those people who claimed to have studied the subject.

What follows is a rough outline of my argument.

I began by pointing out that

of Energy, which are not directly observable by the senses. In fact, the History of Science for the last hundred and fifty years or so has consisted principally of the discovery of such types, with their analysis, measurement and manipulation. There is every reason to suppose that many such remain to be discovered.

But what has in no case been observed is any trace of will or of intelligence, except through some apparatus involving a nervous and cerebral system.

At this point I want especially to call your attention to certain species of animals (bees and termites are obvious cases) where a collective consciousness seems to exist, since the community acts as a whole in evidently purposeful ways, yet the units of that community are not even complete in themselves. (Isn't there some series of worms, each sub-type able only to subsist on the excrement of its preserver.)

Then there are the phenomena of mob psychology, where a crowd gleefully combine to perform acts which would horrify any single individual. And there is the exceeding strange and interesting psychology of the "partouse"—this is a little more, in my judgment, than a spinthria.

In all such cases the operative

in any single person, as one might argue that it did when an orator "carries away" his audience. But these remarks have rather shunted one into a siding away from the main line of argument. My most important point is to insist that even with the most familiar forms of energy, man has done no creative work so ever. He has discovered, examined, measured (rather clumsily) and used, but in no case has he understood, still less explained, the causes of phenomena. Sometimes he cannot even reconcile different "laws of Nature." So we find J.W.N. Sullivan exclaiming "The scientific adventure may yet have to be abandoned," and to me personally he confessed "It may yet turn out that the mathematical approach to Reality may have to be supplanted by the Magical."

*But the approach has always been Magical; Mathematics has been used to translate one's results into intellectual perception, nothing more. It is only in the last hundred years that sufficient advance has been made in mathematics for it to be used as a tool of primary research; even so, its findings must be verified by experience at each step, and the impulse, or intimation, or suspicion, or tendency that leads the mathematical mind*



*from an entirely different level of consciousness: that of which mystics, magicians and Theurgists spoke so confusedly before Aleister Crowley came along and practically invented a language that can communicate the perceptions of spiritual experience to the mind of the pure scientist.*

Now in Nature it leaps at one that Will and Intelligence are behind phenomena. My old friend and colleague Professor Buckmaster, who wrote a book on "Blood" which, he admitted, could not possibly be understood by more than six people, told me that the ingenuity of the structure of the human kidney "almost frightened" him.

*However, since the natural attrition of one life form against another — the "Curse" of the Aethyrs — has been able to experiment and to adapt for more than a billion years, why should it be surprising that the result looks like great ingenuity? It would be rather more surprising if it did not. Considering that the human species is, so far as we know, at least a million years old, and considering how stupid the average human being is, one should think that whatever Intelligence "shaped Creation" must be continuously going back to*

*product, unless it wants to fold under the competition of its more enterprising rivals... But perhaps, at the last moment, it can appeal to the Government, like Chrysler. Or at least, so do the Christists hope — one could not say that they **think**.*

Yet in all Nature there is no trace whatever of any purpose such as human mentality can grasp. Again, apparent purpose often appears to be baffled. Take one example. Evolution, working through thousands of years to establish a most subtle scheme of cross-fertilization, found, just as it was perfect, conditions so altered that it was completely useless.

*Like the Lincoln Continental, one supposes. Oh well. It is just that I feel that the public money applied to the rescue of the Chrysler dinosaur would have been better applied giving military aid to the Salvadoran rebels, for instance; or to the American citizenry itself. Chrysler was dying of its own stupidity, and very likely it will still go the way of all dumb brutes. Especially if Reagan is not reelected.*

The "law of cause and effect" itself took a death-blow when Hesinger showed that the old formula "If A then B" was invalid, and must be altered to "If A. then B or C or D or E.

But at least we know enough phenomena to make it certain that Will and Intelligence do exist somehow apart from any nervous and cerebral system of which we are aware, and that these must be of a type which transcends our human consciousness as that does that of a limpet or a lichen.

*This point is debatable, but only by someone who has some experience of the matter. This remark is put here for the benefit of scientific observers.*

It follows that somehow, somewhere, there must be "gods" or "Masters"—whatever name you like. And that, I suppose, is what you may call the premise major of my syllogism.

The minor, I confess, is not so apodeictic. No one, I suppose, is going to point proudly to the present state of human affairs, as evidence that we are all becoming wiser and nobler every minute, as people did seventy years ago. (I was brought up in the faith that Queen Victoria would never die, and that Consols would never go below par.)

*Mr. Regardie cut out the last sentence of the above paragraph.*

In face, one may suspect that the majority of well-instructed men expect nothing but that History will repeat itself, and our civilization go the way of all the others whose ruins we

earth.

*Mr. Regardie excised the next paragraph.*

(Our own destruction may be more complete than theirs; for most of the monuments to our intelligence, sobriety and industry are made of steel, and would vanish in a very few years after the smash.)

Well, if we have to wait for the calamity, and for evolution to begin all over again in a number of centuries—with luck!—one thing is at least quite certain: we can do nothing about it. Any form of activity must be as futile and as fatuous as any other; and the only sensible philosophy must be "Let us eat and drink for to—morrow we die."

Is there a conceivable alternative?

Well, consider the cause of the impending collapse. It is quite simple: Knowledge is loose, without control of Will and of Intelligence. (How clearly the Qabalah states and demonstrates this doctrine! But I musn't be naughty; let me stick to Common Sense!)

*Mr. Regardie thought it necessary to excise the last sentence of the above paragraph.*

Now, these qualities in us having failed to measure up to the situation of the world, one hope remains; to get into communication with those

existence was demonstrated in my Premise Major and learn from Them.

But is this possible?

Tradition and experience unite to assert that it is so; moreover, various forms of technique for accomplishing this are at our disposal. This is what is called The Great Work; and it is abundantly clear that no other aim is worth pursuit.

So much for the argument; it will be agreed readily enough that to put it into practice we shall need an Alphabet, a Grammar and a Dictionary. Follow the Axioms, the Postulates, the Theorems; finally, the Experiments.

And that is what all these letters are about.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 78: SORE SPOTS**

Motto for "Sore Spots"

"Il n'appartient vraiment qu'aux races dégradées D'avoir lâchement peur des faits et des idées."

sur ce qui vous  
effraie  
Le jour qui rétablit  
la proportion vraie  
Et dépouille  
l'object, à lui-mê,e  
réduit,  
De l'aspect colossal  
que lui prêtait la  
nuit."

Ponsard. Charlotte  
Corday. Prologue.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law.

*The very first paragraph of this  
letter was excised by Mr.  
Regardie; the reason why will  
be obvious to any student  
who read Crowley's and our  
remarks on the Nicene Creed  
in **Book Four Commented**  
Parts I and II, and who is  
familiar with the Canon Mass  
of the Holy Gnostic Catholic  
Church.*

Three in one and one in three—  
it's the Athanasian Creed in  
the Black Mass—eh! What's  
that you say? Oh, quite right,  
quite, quite right of you to  
remind me. "Definition first!"

A "sore spot" is one which reacts  
abnormally and violently,  
however gently you touch it;  
more, all the other bits of you  
give a painful jerk, however  
disconnected they may seem.  
Still more, the entire System  
undergoes a spasm of  
apprehension; and the total  
result is that the mental as

quite unable to grasp the situation with any accuracy, and the whole man is temporarily engulfed in what is naturally not far from a condition of insanity.

*The next paragraph was again excised by Regardie. An obvious sore spot.*

(Now, Athanasius! It's all right; the lady has gone away to think it over.)

In—shall I say "Anglo-Saxondom," or "Teutonic breeds," or "bourgeoisie," so as to include some of the French whom when they are good are very good indeed, but when they are bad, they are horrid?—the presiding God/Gods of this Trinity is/are:

1. Sex,
2. Religion,
3. "Drugs;" and the greatest of these is Sex, actually the main root of which the other two are tough and twisted stems, each with its peculiar species of poisonous flowers, sometimes superficially so attractive that their nastiness passes for Beauty.

*The style is admittedly obscure and needs deep thought; to simplify it for the average Ph.D., who sorely (pardon the pun) needs to understand the bugaboos of English-speaking, German-speaking and some French-speaking people are, in that order, Sex, Religion and Drugs. All the*

*ferocity and interference in the private lives of other human beings, especially their own neighbors, spring from these sources. This is particularly evident in the United States of America at present under the Reagan "administration."*

I shall leave it to the psychoanalysts to demonstrate the reduction to Sex, merely remarking that though I agree with their analysis as far as it goes, I do not allow it to stop where they do.

*There are two reasons why they allow it to stop where they do, neither laudable: they want to make no wave, so as to be able to charge fifty dollars an hour for imperfect analysis; or they are themselves victims of the sore spot in question, and their minds shy away from it. This second type is not less dangerous than the first: it is even more dangerous, since the first, at least, is conscious of his or her own hypocrisy, and may occasionally overcome it in behalf of a client whose need is serious enough to override their social cowardice and selfish "caution."*

For us, Sex is the first unconscious manifestation of Chiah, the Creative Energy; and although (like everything else) it is shown both on the



planes, its most important  
forth—showing is on the  
"Magical" plane, because it  
actually produces phenomena  
which partake of all these. It  
is the True Will on the  
creative plane: "By Wisdom  
formed He the worlds." So  
soon as its thaumaturgy is  
accomplished, it is, through  
Binah, understood as the  
Logos. Thus in Sex we find  
every one of the primary  
Correspondences of  
Chokmah. Being thus  
ineffable and sacrosanct, it is  
(plainly enough) peculiarly  
liable to profanation. Being  
profaned, it is naturally more  
unspeakably nasty than any  
other of the "Mysteries." You  
will find a good deal on this  
subject implied in Artemis  
Iota, attached to another of  
my letters to you.

Before tackling "Sore Spots"  
seriously, there is after all,  
one point which should be  
made clear as to this  
Trinitarian simplification.

One of the most interesting and  
fruitful periods of my life was  
when I was involved in  
research as to the meaning of  
Sankhara: "tendencies" may  
be, indeed is, a good enough  
translation, but it leaves one  
very much as deeply in the  
dark as before. You  
remember—I hope!—that  
Sankhara lies between  
Vinnanam, Pure  
Consciousness, and Sanna,

electric fan in motion: a house-fly "tends" to see the vanes as we do when they are still, we "tend" to see a diaphanous blur.

Then, in delirium tremens, why do we tend to see pink rats rather than begonias or gazelles?

We tend to see the myriad flashing colours of the humming bird; the bird itself does not; it has no apparatus of colour—sense; to him all appears a neutral tint, varying only in degrees of brightness.

Such were some of the fundamental facts that directed the course of my research, whose results you may read in "The Psychology of Hashish", by Oliver Haddo in **The Equinox**, Vol. I, No. 2. The general basis of this Essay is Sankhara; it shows how very striking are the analogies between,

(1) the results obtained by Mystics—this includes the Ecstasy of Sexual Feeling, as you may read in pretty nearly all of them, from St. Augustine to St. Teresa and the Nun Gertrude. The stages recounted by the Buddha in his psychological analyses correspond with almost incredible accuracy.

(2) The phenomena observed by those who use opium, hashish, and some other "drugs"

(2) The phenomena of various

The facts of this research are infuriating to the religious mystic; and the fact of its main conclusion is liable to drive him into so delirious a frenzy of rage as to make one reach for one's notebook—one more typical extreme case!

*It should be noted, once again, that all laws forbidding the use of drugs date from the dictation of **The Book of the Law**: the established cults, particularly Roman Catholicism, dreadfully feared the insights that the average person can obtain by the use of pure, unadulterated psychedelic substances, since these results always prove that the entire psychology of Romanism is, actually, a psychotic perversion of mystical experience, and the theology of Christism is an intellectual translation of this psychosis.*

Now of course very few religious persons know that they are mystics—already it annoys them to suggest it!—but, whether the lady doth protest too much, or too little, the fact is that they are. There is no true **rational** meaning in religion. Consider the Athanasian Creed itself!

*The next five lines were, naturally, cut by Regardie.*

Observe that the rationalist dare not yield a millionth of a millimetre.

**Liquefaction,  
what comes next  
But Fichte's  
clever cut at God  
himself? . . .  
The first step, I  
am master not to  
take:"**

says Bishop Blougram, and is pinned to the cork labelled "St. Januarius"!

*Reference to a Browning poem. Incidentally, "St. Janarius" is merely the God Janus adapted — perhaps one should say "castrated" — down to the mental and moral level of Romanism. One of the original motives why the protestants objected to Roman Catholicism was the unending list of fakeries, especially in what concerned the "saints." It is a pity indeed that they did not get to the root of the disease, to wit, the Nicene Creed itself.*

This dilemma, consciously or subconsciously, is well rooted in the minds of everybody who takes Life, in any one of its forms, seriously. He feels the touch of the rapier, however shrewdly or cautiously wielded. The salute itself is more than enough; he feels already the thrust to his vitals.

*The next three paragraphs were cut out by Regardie.*

I remember sailing happily in to breakfast at Camberwell Vicarage and saving

faith: "A fine morning, Mr. Kelly!"

*His future father—in-law.*

I was astounded at the reply. The dear old gentleman—and he really was one of the best!—half choked, then gobbled at me like a turkey! "You're a very insolent young man!" Poor, tiny Aleister! How was I to know that his son had driven it well home that the hallmark of English stupidity was that the only safe topic of conversation was the weather. And so my greeting was instantly construed as a deliberate insult!

*Well, what else can you expect from an Irishman, even "one of the best?"*

A typical example of the irrationality of the reactions of a sufferer!

*I've had some myself. Now, why don't they go suffer in their own backyard?*

Now, from this schoolboy level, let us rise and put the case a little more strongly. Let us quit the shallows of social backchat for the gloomy and horrific abysses of a murder trial!

*Dear American Ph.Ds., he just means "let us get more serious and go deeper into the matter."*

To every man and woman that has not seen Sex as it is, faced it, mastered it—you will find elsewhere in these letters

his secret guilt. Imagine, then, how at any reference however remote, the "sinner" quails, his inmost mystery laid bare, his evil conscience holding up a tarnished mirror to his deformed and hideous face!" Often enough, he does not mind gross jests which admit complicity on the part of the other; but any allusion to the Truth, and his soul shrieks: I am found out!" Then apoplectic Fear puts on the mask of Indignation and Disgust.

*I remember a quarter of a century ago loaning a **Playboy Magazine** to a young girl, at her request. Her boss scolded me severely for "corrupting her morals." I was so young and innocent myself that I did not realize that he coveted his employee, and his jealousy, rather than his "morals," was speaking. Over the decades cases piled on cases, fully demonstrating Crowley's thesis above. And Mr. Regardie also cut out the next three paragraphs. Sore spots, indeed!*

As for a serious discussion of anything concerned therewith, why, every word is a new rasping tear. The mind takes refuge in irrational and irrelevant outbursts of feigned rage and horror.

In the case of religion, the consciousness of guilt extended to cover everything

the blessed tombstones" to "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." Against this vague and monstrous bogey, religion is the only safeguard, and therefore to suggest the unsoundness of the guarantee is to strike at the roots of all security. It is like hinting to some besotted and uxorious oldster, that his young wife may be unfaithful. It is the poison that Iago dripped so skillfully into the long hairy ear of the dull Moor. So he reacts irrationally—every bush conceals a bear—nay, more likely a Boojum, or a Bunyip, or some other creature of fear—spurred Imagination! **"Monstrum informe, ingens, horrendum."** Note well the "**informe.**"

*Our colleague Mr. W.R. Barden, who also consented to proofread, remarks that the above Latin is a misquotation from Virgil, the original reading "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum." He also remarks that the "Bunyip" is a mythological animal of the Australian aborigines, and suggests that "Boojum" may be a French equivalent. He did not describe the Bunyip, which is a pity. Any information on the "Boojum" will be welcome and incorporated into the next edition of this book. Incidentally, to this editor's*

*Virgil is more euphonic than the original, at least as abridged. Whether the permutation was intended or not, there were very few people alive even then who could casually throw in an apt classical Latin quotation in a letter.*

**The Boojum is a creature from The Hunting of the Snark by Lewis Carroll. Having resolved the two decade unknown of what magnificent mystery might be hidden in "Boojum". I cleverly quote this classical Latin quotation: "omne ignotum pro magnifico!"**

And because the guarantee is unsound (and must be, or where would be the point of "Faith"?) reassurance is in the nature of things impossible. Like the demented rider in **The Erl-King**, the chase goes ever wilder and wilder, until he plunges at the end into the bottomless bog of madness and destruction.

I wonder how many lunatics there are in the "bughouse" to-day—in the times of "evangelical revival" the number was fantastic—who got there through fear that they had somehow committed the aforesaid "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." The unknown again. The Bible does not tell us that it is only



Grace, nor Faith, nor predestination avail in the least; for all you know, you may have committed it. Reassurance is impossible; no **ceinture de chastete** avails to avert **this** danger.

*For those of you without French, "ceinture de chastete" is the god old "chastity belt." This, incidentally, is still used today by some dog breeders to keep pedigreed bitches in heat from being covered by mongrels unwanted. How very apt!*

Again with drugs, it is the unknown which is the horrific factor. Most people get their information on the subject from the yellowest of yellow newspapers, magazines and novels.

*It has gotten worse, not better, in the last fifty years. You may now get your misinformation from hundreds of books supposedly by physicians, psychologists, or even supposedly by serious scientists, which contain the most blatant lies. It is perhaps worth mentioning that when I was "visited" by the Brazilian drug squad (who were surprised and hurt not to find any drugs in my premises) and subsequently interrogated, the inspector in charge was very disturbed on being told that my mystical experiences had not been the product of experimentation*

*hierarchy who sicced him on me must have trembled on reading his report...!*

So darkly deep is their ignorance that that do not know what the word means—like us so often, yes?

Here is a case in point from recent experience. In my play "The Three Wishes" one of the characters is a rich selfish woman who has exhausted every source of vicious pleasure. In here abject despair her last resource is addiction to morphine.

I gave the play to an actor, a man of the highest intelligence and the broadest views on life; he said that I could not hope to get a play licensed if it dealt with drugs, unless as a warning against their abuse—which is exactly what the play imports. The mere mention of morphine had so disturbed his judgement that he failed to realize that fact.

He interpreted her abject wail, the cynical cry of a damned soul, as a defiant assertion of compensation for her disappointments in all else.

The mere mention! There is not a line in the whole play to support any advocacy or excuse for her suicidal habit.

Wide sections of the U.S.A. are scared of tea and coffee. They blench when you point out that bicarbonate of soda is a drug just as much as cocaine;

shovel in the really dangerous Aspirin, to say nothing of the thousand Patent Medicines blared at them from every radio—as if the Press were not enough to poison the whole population! Blank-eyed, they gasp when they learn that of all classes, the first place among "drug addicts" is that of the doctor.

But the crisis in which fear becomes phobia is the unreasoning aversion, the shuddering of panic, above all, the passionate refusal to learn anything about "drugs," to analyse the conditions, still less to face them; and the spasmodic invention of imaginary terrors, as if the real dangers were not enough to serve as a warning.

Now why? Surely because in the sub-conscious lies an instinct that in these obscure medicines indeed lies the key of some forbidden sanctuary. There is a fascination as irrational and therefore as strong, as the fear. Here is the point at which they link up with sex and religion. Oh, how well nigh almighty is the urgency to him who reads those few great writers who understood the subject from experience: de Quincey, Ludlow, Poe and Baudelaire: into whom burn the pointed parallels between their adventures and those of all the mystics, East and West!

*and preachers and pastors and 'priests' afraid of losing their soft living. If instead of going to church for a lifetime, paying when the plate is relentlessly passed, the average worshipper can see God — or whatever — in one day with a few cents' worth of some psychedelic substance (for without the artificial restrictions to trade they would come to the user not only unadulterated by dangerous, sometimes deadly additives, but also cheap), who would waste time supporting parsons, preachers, pastors and 'priests?' To say nothing of ayatollahs and 'popes?' Especially since their experience under those drugs would make it easy for them to discriminate between true saintliness and the prudery, fanaticism or hypocrisy of those 'shepherds?' Perhaps the serious reader will understand why all the regulations restricting the access to drugs date from the publication of **The Book of the Law**.*

The worst of this correspondence—form is that you are always asking simple elementary questions which require half a dozen treatises to answer: so, take this, with my blessing!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally

P.S. One further reflection.  
With all these "sore spots" is closely linked the idea of cruelty. I need not touch upon the relation of cruelty to sex; the theme has been worn threadbare. But in religion, note the Bottomless Pit and the Eternal Flame; in Buddhism, the eighteen hot and eighteen cold Hells, with many another beneath. Hindu eschatology has countless Hells; even pedestrian, precise Islam, and the calculating Qabalists, each boast of Seven. Again with drugs as with insanity, we are confronted constantly with nameless terrors; the idea of formlessness, of infinity pervades them alike. Consider the man who takes every chance gesture of a stranger in the street as a secret sign passed from one of his persecutors to another ...

*Yes, but you would do well to remember the C.I.A. "insider joke:" "The fact that you are paranoid does not mean that you are not being followed.'*

...; consider those who refuse food because of the mysterious conspiracy to poison them.

All sanity, which is all Science, is founded upon Limit. We must be able to cut off, to define, to measure. Naturally, then, their opposites, Insanity and Religion, have for their prime characteristic the Indefinable.

Immeasurable.

The healing virtue of these words is this: examine the sore spot, analyse it, probe it; then disinfection and the **Vis Medicatrix Naturae**, complete the cure.

I had just finished this when in comes your very pertinent "Supplementary" Postcard. "Doesn't hypocrisy fit in here, somehow?" Indeed it does, my child!

Corresponding to, and the poison bacillus of, that centre of infection, is a Trinity of pure Evil, the total abnegation of Θελημα. Well known to the psycho—analyst: the name thereof Shame—Guilt—Fear. The Anglo—Saxon or bourgeois mentality is soaked therein; and his remedy so far from our exploratory—disinfection method, is to hide the gangrened mass with dirty poultices. He has always a text of Scripture or some other authority to paint his foulest acts in glowing colours; and if he wants a glass of beer, he hates the stuff, but —doctor's orders, my boy, doctor's orders.—

There is really nothing new to be said about hypocrisy; it has been analysed, exposed, lashed by every great Artist; quite without effect. It gets worse as the socialistic idea thrives, as the individual leans ever harder on the moral support  
of the hand

Here is a most  
pertinent story  
from **I Write as I  
Please** by my old  
friend, Walter  
Duranty. It shows  
how the  
sentimental point  
of view blinds its  
addicts to the most  
obvious facts:

"My  
friend  
Freddy  
Lyon . . .  
told me  
a story  
. . . of  
the  
Volga  
Famine.  
Some  
A.R.A.  
'higher  
—ups'  
from  
New  
York  
were  
making  
a tour  
of  
inspection  
. . . .  
Among  
them  
was a  
worthy  
but  
sentimental  
citizen  
who  
pushed

the  
unhappy  
Russians  
and the  
poor  
little  
starving  
children  
and  
what a  
privilege  
it was  
for Mr.  
Lyon to  
be  
doing  
this  
noble  
work  
for  
humanity  
and so  
on and  
so forth  
until  
Lyon  
said he  
was  
ready to  
choke  
him . . .  
After  
lunch  
the  
visitors  
suggested  
they  
would  
like to  
visit the  
cemetary.  
It was,  
said  
Freddy



sight,  
nude,  
dead  
bodies  
piled up  
ten high  
like  
faggots

...

*Here Mr.  
Barden,  
who is  
an  
Australian  
citizen,  
added  
the  
following  
note to  
his  
proofreading  
sheets:  
"Firewood,  
not  
Falwell's  
sore  
spots." I  
was not  
aware  
that  
'Rev.'  
Falwell  
raved  
against  
faggots,  
too. His  
fame is  
more  
far—  
traveled  
than I  
thought.*

..., because

population  
was so  
destitute  
that  
every  
stitch of  
clothing  
was  
needed  
for the  
living.  
The  
visitors  
were  
sickened  
by what  
they  
saw,  
and  
even the  
gushing  
one was  
silent as  
they  
walked  
back to  
the  
cemetery  
gate.  
Suddenly  
he  
caught  
Freddy  
by the  
arm.  
'Look  
there!'  
he said,  
'Is not  
that  
something  
to  
restore  
-----

the  
goodness  
of God  
in the  
midst of  
all these  
horrors?'

He  
pointed  
to a big  
woolly  
dog  
lying  
asleep  
on a  
grave  
with his  
head  
between  
his  
paws,  
and  
continued  
impressively.  
'Faithful  
unto  
death  
and  
beyond.  
I have  
often  
heard of  
a dog  
refusing  
to be  
comforted  
when  
his  
master  
died,  
lying  
desolate  
on his

-----

never  
thought  
to see  
such a  
thing  
myself.'  
That  
was too  
much  
for  
Freddy  
Lyon.  
'Yes,' he  
said  
cruelly,  
'but  
look at  
the  
dog's  
paws  
and  
muzzle'—  
they  
were  
stiff  
with  
clotted  
blood  
—'he's  
not  
mourning  
his  
master,  
he's  
sleeping  
off a  
meal.'

'At which  
point,'  
Lyon  
concluded  
his  
story

gusto,  
'that  
talkative  
guy did  
the  
opposite  
of  
sleeping  
off his  
lunch in  
a very  
thorough  
manner,  
and  
there  
wasn't  
another  
peep  
out of  
him  
until we  
put him  
on the  
train."

P.P.S. Here is a very  
different set of  
reactions. I do not  
quite know why I  
am putting it in; is  
it some sub—  
conscious  
attraction of my  
own? Anyhow,  
here it is; call it

## **LA POULE AUX RATS**

Time: a fine Sunday

just one and twenty years ago. Place: Paris, just off the Place des Tertres, overlooking the city. A large and lovely studio, panelled in oak. Strange: it was completely bare, and so far as one could see, it had no door. The skylights, mindful, were carefully screened with brodered stuff. A gallery, some ten feet from the floor, ran round one corner. Here was a buffet loaded with priceless wines and liquors of all sorts —except the "soft"—and excellent variety of all cold "snack" refreshments. One gained it by a staircase from the lower floor.

By the buffet, the old butler: oh, for a painter to portray his Weariness of Evil Wisdom!

Our host led us to the gallery; "we ate and drank and saw" not God also, but the lady responsible for the

the stairs. A woman of the Halles Centrales, in her early forties; coarse, brutal, ugly, robust, square-set, curiously radiant with some magnetic form of energy.

I cannot describe her clothes—for lack of material. She greeted us all round with a sort of surly good humour. The butler took a pot of very far-gone Roquefort cheese, and smeared her all over. She drank to us, and clumped away downstairs. She came out into the studio from under the gallery, braced herself and shook her mop of hair as if about to wrestle, waved to us and waited.

A minute later a small trap at the far end of the studio was smartly pulled up; in rushed a hundred starving rats. There was a moment's hesitation; but the smell of the cheese

they rushed her.  
She caught one in  
both hands, bit  
through its spine,  
and flung it aside.

Softly repeating to  
myself passages  
from **The  
Revenge** by the  
late Alfred Lord  
Tennyson, of which  
the scene most  
powerfully  
reminded me. "Rat  
after rat, for half an  
hour, flung back as  
fast as it came."  
Their courage  
wilted; the hunted  
became the  
huntress; I thought  
of Artemis as I  
sang softly to  
myself, "When the  
hounds of spring  
are on winter's  
traces." But she  
pursued; snapped  
the last spine, and  
flung it into the  
gallery with a yell  
of triumph.

It was not so easy a  
victory as I have  
perhaps described  
it, once she slipped  
in the slime and  
came down with a  
thud; and at the  
end blood spurted  
from innumerable  
bites.

The whole scene was



of the men; they  
literally howled  
like famished  
wolves, and shook  
the balustrade  
until it creaked and  
groaned. Presently  
one slipped over,  
let himself lightly  
to the floor and  
charged. Others  
followed. All had  
their heart's  
desire. I was  
reminded of  
Swinburn's **Laus  
Veneris,**

**"I let  
mine  
eyes  
have  
all  
their  
will of  
thee  
I seal  
myself  
upon  
thee  
with  
my  
might."**

As for the women,  
the ferocious  
glitter of their eyes  
was almost  
terrifying. One of  
them, true, would  
have joined the  
happy warriors  
below; but the  
butler roughly

saying in a shocked voice, "Madame est **normale.**" (I enjoyed that!) Others consoled themselves by capturing those males who were too timid to risk the jump.

I swallowed a last glass of champagne, and then "**je filai a l'Anglais.**"

Summary: a pleasant time was had by all.

*Except the rats, of course.*

Note for political economists: the woman took 10,000 francs (at about 125 to the £); she took three weeks in hospital and three weeks' holiday between the shows. She was, or had been, the mistress of a Minister with "people" ideas, though he was an aristocrat of very old vintage; and he helped her to have her daughters brought up in one of the most exclusive convents in France.

*The worst, most  
ruthless, most  
vicious women  
usually come out  
of Roman Catholic  
convent schools. As  
to this and other  
forms of  
entertainment:  
recently more than  
twenty young men  
were found  
strangled in  
Atlanta, Georgia.  
It is probable that  
they were filmed in  
'snuff'  
pornographic  
films; that the  
murderers made a  
fortune; and that  
the films are still  
making a fortune  
for the  
"producers." As  
long as Christism  
or Marxism or  
Islamism or  
Buddhism or  
Hinduism or  
Zionism hold sway  
in a society, that  
society will have  
concealed in it a  
jaded, privileged,  
and perverted  
minority that will  
always find money  
and leisure to sip  
discreetly of such  
"delicate,"  
"sophisticated,"  
"refined"*

# LETTER

## 79:

# PROGRESS

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt  
shall be the whole  
of the Law.

You will certainly  
have to have an  
india-rubber medal  
for persistence:  
this is the nth time  
that you have tried  
to catch me  
contradicting  
myself.

*An "india-rubber"  
medal because, if  
she had any sense,  
she would use her  
persistence for  
something more  
worthwhile, like  
improving herself.  
Cf. **The Book of  
Lies**, Ch. 40.*

Well, so I do, and  
must, every time I  
make any  
statement  
whatever, as has  
been shown several  
times in this chatty  
little interchange  
of views. But that is  
not what you mean.

You say—permit me  
to condense your  
more than

tautological,  
pleonastic, prolix,  
diffuse and  
incoherent  
elucubrations!—  
that the whole idea  
of the Great Order  
is based on faith in  
Progress. The  
doctrine of  
successive aeons is  
nothing else. The  
system of training  
is nothing else.  
Nothing, in fact, is  
anything else.  
Maugr, this and in  
despite thereof  
(you continue, with  
a knavish gleam in  
your hither eye) I  
am everlastingly  
throwing down the  
whole jerry—built  
castle by my  
cynical reflections.  
(Some one—  
Anthony Hope in a  
lucid moment, I  
think—says that  
cynicism is always  
a confession of  
failure—"sour  
grapes.")

*The above two  
parenthesis were  
omitted by  
Regardie.*

Maybe, some of the  
time. But the  
explanation is very  
simple, and you  
ought to have been

for yourself. It is a question of the "Universe of Discourse," of Perspective. An engineer may swear himself ultra—marine in the map all the time at the daily mistakes and mishaps that go on all the time under his nose, yet at dinner tell his friends complacently that the bridge is going up better than he ever expected.

Just so, my gibes are directed at incidents; but my heart's truth is fixed on the grand spiral.

All the same, I am glad you wrote; it is a text for a little sermon that I have had in mind for a long while on the **conditions** of progress.

Number One is obviously Irregularity, Eccentricity, Disorder, the Revolutionary Spirit, Experiment.

I have no patience whatever with  
Utopia manana

shouts at us that  
the happy  
contented  
community,  
everyone with his  
own (often highly  
specialized) job,  
nobody in need,  
nobody in danger,  
is necessarily  
stagnant. Termites  
and other ants,  
bees, beavers;  
these and many  
another have  
produced perfect  
systems. What is  
the first  
characteristic?  
Stupidity. "Where  
there is no vision,  
the people shall  
perish." What is  
the Fighter  
Termite to do,  
after he has been  
blocked out of his  
home? None of  
these communities  
possess any  
resource at all  
against any  
unforeseen  
unfavourable  
change of  
circumstance. (We  
look rather like  
that just now at the  
end of 1944 e.v.)  
Nor does anyone of  
them show any  
achievement;  
having got to the

they stay out,  
without an aim, an  
idea, an effort. The  
leech, an  
insufferable pest in  
its belt—it has  
killed off tiger,  
rhinoceros,  
anything with a  
nostril!—is the  
curse of our  
military station at  
Lebong—or was  
when I was there.  
At Darjeeling, a  
few hundred feet  
higher, devil a one!  
They have no one  
to think: now how  
can we flourish up  
higher? Those old  
forlorn-hope Miss  
—Sahibs—how  
wide are their  
nostrils! Then—  
how?

Consider for a  
moment our own  
Empire. How did  
that spread all over  
the planet? It was  
the imaginative  
logic, the audacity,  
the adroit  
adaptability, of the  
Adventurer that  
blasted the road.

The sunny Socialist  
smiles his superior  
smile, and  
condescends to  
instruct us. That  
was an



though perhaps  
sometimes  
necessary, stage in  
the perfection of  
Society.

Something in that.  
But there are other  
kinds of  
Adventure. My  
imagination can set  
no limit to the  
possibilities of  
Science, or of Art:  
our own Great  
Work is evidence  
of that.

Last Sunday I looked  
through an  
interview with the  
least brain-bound  
of these  
ruminators—poor  
old, dear old G. for  
gaga Bernard Shaw.

The artist, said he,  
was a special case.  
he should have a  
nice easy job, three  
or four hours a day,  
and be free for the  
rest of it to devote  
himself to his Art. I  
wonder how much  
of his own work  
would have seen  
daylight if he had  
been tied to some  
silly robot soul—  
killing, nerve—  
crushing, mind—  
infuriating routine  
job for even one  
half-hour a day!

piece of work, I  
grudge the time for  
eating; and when  
it's done, I need the  
absolute relaxation  
of leisured luxury.

*But, in those days of  
writing, seldom  
got it.*

Then what of the  
Work itself? If the  
Idea be truly new  
and important,  
God help it! The  
whole class of men  
affected jump on it  
with one accord, if  
haply they may  
crush it in the  
germ. Read a little  
of the History of  
Medicine! Any  
man who shows a  
sign of independent  
thought is watched,  
is thwarted. He  
persists and is  
threatened and  
bullied. He  
persists; every  
engine of  
oppression is set in  
motion against  
him. Then  
something snaps;  
either they succeed  
in killing him  
(Ross, who  
defeated malaria,  
nearly starved to  
death) or they  
make him a  
baronet, or a peer,

Day of National  
Mourning, and  
bury him in the  
Pantheon—"auc  
**grands hommes**  
**la patrie**  
**reconnaissante**"—  
like Pasteur after  
one of the most  
infamous  
campaigns of  
persecution in  
history.

*He had perceived  
this fundamental  
truth and the  
deadly irony of it  
at the beginning of  
his work, as is  
clear from the  
short story "The  
Ordeal of Ida  
Pendragon." So no  
one can accuse him  
of false hopes of  
his fellowpersons,  
or of dear old  
England.*

Then, of course,  
entertainment  
must be  
standardized. It  
costs money to  
produce; and who  
will produce  
anything which can  
only appeal to the  
very few—to none  
at all, soon, if these  
swine have their  
way. So, if it **is**  
new, **is** original, **is**  
worth one's while,

Besides, being new  
and  
incomprehensible  
to the great Us, it  
may be dangerous,  
and must be  
suppressed.

In all literature I  
know no pages so  
terrifying as those  
in Louis Marlow's  
**Mr.**

**Amberthwaite,**  
which describe his  
dream. I wish I  
could quote it, with  
Sinai as the  
orchestra; never  
mind, read it  
again. And we are  
on the way—far on  
the way—to That!

Now, obviously, the  
robot education,  
robot textbooks  
stuffed in by robot  
teachers, will have  
done wonders with  
the help of the  
bovine well-being  
to produce a race  
of robot boys.

All independence, all  
imagination, all  
spirit of Adventure,  
will have been  
ground down and  
rolled out smooth  
by this ghastly  
engine. But—

Nature is not so  
easily beaten; a few

and either by instinct or by observation, have the sense to keep secret. Now whatever their own peculiar genius may select as their line, they will realise that nothing is possible in any way while the accursed system stands. Their first duty is Revolt. And presently some one will come along with the wit and the will and the weapon, and blow the whole most damnable bag of tricks sky-high.

We had better busy ourselves about this while it is still possible to get back to freedom without universal bloodshed.

"All right, Master, you win! Now give us your own idea of Utopia."

An Utopia to end Utopias? Very good, so I will. Education, to begin with; well, you've had all that in another letter. The main thing to remember is that I

individual taught  
as such, according  
to his own special  
qualities. Then,  
teach them both  
sides of every  
question: history,  
for example, as the  
play of economic  
forces, also, as due  
to the intervention  
of Divine  
Providence, or of  
"Sports" of genius:  
and so for the rest.  
Train them to  
doubt—and to  
dare!

Then, somehow, as  
large a number of  
the most promising  
rebels should be  
selected to lead a  
life of luxury and  
leisure. Let every  
country, by dint of  
honouring its old  
traditions, be as  
different as  
possible from  
every other.  
Restore the "Grand  
tour," or rather,  
the roving  
Englishman of the  
Nineteenth  
Century. Entrust  
them with the  
secrets of  
discipline, of  
authority, or  
power. Hardship  
and danger in full

responsibility.

A great deal of such material will be as disgustingly wasted as it has been in the past; and there will be much abuse of privilege. But this must be allowed and allowed for; no very great harm will result, as the weak and vicious will weed themselves out.

*Please notice that the meaning of "weak" here is simply "those who are not strong enough not to abuse their privileges."*

The pure gold will repay us ten thousandfold. You ask examples? With us, the Elizabethan and the Victorian periods stand out. What is most wanted is opportunity and reward. Under Victoria there was some—taste the late Samuel Smiles Esquire, D.D. (wasn't he?)—but not enough, and Industrialism, the mother and nurse

destroying the soul  
of the people.

*Now please notice  
that this was not  
due to the  
technological  
innovations in  
themselves, but to  
the application of  
old Aeon mores  
and prejudices,  
along with the  
stupidity and  
selfish greed of the  
ruling classes, to  
conditions totally  
new in the history  
of humankind.*

In my not very  
maternal remarks  
on Mother—love,  
was included the  
substance of the  
one wise saying of  
my pet American  
lunatic "You can't  
get past their  
biology." This is so  
true, and so  
disheartening, that  
it arouses me to  
combat. Must we  
for ever be bound  
to the inconvenient  
habit of sows and  
cabbages? I pick  
up the glove.

Isn't it Aldous Huxley  
who says  
somewhere that  
some species or  
other can never  
develop higher



brain is shut in by  
its carapace? I  
thought this too,  
long ago; and I  
went into  
interminable  
conferences with  
my old friend,  
Professor  
Buckmaster; I  
wanted to extend  
brain surgery to  
produce the  
phenomena of  
Yoga. Also, I  
wondered what  
would happen if  
we wedged apart  
the sections of the  
cranium at, or  
shortly after, birth,  
so as to prevent  
them closing and  
giving the brain a  
chance to grow.

*An interesting idea,  
but hardly  
biological; also,  
considering the  
fact that at present  
the average homo  
saps only uses one  
fifth of his or her  
total brain  
capacity, a  
possible waste of  
time and energy.  
Maybe some day it  
will be tried in a  
laboratory,  
especially with  
more knowledge of  
growth hormones,*

*itself. Computer analysis might help. however, at this point in history, experimenting with newborn children would be an intolerable invasion of their privacy.*

I suspect, by the way, that something of the sort is done in China and Burma; but the object is merely to produce megaloccephalic idiots as a valuable addition to the financial resources of the family.

*Through beggary, of course.*

I thought that modern physiology, with its great recent advances in knowledge of the specialized functions of the brain, might quite possibly succeed in producing genius.

You would not surprise me if you told me that something of the sort is being tried in Russia, with its Communism

---  
---  
---

Terrible at the moment, war or no war! **Qui vivra verra.**

*If it **has** been tried, obviously up to now it has been tried with indifferent success, to put it mildly.*

Anyhow, all that I really want you to get into your head "sunning over with little curls" is that Progress demands Anarchy tempered by Common Sense, and that the most formidable obstacle is this Biology.

The experience of the Magician and the Yogi does suggest that there is room in the human brain as at present constituted for almost limitless expansion. At least our system of Training is more immediately practical than digging up our Corpora Quadragenina and planting them in a Monkey's Medulla just to see what will come of it. So  
nut down that

Love is the law, love  
under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 80: LIFE A GAMBLE**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt  
shall be the whole  
of the Law.

In one or two—no, I  
think more like  
three or four—  
letters of yours to  
hand in the last  
couple of months,  
you have put  
forward various  
excuses for  
slackness, the  
necessities of your  
economic situation.  
You say you must  
have "regular  
work," and a  
"steady income"  
and all that sort of  
thing. My innocent  
child, that species  
of Magick is quite  
simple. Take the  
horns of a hare...  
That's enough for  
the present: I'll tell  
you what to do

you've got them.

*A sly gibe: as usual with pupils, her explanations had as their purpose to get his Magickal help to make money without working. One gets this kind of thing all the time.*

In Macbeth we read—

.. . .  
**"Security  
Is  
mortals'  
chiefest  
enemy."**

but this is another kind of security; it is the Hubris which "tempts Providence," the insolence of thinking that nothing can go wrong.

Anyhow, there's no such thing as safety. Life is a gamble. From the moment of incarnation a million accidents are possible. Miscarriage, still-birth, abortion; throughout life, until your heart beats for the last time, "you never

and then you start  
all over again with  
your next  
incarnation!

(I wish I had a copy of  
a short story of  
mine called "Every  
Precaution." The  
gallant young  
Uplift Expert, the  
one hundred per  
cent red-blooded,  
clean-living, heir of  
the Eternities,  
takes his young  
fiancée and female  
counterpart to the  
"Old Absinthe  
House" in New  
Orleans to show  
her the terrible  
results of Wrong-  
Doing. They are  
going to avoid all  
that; their child is  
going to be the  
Quintessence of  
Americanism.

They marry and take  
a cottage by Lake  
Pasquaney.

Presently, he being  
(so she said) away  
on a business trip,  
the tradesmen  
complained that  
she seemed to need  
very little  
pabulum.

Somehow, people  
got suspicious, and  
sure enough, when  
they broke in, they

pickled him! This story is founded on fact; damn it, why did the MS have to get lost?)

*The MS had to get lost, my friend, because hounded as you were by the forces of "god" and "righteousness," in the last twenty years of your life you hardly had a place to rest your head, and never a place to call your own. Thieves did away with your work then, and thieves are still doing away with your work now. Witness your ex-secretary and "pupil", Francis "Israel" Regardie.*

*'Stop press' notice, confirming the note above: Mr. Martin P. Starr informs us: "This 'lost MS' has mysteriously found its way into the Gerald Yorke collection, natch." No further comment.*

Even suicide is not a "dead bird." I knew a creature once—careless

mistook him of a man—who tried three times, pistol, rope and poison. Something always went wrong. (Like the Babbacombe murderer, who went to the scaffold three times, and lived to a green old age!) Finally he did poison himself, by accident, when he had no intention whatever of doing anything of the sort.

*Mr. W.R. Barden, who works for the Australian police in his spare time, sends us the following biogram on the Babbacombe murderer: "John 'Babbacombe' Lee, crippled out of the Royal Navy in 1885 e.v., worked as a stableman for a Ms. Emma Keyes, raised the alarm on 'finding' her corpse, was sentenced to hang for her brutal murder at Exeter Assizes. His trial was a farce: his lawyer did not turn up, and Lee*



*permitted to speak a few words in his own defense. He was unsuccessfully hung three times (British — even executioners — civil servants are notoriously incompetent), died in jail more than twenty years later, still proclaiming his innocence. His 'story' has been sung by a folk band (Fairport Convention) to prove that his 'faith' and appeals to 'Jesus' caused Divine Justice to intervene. His reward was Exeter Gaol for life." As usual when "God" intervenes again or for anyone, a human is involved. In this case we surmise that the murderer was a member of Ms. Keyes' own class; that, unusually for that class, he had the rudiments of a conscience, and bribed the hangman to fail three times. Perhaps he even hoped that Lee*

*should have been if the judges really believed in "God") or deported to Australia or some such unsophisticated place; but did not dare intervene more openly. At any rate, the upper classes everywhere — I include the America rich — have always found it easier to blame a member of the lower classes for their own stupidity than to take the brunt of it. The classical case in capitalist lore is 'Jesus,' who was supposed to have been a carpenter by trade. You can't get much lower than that.*

Where's the Book of Lies? Ah, here we are. "It is Pure Chance that rules the Universe; therefore, and only therefore, life is good."

Then, is it mere fatuity and folly to make plans? Was not the IXth Atu, the Hermit, also at one time called

course. Abstract philosophy rarely coincides with common-sense.

We should plan as carefully as we can; but we should always allow a margin for every conceivable accident.

Nor should we **trust** to luck, like England, when she goes to war. Bret Harte has an admirable story "The Outcasts of Poker Flat in which the "bad man," the crooked gambler, gives his life for the safety of the rest of his party, and winds up all with the remark: "Life isn't in having the luck of the cards, but in playing a poor hand well."

Yes, I daresay, all very fine; but what you wanted to know was about the propriety of taking risks in Magick.

So off we go.

Risks, we have agreed, are always unavoidable; but

wisest man I ever knew, the late Oscar Eckenstein, was once offered a job which gave him a fifty percent chance of survival. He calmly sat down, worked out his "expectation of life," his "expectation of income," and the Lord alone knows what other factors. It came out that the pay offered was a thousand pounds or so less than he might expect normally, so he turned down the offer. Not a trace of sentiment of any kind!

*This is the mark of an Adeptus Exemptus of a certain temperament; not necessarily of an Adeptus Exemptus who is Jewish by human birth. Crowley, for comparison, certainly knew beforehand that, considering the present evolutionary level of the human species, chances were he would*

*persecution for the rest of his life if he took on the Burden of the Magus of the Aeon. You can't get much more underpaid than that.*

Now let us consider an "A.B. case." John Jeremiah Jenkins sees a short cut to his performance of the Great work. To seize this opportunity, he must give up a steady job with good prospects and as near safety as is possible in the nature of things, for a slim chance of a career in the most insecure of all the professions.

He **can** do it; that is at the mercy of his Will; but he risks something very close to the utter wreck and ruin of his future. Only a miracle can bring him through. Just so! But is he not neglecting one factor in his problem? Who put this romantically insane opportunity in his way? The

since he is performing the Great Work. Very well then! It is up to Them to watch: "he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways: in their hands they shall bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

*But you had better remember that Their definition of 'stones' and of 'keeping people in their ways' is hardly ever the same as your Ego's. Salestalk, salestalk...*

What's more, he must leave it at that; he must not insult Them by constantly looking out for extra safeguards, or "hedging." (You remember the Major in **The Suicide Club** when Prince Florizel was picking seconds for a duel? "In all my life I never so much as hedged a bet.") You must give Them plenty of opportunity to

approval by  
steering you  
miraculously  
through one crisis  
after another.

*Watch out for  
Hubris, though.  
And don't go  
jumping into  
precipices just to  
force Them to save  
you: Their energy,  
also, albeit much  
greater than yours,  
is limited by the  
needs of the Work,  
and should not be  
squandered on  
trifles. They may  
decide it is cheaper  
to let you splatter  
yourself all over  
the bottom, and  
provide fertilizer  
for the next wave  
of life; especially  
since you are just  
being ornery.*

This course of  
conduct may seem  
to you a little like  
the "Act of Truth"  
but this is only  
superficially the  
case. The latter is  
usually an  
emergency  
measure, and  
either not  
particularly serious  
or as serious as  
anything can be.  
But what I have

amounts really to a  
regular Rule of  
Life.

Need I add that the  
prime and essential  
requisite in all this  
Work is that you so  
devote yourself to,  
and identify  
yourself with, the  
Gods, that there is  
never any doubt in  
your mind as to  
what They intend  
you to do?

Love is the law, love  
under will.

Fraternally,

666

## **LETTER 81: METHOD OF TRAINING**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt  
shall be the whole  
of the Law.

In your well-worn  
copy of the **Bagh-  
i-muattar** you  
have no doubt  
triplly underlined  
that great verse:



**hath  
the  
How is  
careless  
of the  
Why,"**

which shows how cunning I was to induce you to put all your "why" questions first.

But now let us get down to **orichalc taques**, as the Norman peasant might say.

*The above introductory paragraphs to this letter were cut out in Regardie's piracy. "Orichalc taques" is, of course, "brass tacks."*

The first and absolutely essential task for the Aspirant is to write his Magical Record.

You know some elementary Mechanics—the Triangle of Forces, and all that. Well, if we have a body acted on by two equal forces, one pulling it East, the other south, it will tend to move in a

direction. But if the "south" force is (say) twice as strong, it will move south of South—East.

Now you, sitting in your study reading this letter, got there and were compelled to do that, as the result of the impact upon you of countless quintillions of forces of every kind. I don't expect you to discover all these and calculate and report them; but I want you to set down all the main currents. For so you should be able to get some sort of answer to the question  
Where do we go from here, boys?

I am not a guesser; and I cannot judge you, or advise you, or help you, unless and until I know the facts as thoroughly as you are able to allow me to do.

The construction of this Record is, incidentally, the first step in the practice called

leads to the acquisition of the Magical Memory—the memory of your previous incarnations. So there is another reason, terrifically cogent, for writing this Magical Record as clearly and as fully as you can.

This best explanation of how to set about the task is given in **Liber Thisharb.**

Some of this sounds rather advanced and technical; but it ought to give you the general idea. You should begin with your parents and the family traditions; the circumstances of your birth and education; your social position; your financial situation; your physique, health, illnesses; your *vita sexualis*; your hobbies and amusements; what you are good at, what not; how you came to be interested in the Great Work; what (if you have been

Toshophists,  
Anthroposophists,  
sham Rosicrucians,  
etc.) has been  
"your previous  
condition of  
servitude;" how  
you found me, and  
decided to enlist  
my aid.

That, by itself, helps  
you to understand  
yourself, and me to  
understand you.

From that point the  
keeping of the  
Record is quite  
easy. All you have  
to do is to put  
down what  
practices you mean  
to begin, how you  
get on with them  
from day to day,  
and (at intervals)  
what I have to say  
about your  
progress.

Remember always  
that we have no use  
for piety, for vague  
chatter, for  
guesswork; we are  
as strictly scientific  
as biologists or  
chemists.

We ban emotion  
from the start; we  
demand  
perception; and (as  
you will see later  
on) even

have made sure of its bases by a study of what we call the "tendencies."

That is all about the Magical Record; the way is now clear to set forth our Method. This is two-fold.

(1) Yoga, introversion,

(2) Magick, extroversion.

(These are rough but useful connotations.) The two seem, at first glance, to be opposed; but, when you have advanced a little in both, you find that the concentration learnt in Yoga is of immense use in attaining the mental powers necessary in magick; on the other hand, the discipline of Magick is of the greatest service in Yoga.

Let me remark, by the way, that to my mind one of the greatest beauties, and most encouraging confirmations of the validity of our

matchless harmony of its elements. Always, when we pursue any one path to its end, we find that it has become one with some other path which at the outset appeared utterly irreconcilable with it.

("Write down that the tearing apart **is** the crushing together" comes from an actual experience. See *Liber 418, The Vision and the Voice*, which teems with similar passages, and is itself an outstanding example of the unity of the Yogic and the Magical methods.)

To study Yoga, you have my **Book 4 Part I** and my **Eight Lectures on Yoga**. Then there is Vivekananda's **Raja Yoga** and several little-known Hindu writers; these latter are very practical and technical, but one

Hindu to make much use of them. The former is very good indeed, if your remember to switch off when he slides into sloppiness, which luckily is not often.

To study Magick, **Book 4**, Parts II, III (**Magick in Theory and Practice**) and IV (**The Equinox of the Gods.**) Add **The Book of Thoth** and there you are:—

**"Being furnished with complete armour and armed, he is similar to the goddess.**

Of other writers, you have "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage," and any of the works of Eliphaz Lévi. But that's all.

But—I suppose you knew all this long ago. It may help if

these two Methods  
in very simple  
language, and very  
**different**  
**language.** By  
contrast and  
comparison, you  
should be able,  
without reading  
even one of all  
those books, to get  
a perfectly clear  
idea in perspective  
of "what's coming  
to you!"

The process of  
analysing,  
developing and  
controlling the  
mind is the essence  
of all Yoga  
practices.

Magick explores and  
learns to control  
those regions of  
Nature which lie  
beyond the objects  
of sense. Reaching  
the highest parts of  
these regions,  
called the divine,  
one proceeds by  
the exaltation (? =  
intoxication? Yes,  
of a sublime sort)  
of the  
consciousness to  
identify oneself  
with those  
"celestial" Beings.

In Yoga, various  
practices prevent  
the body and its



interrupting the mental process. Then, one inhibits that process itself: the stilling of "thoughts" allows one to become aware of mental functions beyond the intellectual; these functions have their own peculiar properties and powers. Each sheath, as one goes deeper, is discarded as "unreal;" finally one apprehends that nothing which is the only true and real form of existence. (But then it does **not** exist: in these regions of thought words always become nightmares of self-contradiction. This is as it should be.)

In Magick, on the contrary, one passes through the veil of the exterior world (which, as in Yoga, but in another sense, becomes "unreal" by comparison as one passes beyond) one creates a subtle body

better term) called the body of Light; this one develops and controls; it gains new powers as one progresses, usually by means of what is called "initiation:" finally, one carries on almost one's whole life in this Body of Light, and achieves in its own way the mastery of the Universe.

The first step in Yoga is "Keep still."

The first step in Magick is "Travel beyond the world of the senses."

There, that is the whole business in a nutshell, and expressed so that anyone, however ignorant of the subject, may grasp the essentials (I hope).

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

**LETTER**  
**82:**  
**EPISTOLA**

# **PENULTIMA: THE TWO WAYS TO REALITY**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt  
shall be the whole  
of the Law.

How very sensible of  
you, though I admit  
somewhat  
exacting!

You write—Will you  
tell me exactly why  
I should devote so  
much of my  
valuable time to  
subjects like  
Magick and Yoga.

*One must have  
enormous patience  
to react to this  
kind question with  
equanimity. If they  
are not clear on  
this point, why  
don't they stay  
away from you  
and stop wasting  
your time?*

That is all very well.  
But you ask me to  
put it in syllogistic  
form.

I have no doubt  
this can be done,  
though the task  
seems somewhat  
complicated. I

to you to construct  
your series of  
syllogisms yourself  
from the  
arguments of this  
letter.

In your main  
question the  
operative word is  
"valuable".

*To put it mildly. The  
time of anyone  
who might waste  
your time — and  
his or hers —  
asking such a  
question can  
hardly be valuable.  
You either want to  
do Yoga and/or  
Magick, or you  
don't. If you do,  
you are willing to  
set your priorities  
accordingly. If you  
do not, what are  
you doing fussing  
around us at all?*

; Why, I ask, in my  
turn, should you  
consider your time  
valuable? It  
certainly is not  
valuable unless the  
universe has a  
meaning, and what  
is more, unless you  
know what that  
meaning is—at  
least roughly—it is  
millions to one  
that you will find  
yourself barking up

First of all let us consider this question of the meaning of the universe. It is its own evidence to design, and that design intelligent design. There is no question of any moral significance — "one man's meat is another man's poison" and so on. But there can be no possible doubt about the existence of some kind of intelligence, and that kind is far superior to anything of which we know as human.

How then are we to explore, and finally to interpret this intelligence?

It seems to me that there are two ways and only two. Imagine for a moment that you are an orphan in charge of a guardian, inconceivably learned from your point of view. Suppose therefore that you are puzzled by some problem suitable to your childish

obvious and most simple way is to approach your guardian and ask him to enlighten you. It is clearly part of his function as guardian to do his best to help you. Very good, that is the first method, and close parallel with what we understand by the word Magick. We are bothered by some difficulty about one of the elements—say Fire—it is therefore natural to evoke a Salamander to instruct you on the difficult point. But you must remember that your Holy Guardian Angel is not only far more fully instructed than yourself on every point that you can conceive, but you may go so far as to say that it is definitely his work, or part of his work; remembering always that he inhabits a sphere or plane which is entirely different

normally aware.

To attain to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is consequently without doubt by far the simplest way by which you can yourself approach that higher order of being.

That, then, is a clearly intelligible method of procedure. We call it Magick.

It is of course possible to strengthen the link between him and yourself so that in course of time you became capable of moving and, generally speaking, operating on that plane which is his natural habitat.

There is however one other way, and one only, as far as I can see, of reaching this state. It is at least theoretically possible to exalt the whole of your own consciousness until it becomes as free to move on

You should note, by the way, that in this case the postulation of another being is not necessary. There is no way of refuting the solipsism if you feel like that. Personally I cannot accede to its axiom. The evidence for an external universe appears to me perfectly adequate.

Still there is no extra charge for thinking on those lines if you so wish.

I have paid a great deal of attention in the course of my life to the method of exalting the human consciousness in this way; and it is really quite legitimate to identify my teaching with that of the Yogis.

I must however point out that in the course of my instruction I have given continual warnings as to the dangers of this line of research. For one thing there is no means of



results in the ordinary scientific sense. It is always perfectly easy to find a subjective explanation of any phenomenon; and when one considers that the greatest of all the dangers in any line of research arise from egocentric vanity, I do not think I have exceeded my duty in anything that I have said to deter students from undertaking so dangerous a course as Yoga.

*The danger, of course, will decrease as each generation of researchers follow the scientific approach Crowley laid down in his monumental treatment of the subject in so many books, and more and more people can compare notes on their experiences.*

It is, of course, much safer if you are in a position to pursue in the Indian Jungles, provided that your health

climate and also, I must say, unless you have a really sound teacher on whom you can safely rely. But then, if we once introduce a teacher, why not go to the Fountain-head and press towards the Knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel?

In any case your Indian teacher will ultimately direct you to seek guidance from that source, so it seems to me that you have gone to a great deal of extra trouble and incurred a great deal of unnecessary danger by not leaving yourself in the first place in the hands of the Holy Guardian Angel.

In any case there are the two methods which stand as alternatives. I do not know of any third one which can be of any use whatever. Logically, since you

be logical, there is certainly no third way; there is the external way of Magick, and the internal way of Yoga: there you have your alternatives, and there they cease.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

**LETTER  
83:  
EPISTOLA  
ULTIMA**

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The suggestion in your last letter to me is a very sensible one. I do think that people in general would like to get some idea of my system of training as a whole, in a comprehensive form. In the past there has been far too much of

one quite  
unprocurable  
document and then  
to another which  
probably has not  
even been written.  
No wonder that  
they go away  
sorrowful. So I am  
going to put in as  
the last of this  
series of Letters an  
account, as clear  
and as succinct as  
the gods enable me  
to do, of what they  
may expect to have  
to do to get good  
marks from  
Grandfather. Of  
course I shall not  
be able to avoid  
altogether  
reference to the  
various official  
documents, but I  
will make these as  
short and as few as  
I can.

First of all then, my  
system can be  
divided into two  
parts. Apparently  
diametrically  
opposed, but at the  
end converging, the  
one helping the  
other until the final  
method of progress  
partakes equally of  
both elements.

For convenience I  
shall call the first

and the second method Yoga. The opposition between these is very plain for the direction of Magick is wholly outward, that of Yoga wholly inward.

## I

I will deal first then with Magick. How do I define this word?

Magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in accordance with the will. (Obviously then all scientific methods can be included in this term.)

I have to assume in all that follows that you have thoroughly understood the doctrine of  $0 = 2$ .

All Magical action may be classed as under the formula of progression from the "0" to the "2"; in other words it is complete extraversion.

Magician only analyses himself for the purpose of finding new worlds to conquer. His first objective is the astral plane; its discovery, the classification of its tenants, and their control.

All his early practises therefore are devoted to exploring the worlds which surround (if you choose, or if your prefer—are contained in) the object of sense. If there is a tree in your garden, you want to find out whether that tree is occupied by a nymph or a nat, and if so, what are they like? How do they act? How can you make them useful to your purpose? It is in fact the ordinary every-day scientific method of exploration. The only difference is that in the course of one's experiments one becomes aware of parts of the nature

examined which are subtler and perhaps more powerful, nearer to reality, than those which ordinary scientific examination discloses. You will notice, however, that the qualities above-mentioned are identical. The chemical elements which go to form a tree are subtler, more powerful and nearer to reality than the tree as it is presented to the senses.

Finally, we reach the conception of molecules, atoms, electrons, protons, neutrons and so on, and nobody needs telling nowadays what unfathomable potencies lie hidden in the atom.

*This dates the letter as having been written after the stupid — because unnecessary and precedential — bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.*

When I say subtler, moreover, I mean it. The analysis of

in the extraordinary discovery that the definition of matter as given by the physicist of to-day is very similar indeed to the definition of spirit as stated by the mystics of the middle ages.

Henry Poincaré has well pointed out that the results of scientific experiment as we know them, are altogether in their way dependant on the existence of our own peculiar natures. If, for example, we had no sense to use in our exploration but that of hearing, we should have worked out a classification of trees entirely different from that which we now possess. We should have taught our students how to distinguish the sounds made by an oak and an elm respectively in a storm; the differences in the rustling of various



so on.

Similarly the results of our magical experiments are naturally and necessarily very distinct from those which we obtain by ordinary methods. To begin with we must build up an apparatus of examination, and this we do by discovering and developing qualities in our own structure which were suitable for the purpose.

The first step is the separation of (what we call, for convenience) the astral body from the physical body. As our experiments proceed, we find that our astral body itself can be divided into grosser and subtler components. In this way we become aware of the existence of what we call, for convenience, the Holy Guardian Angel, and the more we realise the implications of

existence of such a being, the clearer it becomes that our supreme task is to put ourselves into intimate communication with him.

For one thing, we shall find that in the object of sense which we examine there are elements which resist our examination. We must raise ourselves to a plane in which we obtain complete control of such.

It is found furthermore in the course of experiment that a great many of the apparent differences in our study conceal a hidden unity, and vice versa. Like every other science, both the subject and the object of the work increase as that work proceeds.

Take a simple matter like Mathematics as our analogy. The schoolboy struggling with the Rule of Three is a very rudimentary

advanced  
mathematician  
working on the  
differential  
calculus.

From the above it  
ought to be clear to  
you that I have said  
all that really  
needs to be said in  
explaining the  
whole of Magick as  
the science and art  
of extending, first  
in oneself, one's  
own faculties,  
secondly in  
external nature  
their hidden  
characteristics.

Before closing the  
subject entirely I  
think it well to  
point out that  
there are quite a  
number of worlds  
on which a good  
deal of work  
remains to be  
done. In particular  
I cannot refrain  
from mentioning  
the work of Dr.  
Dee and Sir  
Edward Kelly. My  
own work on this  
subject has been so  
elaborate and  
extensive that I  
shall never  
sufficiently regret  
that I never had an  
opportunity of

should like to emphasize that the obtaining of a book like **Liber 418** is in itself so outstanding an achievement that it should serve as an encouragement to all Magicians.

In the case of many worlds, in particular that of Abra Melin, of the greater and lesser Keys of Solomon, of Pietro di Abano, of Cornelius Agrippa, while we have perfectly adequate information as to the methods we have very meagre examples of the results, especially so far as refers to the technical side of the work.

I must conclude with a warning. So many of these branches of magick are so fascinating that any one of them is liable to take hold of the Magician by the short hair and upset his balance completely. It should never be forgotten for a

the central and essential work of the Magicians is the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Once he has achieved this he must of course be left entirely in the hands of that Angel, who can be invariably and inevitably relied upon to lead him to the further great step—crossing of the abyss and the attainment of the grade of Master of the Temple.

Anything apart from this course is a side issue and unless so regarded may lead to the complete ruin of the whole work of the Magician.

## II

The second part of this letter, which appears to be expanding into a sort of essay, will be devoted to Yoga. You will

the grade of Master of the Temple is itself intimately associated with Yoga. It is when one reaches this plane that the apparently contradictory forms of the Great Work, Magick and Yoga, begin to converge, though even earlier in the course of the work it must have been noticed that achievements in Yoga have been of great assistance to magical operations, and that many of the mental states necessary to the development of the Magician are identical with those attained in the course of the strictly technical Yogic operations.

The literature necessary to the study of Magick is somewhat variegated; there are quite a number of classics on the subject and though it would be easy enough for me to draw up a list of not more than half-

consider really  
essential, there  
may be as many as  
an hundred which  
in the more or less  
subsidiary forms  
are useful to the  
magician.

With Yoga the case is  
very different  
indeed. The  
literature on the  
subject is so  
enormous and  
contains so vast a  
number of more or  
less secret  
documents which  
circulate from hand  
to hand, that I  
believe that the  
best advice I can  
give anyone is to  
cut one's cloth very  
sparingly if one is  
to make a fitting  
suit. I do not think  
I am going too far  
if I say that Part I  
of **Book 4** and my  
**Eight Lectures  
on Yoga** form an  
absolutely  
sufficient guide to  
the useful practise  
of the subject;  
anything else is  
almost certain to  
operate as a  
distraction.

Swami Vivekananda  
summarised Yoga  
under four

not think that one can improve on that classification. His four are: Gnana, Raja, Bhakti and Hatha, and comprise all divisions that it is desirable to make. As soon as one begins to add such sections as Mantra Yoga, you are adding to without enriching the classification, and once you begin where are you to stop? But I honestly believe that the excessive simplification given in "Eight Lectures" on Yoga is a practical advantage. Any given type of Yogas is the work of a lifetime and for that reason alone it is desirable to confine oneself from the beginning to an absolutely simple programme.

What then is the difference between Yoga and Magick? Magick is extraversion, the discovery of and subsequently the classification of



control of new worlds on new planes. So far as it concerns the development of the mind its object and method are perfectly simple. What is wanted is exaltation. The aim is to identify oneself with the highest essence of whatever world is under consideration.

With Yoga you might easily slip into saying that it was identical, with the exception that the new worlds are from the start recognised as already existing within the human cosmos, but nobody is asked to extend these worlds in any way; on the contrary the object is to analyse ever more minutely, and the control to which one approaches is not external but internal. At all times one is concentrated on the idea of simplification. The recognition of any

ideas, is invariably  
the signal for its  
rejection: "not  
that, not that."

One might simplify  
this explanation by  
constructing some  
sort of  
apophthegm;  
Magick is the  
journey from 0 to  
2, Yoga from 2 to  
0. It is a very good  
rule for the Yogi to  
keep this mind  
constantly fixed on  
the fact that any  
idea soever is  
false. There is  
actually a Hindu  
proverb "That  
which can be  
thought is not  
true."

Consequently the  
existence of any  
idea in the mind is  
an immediate  
refutation of it, but  
equally the  
contraries as well  
as contradictory of  
that idea are false,  
and the result of  
this is to knock the  
second law of  
formal logic to  
pieces.

One puts up a sort of  
sorites—A is B,  
therefore A is not  
B; therefore not A  
is not B: and all

statements are equally false, but in order to realise this fact they must themselves be announced by the mind as ecstatic discoveries of truth.

The result of all this naturally is that the mind very rapidly becomes a discredited instrument, and one attains to a totally different and much more exalted type of mind, and the same destructive criticism which one applied to the original consciousness applies equally to this higher consciousness, and one gets to one higher still which is again destroyed. In **The Equinox**, Vol. I there is an essay called "The Soldier and the Hunchback: ! and ?" In **Liber Aleph** too there are several chapters about attainment by what is called the Method of Ladders.

are equally valid  
and equally invalid,  
and the result of  
this is that the  
whole subject of  
Yoga leads to  
constantly  
increasing  
confusion. The  
fineness of the  
analytical  
instrument seems  
to defeat its own  
purpose and it is  
perhaps because of  
that confession  
that I have always  
felt in my deepest  
consciousness that  
the method of  
Magick is on the  
whole less  
dangerous than  
that of Yoga. This  
is particularly the  
case when  
discussing these  
matters with a  
Western mind.

It is true that our  $o = 2$  formula remains  
infinitely useful  
because it is of  
such potency in  
destroying the  
scepticism which  
so often  
disheartens one,  
especially in the  
highest realms of  
The criticism which  
the enemy directs  
against your sun—

thrown back from those glittering walls. You accept the criticism at the same time as you dismiss it with a laugh.

On the whole therefore I continue to regard the discipline of Yoga as its most valuable feature. The results attained by pushing Yoga to its end are on their own showing worthless, whereas the attainment of Magick, however lofty, is still immune to all criticism and at every period of its construction has been perfectly sympathetic with the normal consciousness of man.

On this view indeed, one might laughingly remark that Yoga at its best is a smoke-screen thrown out by a battleship in self-protection.

It may seem to you strange as you read this letter to have watched how the

swung always a little more and more towards the side of Magick. I do not know why this should have been, but that it is so I have no doubt whatever. I see quite clearly now that Yoga from its very first beginnings is liable to lead the mind away into a condition of muddle, and though for each such state Yoga itself provides the necessary cure, may not one ask oneself if it is really wise to begin one's work with axioms and postulates which are inherently dangerous. The whole controversy might be expressed as a differential equation. Their curves become identical only at infinity, and there is no doubt, at least to my mind, that the curve of Magick follows a more pleasant track than that of Yoga.

To take one point

evidently more  
satisfactory to have  
one's malignant  
demons external to  
oneself.

*It should perhaps be  
remarked that all  
this is a matter of  
idiosyncrasy as  
well as a point of  
view. Another  
person might, for  
instance, prefer to  
think that his or  
her "malignant  
demons" are  
internal to himself  
or herself rather  
than that such  
creatures might  
exist in the  
external world.  
Actually, the whole  
controversy is  
laughable from  
above the Abyss.  
but he was talking  
down to the level  
of the hearer.*

As I have written it  
has become clearer  
to me that this is  
the case, but I  
should not like you  
to arise from its  
perusal with any  
idea that I have  
been in some way  
derogating Yoga I  
would not like to  
maintain that it is  
necessary to  
Magick because

many very great magicians who knew nothing at all of the subject but I am just as strongly convinced as I was before that the practice of Yoga in itself is of enormous assistance to the Magician in his more intelligible path, only adding that he should beware lest the logical antinomies inherent in Yoga divert him from or discourage him in his simple path.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

**INTELLIGENCE  
SERVICES  
ARE NOT  
INTELLIGENT**

**OR**

**THE O.T.O.  
SINCE**





hands the entire written record of intrigue, persecution and deceit. It took almost two decades to gather this evidence. It will not be found in the residence of any O.T.O. member. The documents are in several safe deposit boxes in several different cities in several different countries. As everybody knows, Motta is paranoid as well as megalomaniacal.

This article does not purpose to be an exhaustive history: that would take volumes. Furthermore, we are still gathering evidence. Frater Meithras III<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. (Mr. Martin P. Starr) plans to write a more extensive treatment in the future. If he does

**will.**

*On the 29th  
December of 1941  
e.v. J. Edgar  
Hoover, then  
Director of the  
F.B.I., sent the  
following  
command to the  
Special Agent In  
Charge in the city  
of New York:*

Re: Karl  
Johannes  
Germer

Internal Security  
— C

Dear Sir:

There are being  
transmitted  
herewith  
photostatic copies  
of a resume of  
information  
available through  
(censored)  
regarding the  
above captioned  
subject.

You are, therefore,  
directed to  
institute an  
appropriate  
inquiry into the  
background and  
activities of  
Germer, who is  
said to be living at  
the present time at  
1007 Lexington  
Avenue, New York,

given preferred and  
expeditious  
attention in order  
that a  
comprehensive  
report may be  
submitted to reach  
the Bureau at an  
early date.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar  
Hoover  
Director

**The New York  
section of the  
Bureau  
obediently  
instituted the  
required  
investigation.  
Nothing of a  
subversive  
nature surfaced  
and this was  
reported back to  
Hoover who,  
furious, wrote  
them again one  
year later, on the  
24th February  
1942 e.v.**

You were requested  
to institute an  
appropriate  
inquiry into the  
background and  
activities of  
Germer and you  
were directed to  
give this inquiry  
preferred and

attention in order  
that a  
comprehensive  
report would be  
submitted to reach  
the Bureau at an  
early date.

A review of the  
Bureau files fails to  
reflect that you  
have complied with  
my requests in this  
matter, and it is  
again being called  
to your attention  
that this  
investigation  
should be given  
preferred and  
continuous  
handling in order  
that the desired  
report will be  
submitted to reach  
the Bureau without  
further delay. I  
expect rigid  
compliance with  
my desires in this  
case.

*For anyone who  
understands the  
plight of the F.B.I.  
under Hoover in  
his later years,  
what is written  
between the lines  
is that the  
Director, who  
apparently by then  
could favorably  
compare with  
Motta in naranoia*

*had it in for Mr. Germer and wanted his men to find evidence against him in some way; even if such evidence had to be fabricated. Hoover was a Roman Catholic with strong ties to the Vatican hierarchy. He was also a homosexual, which explains why F.B.I. men became so strait-laced during his reign: the Director tolerated no sex life out of the "holy bonds" of etc. etc.*

**An investigation was instituted as soon as the poor agents, overworked and understaffed at wartime, could spare someone to go on what they knew perfectly well would be a wild goose chase. It was found that Germer resided in the Lexington Avenue address with his wife, an American Citizen. He told the agents he had**

**concentration  
camp in 1935 e.v.  
for six months,  
under accusation  
of being a  
Freemason; that  
he had been  
paroled and had  
escaped to  
Belgium; that  
from Belgium he  
had gone to the  
British Isles, but  
had been  
expelled from  
Dublin, Ireland,  
in 1937 e.v. at the  
specific request  
of the German  
ambassador ...**

*Mr. Germer was by  
then perfectly  
familiar with  
secret police  
investigations. He  
knew very well  
that the inquiry  
from the F.B.I. was  
conducting against  
him had been  
instigated by  
Roman Catholic  
interests, so  
refrained from  
mentioning that  
Ireland was  
ravidly Roman  
Catholic and that  
this had been the  
real cause of his  
expulsion. It is  
possible that the  
German*

*have requested it:  
a great many  
Nazis were Roman  
Catholics. But he  
was expelled  
because he was  
doing O.T.O. work  
in that terrible  
land. He was a  
man of the  
greatest moral  
courage.*

**that he had then  
spent some time  
in London; and  
that from 1937  
e.v. to 1940 e.v.  
most of his time  
had been spent  
in Belgium as a  
machinery  
salesman. In  
1940 e.v. he had  
been arrested  
again, this time,  
by order of the  
Belgian  
Government ...**

*This time his arrest  
was really  
demanded by the  
Nazis, whose  
march through  
Europe had put  
Belgium on the  
spot.*

**... and was  
subsequently  
transferred to a  
French  
concentration**



*France had lost the war against the Nazis and had been forced to adopt the concentration camp model. De Gaulle was in England marshalling the Free French.*

**... from which he was released early in 1941 e.v. when his wife obtained for him a non-quota visa which permitted him to enter the United States.**

*This was his second wife, nee Cora Eaton, an American citizen from a wealthy family. Mr. Germer was married three times; his first and third wives were Jewish.*

**Mr. and Mrs. Germer's home was ransacked by the F.B.I. men, under the excuse that a spot search for enemy agents was being made in their area of residence. A**

**correspondence  
with a certain  
Aleister Crowley  
was found. Mr.  
Germer  
explained that he  
was trying to  
obtain a visa to  
bring Crowley to  
live in the United  
States of  
America.**

*London was under  
constant air raids,  
and Crowley was  
destitute by that  
time. Mrs. Germer  
was trying to help  
her husband obtain  
a visa for "the  
wickedest man in  
the world."*

**He further stated  
that Crowley,  
who was an  
astrologer and  
writer, had sent  
thousands of  
dollars worth of  
books to the  
U.S.A., which he  
and (censored)  
of Los Angeles  
were selling and  
collecting money  
to help Crowley  
survive in  
England.**

*The censored name  
was not that of  
Grady McMurtry,*

*might be innocent enough to suppose, but that of an O.T.O. brother called Max Schneider. The thousands of books, incidentally, had been printed in great part with Mrs. Germer's money.*

*"Thousands" was an exaggeration to impress the agents. There were, however, at least nine hundred unbound copies of **Book Four Part IV**, "The Equinox of the Gods," which Mr. Germer was slowly selling through — guess who — Samuel Weiser, Inc.*

**Germer further denied having any Nazi sympathies or any contact with clandestine pro—Nazi organizations in the United States.**

**This information was dutifully sent back to Hoover, who promptly sent a**

**and confidential  
by special  
messenger," to  
Adolph A. Berle  
Jr., Assistant  
Secretary of  
State, starting in  
capitals:**

—... During an investigation relating to the Internal Security of the Nation it has been determined that Karl Johannes Germer, a German-born alien ...

*Deliberate  
misinformation.  
Mr. Germer was  
by that time a  
naturalized  
American citizen.*

—... who last entered the United States on March 31, 1941, and who resides with his wife at 1007 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York, has engaged in considerable correspondence with Aleister (sic) Crowley of London, whose entry into the United States Germer is trying to effect. I thought you would be interested in

summary of the information which has been received from a reliable source concerning Crowley..

Most of the "information" in this letter the F.B.I. has refused to divulge, but one can easily imagine what it consisted of. A section which was not censored shows that the "reliable source" wrote in an elegant, probably female hand, It is stated that Germer had been put in a concentration camp for translating into German the books of the notorious English author Aleister Crowley. It is also stated that Crowley had been expelled from Germany (false) and that both Crowley and Germer had been expelled from France (false) for

**letter continues by stating that the informer is worried because Germer's conversation "is violent Nazi propaganda" ...**

*This last was, of course, a deliberate and vicious lie. I knew Mr. Germer for nine years, and met him physically four times, and corresponded with him at least once a month during that period. He always expressed nothing but contempt for the Nazis, and **was absolutely convinced that Crowley had destroyed Hitler magically.** The identity of the person who wrote this criminally damaging document is unknown to us to this day; the F.B.I. is shielding his or her name. Internal evidence, however, suggests that it was a girlfriend of Mr. Germer's second wife, Gene*

*living in Buffalo, New York, with lesbian tendencies, who hated him out of jealous spite. This is indicated by the fact that, as part of her "evidence," she furnished a copy of a letter from Cora Germer to herself in which Mrs. Germer gently defended her husband against accusations of living off her, ending with the words "Do take care of yourself and find someone you like — man or woman. Lots of love, Cora."*

**... and "he got a powerful short wave radio."...**

*Naturally, Mr. and Mrs. Germer, who both spoke French, German and English, were eager to know at first hand what was happening in Europe. The radio was examined by the F.B.I. and found to be a receiver, not a transmitter as the*

*implied. But the purpose of the entire operation, which Hoover masterminded, was to make it impossible for Mr. Germer to bring Aleister Crowley to the United States: it was not with the national security of the country at war that Hoover was concerned in this case: he was violating religious freedom in America and abusing the powers of his office trying to advance the "interests" of the Roman Catholic Church.*

**The informer ended the letter with the following words: "I would not like my name brought into the affair should you make investigations. Yours truly, (censored.)"**

*It is a practice of the F.B.I., as of the C.I.A., and of so-called "intelligence*



over, not to reveal  
the name of an  
informer anyway.  
This would  
certainly be  
practical, and even  
ethical, should the  
informer be a  
patriotic citizen  
who has told the  
truth about some  
crime or treason.  
But the F.B.I., as  
the C.I.A. and the  
rest, shield the  
name even when  
the informer is  
trying to ruin the  
life of someone he  
or she hates by  
duping his or her  
own government.  
You have thus the  
interesting  
situation that,  
under the excuse of  
serving their  
country, agents  
encourage  
breaking the law of  
their country,  
break it  
themselves, and  
thus create the  
social conditions  
that made the  
Gestapo infamous  
and eventually  
brought Hoover  
himself into public  
criticism and  
disgrace. His most  
contemptible years

*cooperated with another Roman Catholic, Joseph McCarthy, to undermine American civil liberties and public ethics to the point that made possible the election first of a Kennedy, then of a Nixon, and finally of a Reagan to the highest office of the nation.*

**Under pressure from Hoover, the agents then made contact with anybody who knew the Germers ...**

*The documentation shows the astounding powers the F.B.I. can bring to bear in order to invade personal privacy. Every possible source of information was "confidentially" approached: landlords, janitors, business associates and even personal friends. "Confidentiality" in this sense means that, if you are accused of anything you will*

source of the accusation, will often never know you were accused, and therefore will never be able to defend yourself, to clarify, or to explain. You will, furthermore, be always at the mercy of the prejudices or mental and moral limitations of whomever, being approached by such a "glamorous" organization as the F.B.I., decides to become a permanent informer on you. After all, the F.B.I. represents your government! (Under Hoover, it almost **became** the government.)

The Gestapo was as idolized by the German population in the early years of Nazism as the F.B.I. under Hoover became during and after the war. Hoover was a master of public relations — much better at it

*investigator. But one is not here criticizing the existence, or the normal work of the Bureau: its record, on the whole, can not with fairness be compared to the Gestapo's. But in the Fifties the F.B.I. became an instrument of tyranny, and as habits good or bad die hard it has often been manipulated by scurvy but powerful interests since. What happened to the O.T.O. is but one example of how a government agency can be manipulated by private parties, and of how power may corrupt even the non-average bureaucrat.*

**Thus, a certain bookshop in New York, which Mr. Germer frequented, to which he went often to buy or sell books by Aleister Crowley, eventually**

**charge and  
offered  
information ...**

*It should be remarked that at the time there was only one important occult bookshop in New York City: the Samuel Weiser Bookstore. Mr. Germer sold most of his nine hundred copies of **The Equinox of the Gods** to them, and dealt with them as often as possible during his later life. The fact that the Weisers were Jews does not seem to have deterred him. He once wrote me that he would always rather do business with a Jew than with a Christist. Mr. Germer was, incidentally, brought up as a Roman Catholic, or so he stated in a letter to Motta. He had understandably broke contact with all his relatives many years before.*

**... The report  
states. Mr**

interview,  
advised that  
subject... has  
been coming to  
the shop... that  
he has purchased  
the following  
books by  
(Aleister  
Crowley): "The  
Book of Lies", a  
volume of the  
Equinox, "Magic  
(sic) in Theory  
and Practice"  
and "Clouds  
Without Water"  
...

*As can be seen, very  
subversive actions;  
especially the last.  
But what should  
strike the reader is  
that buying a book  
by Aleister  
Crowley was  
enough to have the  
buyer reported to  
the F.B.I., and to  
have the list of  
titles bought kept  
by the agents as of  
criminal  
significance. This  
was the way things  
were. And since in  
bureaucracies  
nothing dies  
harder than  
routine (the  
strongest form of  
habit), perhaps to  
this day...*

Weisers, the  
Grants, the  
Regardies, the  
Llewellyns, the  
Kings, the  
McMurtries et alla  
are not watched.  
Why should they  
be watched? Being  
thieves, they must  
be above  
suspicion! But  
those who honestly  
have a right to  
publish, and who  
love and respect  
the author, are  
watched. Perhaps  
this will tell you  
something about  
the ethical  
degeneracy of the  
Bureau since  
Hoover started  
abusing his  
powers; perhaps  
not. The fact is that  
anything that gets  
too close to the  
Zionists of the  
Roman Catholic  
Church rots. It is  
inevitable.

... (Censored)  
has often heard  
of Aleister  
Crowley's being  
consulted by  
Hitler  
concerning his  
"Black Magic"  
(absolutely false,  
of -----)

**misinformation  
rather than  
malice) and he  
has often heard  
Germer state  
that he, Germer,  
is a believer of  
Hitler's ideology  
...**

*This statement must  
have sent the  
agents into a tizzy.  
To their credit,  
they checked on it  
with another  
source. It became  
clear that Mr.  
Germer had stated  
that he:*

**..."is a believer of  
Hitler's ideology  
to the extent that  
he, too, believes  
that the Germans  
are a 'master  
race' ..."**

**The previous  
report read that  
Mr. Germer has  
stated that the  
Germans are the  
"Master Race."  
An important  
distinction.**

*Mr. Germer should  
not have indulged  
in baiting the  
Jewish booksellers,  
but one can  
visualize his*



*with that of the rest of the German people nowadays, and even of non—German*

*Thelemites like myself, at being made personally responsible for the Nazis! It is as if I went to some modest Jewish merchant in the Bronx and heatedly accused him of personal responsibility for Menachem Begin, Rabbi Kahane, and the "Prophet" Samuel. This kind of thing can be even more annoying if you were put in concentration camps by your own government, and were expelled from several predominantly Roman Catholic countries, for being a Jewish sympathizer.*

*That the Germans are a master race is obvious. So, again obviously, are the Jews (one uses the word "race" here as loosely as it was*

*sloppy Nazi pseudo anthropology.)*

*And the Jewish booksellers could not expect a baited Prussian, who had served as a lieutenant in the German army in the First World War, to meekly accept slurs against his people and his country; especially when he would have been the first to defend a Jew against such slurs in Germany itself. (That is, the Jewish booksellers could expect this if they were honest and fair men. Unfortunately, these particular Jews were none of those things, as time would prove.*

*By then the agents would have dropped the entire useless investigation if its purpose had really been to safeguard national security. But the true purpose, of which Hoover was the secondary mover, was to smear both Germer and*

*extent as to make it impossible for the latter to come to this country and for the former to live peacefully in it for the rest of his days. Behold the following gem:*

**"... (censored) has been visiting in New York City from (censored) for approximately one week (censored) ...advised that the subject had recently married a lady by the name of Sacha (sic) Ernestine Andra (sic) who was a music teacher and that the subject resides ..."**

**"... (censored) advises that he believes that the subjects first wife ..."**

*Not first, second:  
Cora Eaton.*

**"... had died sometime previously. He stated that as far as he knew, the**

activities were  
not such as to  
arouse suspicion  
..."

*This cannot have  
pleased Hoover  
very much. But  
there were other  
informers:*

"... On March 17  
1943  
Confidential  
Informant T-2  
reported that  
Karl Johannes  
Germer, 133  
West 71st Street,  
New York City,  
received several  
messages from  
Aleister Crowley,  
London,  
England, of a  
cryptic nature.  
On April 9 1942  
subject received  
the following  
message from  
Crowley:  
'EQUINOX  
WORD KUSIS  
MEANING  
GREAT MOTHER  
GODDESS STOP  
ARCHIVE NOT  
ARCHIES STOP  
PERIQUE  
EARLIEST STOP  
HUNDRED  
RECEIVED  
LOVE'..."

*this sort of thing now; but consider a country at war, consider Crowley's carefully nurtured "reputation," and Mr. Germer's augmenting one. "Perique" was, of course, a type of pipe tobacco of which Crowley was extremely fond. The "hundred" were pounds, not Huns, sent by the Germans with great sacrifice. The "love" may have sounded suspicious to Hoover and the Roman Catholic Hierarchy; but considering the distance between the parties involved, one can take it as what is usually called Platonic but is not. (To the average American Ph.D.: What is usually called 'Platonic love' was really meant by Plato as homosexual male love.*

*It was very like Crowley to take time out in a telegram — paid*

*hard-earned  
hundred pounds —  
to correct his  
pupil's English; but  
to the F.B.I. in  
wartime, "Archive,  
not archies" may  
have sounded like  
a Nazi  
cryptogram; and  
to Hoover like a  
sinister Black  
Magical formula. If  
a man of Crowley's  
intelligence could  
take time out  
across the Atlantic  
in a wartime  
telegram to correct  
a misspelling that  
was very possibly  
not due to Mr.  
Germer, but to  
some clerk, why  
should the F.B.I.  
not be silly as  
well? As to  
Hoover, paranoia,  
paranoia...*

**Several other  
sinister—  
seeming  
telegrams were  
equally reported.  
Each time,  
Germer was  
brought in for  
interrogation  
and ordered to  
explain the  
meaning. One  
particular**

----- .

**"ENDEAVOR  
TRACE ROY  
TRANSFER  
BUSINESS  
PARALYSED  
UNTIL  
RECEIVED STOP  
WRITING  
FULLY  
DISENTANGLE  
SMITH  
IMBROGLIO  
LOVE." The  
report  
continued:**

**Informant  
advised that  
subject explained  
that the message  
was a request  
that he make  
every effort to  
straighten out  
the trouble with  
one W. T. Smith  
who is the head  
of the Ordo  
Templi Orientis  
Lodge in  
Pasadena,  
California.**

**Subject advised  
informant that  
Crowley was the  
President of the  
international  
organization, of  
this temple...**

*This "Smith" was  
Wilfred Talbot  
Smith, who had  
not yet married*

*and the "Lodge" was the celebrated "Agape." "Roy" was another Brother, Roy Leffingwell. One can be amused at Mr. Germer trying to translate "Outer Head" into "President" for the benefit of the informant, who was obviously a telegraph office clerk. To this day, incidentally, it is against the law to send cipher telegrams. Those telegrams were not in cipher; had they been, they would not have looked so cryptical. Naturally, coded telegrams are daily sent everywhere in the world, mostly by international cartels. They look quite innocuous without the cipher key.*

**The report continued:**

**"...For the information of the Albany Field Division, it has previously been**



**of London, is a notorious moral pervert, and (Germer) is attempting to assist his entry into the United States...**

*Considering that the F.B.I. Director himself was (by the same definition) a pervert, and not just "morally," this was rich. But at least Hoover went punctually to Roman Catholic worship on Sundays; usually accompanied by his lover. No one could say that Aleister Crowley went to Roman Catholic worship, accompanied or otherwise.*

**Cora Eaton Germer had died of natural causes in the first half of 1942 e.v., and three months later Mr. Germer had married Sascha Ernestine Andre Askenazy, a Jewish refugee from Austria. The third Mrs**

**from a well—to—  
do, influential  
family ...**

*The Ashkenazy are often compared with the 'Schwartzes' by Jews themselves, as contrasting types within the culture: blonde, often blue-eyed, aristocratic, artistically inclined. They could easily pass for the Nazi's mythical 'Aryan,' and indeed many of them escaped Nazism by, so to speak, crossing the color line all the way out of Hitler's expanding empire. The 'Schwartzes' are the dark type of Jew wrongly considered 'typical.' There is, of course, no such thing as a 'typical' Jew, as there is no such thing as a Jewish 'race.' The Jews were never a race in any scientific sense of the word; they were and remain a religious and cultural group.*

*predominantly Semitic, as the 'Askenazy' type proves. The entire concept of a 'Jewish Race' was a deliberate creation of Nazi propaganda. It was by turning the countries they conquered against the Jews that the Nazis survived and grew for so long: they had the secret support of the Roman Catholic Church (invariably strong in those countries — witness Poland) in their genocide. Ironically, now the Zionists try to keep alive the concept for their own purposes.*

**She had managed to bring some of the family money with her to the United States, but she was not nearly as well to do as Cora Eaton Germer had been; and although an American citizen, she was**

reasons Mr. Germer remarried so quickly was that he was mortally afraid of again being imprisoned at a time when he was struggling to bring Crowley to safe asylum in the United States. He must have sensed by then that sinister and powerful interests were at work to avoid this, but he may not have realized that one of the most powerful men in the country, who was daily becoming more powerful, J. Edgar Hoover, was neutralizing all his efforts at every turn.

The harassment continued unabated. At the least pretext, Mr. Germer was hauled in and interrogated by the F.B.I. Mrs. Germer supplemented her modest

. , . .

her pupils and their parents were constantly approached and questioned about her. Did she try to sexually abuse her pupils? Did she try to teach them immoral ways? Did the parents realize that her husband was a pupil and friend of the infamous Satanist and Black Magician, Aleister Crowley, justly called in his own country "the wickedest man in the world...?"

Realizing that he had no chances of bring Crowley to the U.S.A. through his own efforts, Mr. Germer appealed to — guess who? — Grady McMurry. By then the war was over: McMurry was back in the United States, intriguing first against Wilfred Talbot Smith and then against

## **Parsons.**

*McMurtry himself has been stupid enough to boast in print that he participated in the intelligence probe conducted against Parsons. He must have concealed this from both Mr. Germer and Crowley: he was violating the Oaths and Obligations of the III<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. and would have been summarily expelled had they known. But Mr. Germer must have suspected it, in view of a fact that McMurtry has avoided revealing so far.*

**As an ex-combatant, an ex-Army officer and an American citizen, McMurtry was the one person who could have brought Crowley to the United States, and agreed to do so. Apparently, Mr. Germer and Crowley thought**

McMurtry was supposed to travel to England and personally arrange Crowley's visa and bring him over, he informed Mr. Germer that he had just gotten married, that his wife was pregnant, and that his newly acquired financial and personal obligations made it impossible for him to go on with the plan!

*Motta only learned of this in March of this year, on reading a copy of Mr. Germer's answering letter to McMurtry (McMurtry was compelled to produce this as part of his deposition.) Motta commented on it to his lawyer, expressing total contempt for McMurtry's action, or rather, inaction. Motta's lawyer, who is a good man*

*condescendingly  
that Motta cannot  
understand such  
things — the  
implication being  
that Motta cannot  
understand  
because Motta is  
gay. You see,  
Motta's lawyer has  
read Motta's  
private  
correspondence  
with Mr. Germer  
(which McMurtry  
has made  
available to  
anybody who is  
willing to read  
other people's mail  
without the  
owner's knowledge  
and consent — you  
might be surprised  
how many people  
are not only  
willing but eager  
to do this.) He  
knew that Motta is  
not married and  
does not want to  
be married; knew  
that Motta has  
often told his male  
pupils to get rid of  
their female  
vampires or else;  
knew that Motta  
has repeatedly  
expressed a total  
contempt for 'holy  
matrimony' and  
the mammalian*



foremost of all  
from his point of  
view, that Motta  
has had  
homosexual  
experiences... And,  
being a good, but  
not a great man,  
Motta's lawyer  
cannot conceive  
that a person may  
do all this and still  
be able to  
understand the  
impulse that  
makes people join  
to raise families;  
understand it  
better than the  
people who do it  
understand  
themselves;  
understand it  
precisely because  
he or she has seen  
more, and done  
more, and suffered  
more, than those  
people whose joys  
are so weak, and  
so close to the  
animal level.  
Motta refrained  
from telling his  
lawyer that the  
reason why he has  
never married is  
that no woman has  
yet been able to  
convince him that  
they only way he  
could prove his  
maturity or his

provider for her brood—hen instincts. Many have tried. Motta has been known to use women, and to let women use him; but he has never allowed himself to be abused by them. Motta refrained from letting his lawyer know that he considers the average paterfamilias little more than a domesticated talking monkey; Motta is very polite, and knows his lawyer is married and a father. He did not want to hurt his lawyer's feelings. Besides, he needed his lawyer. He merely asked (politely):

"Is McMurtry still married to the woman?"

The Lawyer had to admit that McMurtry is no longer married to the lady (if you assume a lady would marry McMurtry) in question. Motta

*just gone to  
England and  
brought Crowley  
over and left him  
with Mr. and Mrs.  
Germer, whom he  
knew would have  
welcomed Crowley  
with open arms  
and supported him  
to their last cent,  
and then gone and  
raised his family  
unencumbered by  
aging Beasts?" The  
lawyer  
condescended to  
admit that  
McMurtry could  
have done this.*

*"Then," Motta  
suggested, always  
politely,  
"wouldn't you say  
that the reason  
why he did not go  
was that he did not  
want to go?"*

*The lawyer  
admitted as much;  
but to Motta's  
practiced eye still  
seemed more  
amused than  
impressed by a  
queer being able to  
reason so logically  
about such a  
sacred matter as  
mammalian  
reproduction.*

*Motta's lawyer,  
besides not being a*

*has still to see a Jewish male capable to withstand the guile of the female of our species. (Could Jewish men do this, their religious laws and regulations would never have been as overprotective of men — and consequently as oppressive of women — as you can find them in Exodus or Deuteronomy.)*

*Motta's lawyer, like the fox of the fable, has lost his tail (forgive the Freudian pun); and so that his subconscious shame at having been had will afflict him no longer, unconsciously would like to see every other male do the same. Nevertheless, as we said before, he is a good, albeit not great, man; and his children are charming. Motta has seen much worse examples of*

*Christists. Very likely it was the inability of McMurtry to resist this, the most obvious form of vampirism (the simplest form that the Ordeal of the Probationer may take!) that ruined his chances of becoming a real Thelemite. This was also the main reason why he was not mentioned in Crowley's will (written one year after the would-be 'Caliph' fell back on all fours, where he has remained ever since); and certainly the reason why Mr. Germer kept him at arm's length for the rest of his life. But it is interesting to remark that Crowley had already foreseen this weakness when he suggested to McMurtry the Motto (of which McMurtry is so foolishly proud) of Hymenaeus Alpha — the Marriage Fool... Please notice that*

*the Motto years before he proved himself so worthy of it.*

**McMurtry's disloyalty was a very heavy blow. Crowley knew now that he would die in England, away from Mr. Germer, his most loyal and beloved pupil; and he was aware of the relentless persecution the F.B.I. was moving against the Germers at Hoover's instigation.**

**What if Mr. Germer were framed and arrested? What if he died in prison? He was the younger man, but he was not so young anymore.**

**Crowley's paramount worry became the future of his Work. Financial ventures (mineral wealth in South Africa, Brasil, and**

opposing forces of the Dead Aeon were still too great. What could he contribute to the future of his Work?

For the first time it must have occurred to him that his copyrights might eventually be worth something. The idea of a Will grew in his mind. But to whom or what should he leave his literary remains? The A·A· was not a material organization; thus had and could have no legal existence as such. The Order of Θελμα was still in embryo: only two full Zelators in the world, and one of them himself! It must be the O.T.O., which was the sole organization with the potentiality of

having a legal existence on the material plane.

Accordingly, on 19 June 1947 e.v., roughly six months before he was to die, Crowley wrote his last (in more than one sense) Will and Testament, in which he revoked all previous bequests, left his copyrights to the O.T.O., and directed that his literary remains be mailed to Mr. Germer's then address in New York. In private letters he informed all his pupils that his chosen successor was Frater SATURNUS, Karl Johannes Germer.

Two days before he signed his Will he wrote Grady McMurry a letter that McMurry has reprinted many times as "proof" of his personal



### the O.T.O.:

Dear Grady,

Do what thou wilt  
shall be the whole  
of the Law.

It seems a long time  
since I heard from  
you. This is a great  
mistake: I will tell  
you why in strict  
confidence. In the  
event of my death  
Frater Saturnus is  
of course my  
successor, but after  
his death the  
terrible burden of  
responsibility  
might very easily  
fall upon your  
shoulders; for this  
reason I should  
like you to keep  
closely in touch  
with me.

I am sending you a  
bound copy of  
"Olla" to remind  
you of me.

By the way, 'Magick  
Without Tears' is  
almost finished,  
but there are two  
letters missing;  
these still either  
have to be found or  
re-written. There  
appears to be quite  
a good chance of  
getting the book  
issued through a  
----- Publisher -----

course, that the discount will be very much heavier, but this is all to your advantage, because it means the selling of many more copies, and your share is 25% of the gross receipts not of the nett (sic.)

I am very busy this afternoon so I must break off here.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

Aleister.

*The publication of Magick Without Tears by a regular publisher was, of course, a pipe dream. Symonds was already at work on his sensationalistic "The Great Beast," and may have deceived Crowley into thinking his publishers would be interested in the book. It may also have been an attempt to mollify the distant Grady, still chafing over his previous fifty pound "contribution" to*

McMurtry at least once reprinted this letter with the superscription: "One of many later Caliphate letters from Crowley to Hymeneus Alpha. This letter gives clear evidence of Crowley's view of Grady as a probable successor after Frater Saturnus, Karl Germer. Germer died in 1962 e.v. Crowley died six (sic) and a fraction months after this letter."

What McMurtry has not said is that he did not answer the letter. Inevitably, though, he introduced it at the trial in Maine, to help Donald Weiser try to confuse the issue with the allegation that he, McMurtry, has the right to represent the O.T.O. (this

part of his deal with McMurtry is that he should be 'pardoned' for his piracies previous to his 'adoption' of the 'Caliph.') It must have chagrined both those scoundrels extremely that the O.T.O. was able to present the following letter from Crowley to Frederick Mellinger (a Brother then serving in the American Army who, incidentally, was a Jew), written almost a month exactly after the letter to McMurtry:

My beloved son,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I should have answered your letter of June 24th before now, but I have been overwhelmed with work and visitors that could not be put off, and illness

weather, so that I don't know whether I am on my topsy or my turvy.

I am very glad that you are pleased with the little present:1 everyone seems to like it. You are one of only some three or four people that have had copies.

*The "little present" was a copy of Olla.*

I am very glad that your work is making an impression on your colleagues and subordinates. Do not forget "without lust of result!"

Any time that you can spare a moment think of me, and remember that you can bring no greater happiness into my life than by dropping me a brief note: never mind whether there is anything to say or not.

I am very anxious indeed that you should keep in close touch with me, if only because I think it quite

Frater Saturnus  
and myself have  
moved on into the  
next stage, you may  
find yourself  
saddled with the  
whole  
responsibility of  
carrying on the  
work of the Order.  
It is most  
important that you  
should have paid  
the greatest  
attention to  
practical  
experience of every  
side of the work,  
because whenever  
you become the  
supreme head of  
everything you will  
find that people  
write to you from  
everywhere and  
anywhere asking  
all sorts of the  
most impossible  
questions, and you  
have to answer  
them not merely  
with tact and  
discretion, but with  
detailed  
knowledge.

Please remember this  
above all things...  
you never know at  
what moment you  
may find yourself  
in a position of  
supreme  
responsibility, and

it or dodge it. I think that is all for this afternoon.

You have no idea what impossible things people ask me to do. The B.B.C. wanted something from "Olla" — I don't quite know why any more — and they have now sent it back because the man who originally wanted it has gone on sick leave, and 'will I please send the book again in November.' Well, I hardly know when November is any more! My gift for organization is not my strongest point, as you are well aware, and I simply don't know what to do about this particular trouble. It seems to me that by the time November comes, I shall no longer remember who wrote originally about it, or what he wrote about it for. The only thing I can think of is to make a note in my diary for November 1st to

to this man — who I do not know personally at all — on that day. In other words, I am in the worst muddle than ever in my life before.

By the way, a man has just turned up who has been studying my books for some years, and has got quite advanced in more ways than one. His great drawback is that he doesn't seem to get the hang of the Astral Plane, so I have asked him to come back here the day after tomorrow and let me give him the sort of test that I gave you. I should like to hear, by the way, what the result, after all these months, of that test has been.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours ever,  
with a Father's  
Blessing in  
full measure

666

**As you can see, a much fonder letter than the**



McMurtry, and no wonder. Approximately five months later he died. Mellinger went on to be named co-executor of Mr. Germer's Will with Mrs. Germer. As to McMurry what he already was, and what he became as time went by, will be very clear as we continue this history.

The campaign against Thelemites was not limited to the Germers and did not stop with Crowley's death. Parsons, who was already obsessed by his failure to surrender all he was and all he had, tried to set himself above the Beast by "getting his own Scarlet Woman." (sounds familiar?) The woman he chose for "Babalon Incarnate"

savings and his  
'best friend,' the  
future father of  
'Dianetics' and  
'Scientology,' L.  
Ron Hubbard  
(who started his  
very successful  
career as a con—  
man with this  
not  
inconsiderable  
nest egg.)

*Hubbard has since  
suggested that he  
was sent to  
Parsons by  
American Navy  
Intelligence, to  
break up 'Black  
Magic' in the  
United States. The  
Navy has neither  
confirmed nor  
denied this  
illustrious  
connection. If it be  
true, Hubbard was  
neither the first,  
nor the last,  
intelligence nag, in  
the Navy or out of  
it, who suddenly  
took the reins in  
his teeth and  
galloped away  
doing better — or  
worse — than its  
riders.*

**His fortune  
gone, his 'Scarlet  
Women' gone**

approached by someone whose name, for some unexplained reason, the American government refused to disclose: the only thing known about him is that he was a Jew. This person proposed to buy military secrets from Parsons, who was an expert in solid fuel rocketry and worked for the Government. "Inexplicably," the negotiations became known to Parson's bosses, who started a top secret probe. It was while this probe was still in progress that Parsons blew himself up 'accidentally' in his lab. As we already pointed out, Grady McMurry has stated in print that he participated in the investigation against Parsons.

*obtained as part of a Freedom of Information Act request by the O.T.O. Most of the pages have been totally blackened out, which means either that the agency responsible is thoroughly embarrassed by the whole thing or that most of the informers are still living or are being offered, even dead, the kind of protection that slanderers and libelers get from intelligence services.*

*Apparently, intelligence services think they can function on no other basis than that of human betrayal. Parsons was obviously set up; that a Jew should have been the central character in the scam is highly interesting in view of Motta's subsequent misadventures with Oskar Schlag and other Israeli agents, and in view*

*hatred of Θελημα.*

Parsons killed himself in 1952 e.v., the same year Mr. Germer sent Kenneth Grant, in England, a patent giving him the right to work with the first three Grades of the O.T.O. At the beginning of the next year, 1953 e.v., Marcelo Motta made contact with Mr. Germer for the first time.

Motta, a Brazilian, was recommended to Germer by Parsifal Krumm-Heller, son of Arnold Krumm-Heller (Frater Huiracocha VIII<sup>o</sup> O.T.O.), whom Motta had visited in Marburg, Germany, just before going to the United States to study in an American university. Motta had been interested in occultism, and

. . .

sometimes called  
the 'Western  
Esoteric  
Tradition' since  
his early teens.

*Specifically, since the  
age of eleven, after  
reading Zanoni, by  
Sir Bulwer—  
Lytton.*

Parsifal Krumm  
—Heller had  
been teaching  
Motta from a  
distance since  
the two had met  
(Parsifal was  
then in his early  
thirties Motta in  
his early  
twenties.) He  
had made two  
astrological,  
graphological  
and palmistic  
studies on Motta,  
which contain  
some strikingly  
accurate  
predictions, and  
had shown great  
interest in the  
development of  
the younger  
man. On passing  
him to Mr.  
Germer he  
wrote:

"I am putting  
you in the hands  
of a much more  
advanced Initiator

because I feel  
you will benefit  
more from his  
tuition than  
from mine."

(Not something  
you could expect  
a Grady  
McMurtry or an  
L. Ron Hubbard  
to do!)

Subsequently,  
Parsifal left  
Germany with  
his wife and son  
and vanished  
completely, as  
some initiates  
do.

*How and why Motta  
made contact with  
Parsifal Krumm—  
Heller is not  
important here.  
Suffice it that  
Motta had been  
trying to make  
contact with a  
serious initiatic  
current ever since  
he was eleven  
years old, and had  
read most of the  
good occult  
authors such as  
Levi, Blavatsky,  
Vivekananda,  
Paracelsus,  
Steiner) as well as  
a lot of worthless  
ones. He had also  
studied Eastern*

*acquainted with,  
within the limits of  
the translations  
available to him,  
The Thousand and  
One Nights, the  
Bagahavad Gita,  
the Ramayana, the  
Dao De Jing,  
Patanjali's  
writings, etc.  
Besides his mother  
tongue,  
Portuguese, he  
read and spoke  
French and  
Spanish, had a  
little Latin  
(fortunately for  
him, Latin was  
compulsory in  
Brazilian high  
schools of his time  
— it no longer is),  
a little German,  
and was already  
very fluent in  
English.*

**After some  
initial  
correspondence,  
Motta visited the  
Germers  
personally and  
was offered the  
alternative of  
either joining  
the A:A: or the  
O.T.O. He chose  
the former at  
once: he had  
read One Star In  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~**



the kind of organization he had been looking for since he was eleven years old. It took him seven years and much tribulation to pass from Probationer to Neophyte.

Soon after Motta's visit the Germers parted company and remained separated for several years. Mrs. Germer, justly or not, associated the separation with Motta's visit, and disliked him intensely henceforth.

*Two other factors contributed to this disaffection. On first setting eyes on Mrs. Germer, Motta (a young and foolish man) had been repelled by her face. She had, unfortunately for them both, a kind of face that he, with the intolerance and self-centeredness of the young*

*This had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that she was Jewish, for Motta is very strongly attracted to Jewish women, especially the type that is conventionally considered most "Jewish:" dark hair and eyes, hooked nose, high cheekbones, triangular face — the 'Schwartz' type, in fact (a type, one might add, extremely common among the Arabs.) At the time they met, he did not even know that she was Jewish by birth. A person being Jewish or not was something that had very little significance for Motta: fortunately for him, he had not been brought up as a Roman Catholic: his mother, who was the family autocrat, had decreed that he should be allowed to choose his own religion as he grew up (a most unusual parental attitude*

sensing the hand of  
the Gods behind  
it.) Motta's  
eventual choice  
was, of course,  
Θελημα. To this  
day it is still very  
difficult for Motta  
not to show his  
feelings in his face;  
were he not a Leo!  
Mrs. Germer must  
have read his  
dislike at once  
when she entered  
the room. He had  
been expecting a  
woman as  
described in AL: a  
magnificent beast  
with flaming hair,  
large limbs, a  
voluptuous body,  
fire and light in her  
eyes; and in came  
this conventional—  
looking, weak—  
chinned, slightly  
pompous lady...  
Poor Mrs. Germer!  
And poor Motta,  
for most of his  
problems with the  
O.T.O. sprang from  
this first seemingly  
harmless  
antipathy. The  
second factor is  
easier to  
understand: Mrs.  
Germer was  
extremely  
suspicious of

*refugee from Nazism and had seen the horrors of the Gestapo from close: Motta, who has German—Swiss blood (he also has Brazilian Indian and black African blood, but these do not show in his physical appearance), was fair-haired and fair-eyed and had a faint German accent (his first English tutor, a Jewish lady, was another German refugee; but so soon after the war, and teaching English, she preferred to pass herself off as British. Motta had done his best to acquire her "pure British accent" and had succeeded, alas, too well). Also Motta, being a product of a military high school, had a military bearing (he still has it to this day: seven years of military training in one's adolescence and early youth tell).*

*German, speaking with a German accent, with the bearing of a soldier, and with an obvious disdain for her, must have reminded her poignantly of those young SS officers and soldiers who had been her terror. To top it off, the F.B.I. had done its hounding so well that she had lost all her pupils, could not teach the music that she loved, or even play the music that she loved in the presence of an appreciative audience (Motta requested that she play for him; he wanted to see if she really could play; she politely declined, knowing quite well that he was hoping to catch her bending), and expected herself and her husband to be harassed by the Bureau at any time anywhere. (This was a carefully implanted*

intelligence service technique.) Her first perception of his antipathy towards her grew slowly to a conviction that Motta not only hated her but was another F.B.I. agent sent to spy on her husband. Although Motta had no idea of this at the time, she constantly warned Mr. Germer against him; and Mr. Germer, who knew quite well how harassing Hoover's F.B.I. could be, was suspicious of Motta almost up to the last year of his life. This did not stop him from trying to do his duty as a Teacher with a patience and equanimity that Motta perhaps did not deserve.

**In 1955 e.v. Mr. Germer was forced to expel Kenneth Grant from the O.T.O., and sent a copy of the Expulsion**

remotely  
connected with  
O.T.O. work.  
Motta of course  
did not receive  
one, for he was  
not an O.T.O.  
member. his  
interest  
continued to be  
the Initiatic  
disciplines of the  
A.:A.:, whose  
Curriculum he  
was trying to  
follow to the best  
of his abilities,  
which were not  
very great.

*It should be  
remarked that  
Motta also totally  
ignored the terms  
of Crowley's last  
Will, and its  
bearing on the  
copyrights of  
Crowley's works.  
He knew only that  
Mr. Germer had  
told him that the  
first volume of  
**The Equinox** had  
never been  
copyrighted, since  
Crowley had felt  
then his work  
should belong to  
humankind; and he  
assumed that the  
same was true of  
all the other works*

*was infamous, and no one wanted to publish his books; Mr. Germer was putting them out with great sacrifice. Whatever moneys came to his hands were immediately used in publication. His letters to Motta reflected his pressing desire to publish more, and Motta day—dreamed constantly of being able to help Mr. Germer in this work.*

**In late 1956 e.v. Mr. Germer asked Motta to go visit him personally. Mr. Germer, who had been separated from Mrs. Germer for several years now, was living in the house of Ero Sivohnen, a Brother, in Barstow, California. Motta went to Barstow and there Mr. Germer unexpectedly initiated him in**



**the O.T.O Rituals and secret manuscripts to read. He also gave Motta to read the integral text of the O.T.O. constitution as reformulated by Crowley (only part of this had been published in Equinox III, 1, the "Blue Equinox" so called.**

*It was on reading this document that Motta became acquainted with the manner in which the Outer Head of the Order is chosen. The Outer Head is elected only if the previous Outer Head has for some reason abstained from appointing his or her follower; and can then only be elected by the unanimous vote of all the extant National Kings. No Brother or Sister of a lower Grade, no matter even if they are members of the IX<sup>o</sup>, has any voice in the matter. The*

*institution: it is a hierarchy and a (seemingly) hieratic autocracy at the same time. Democratic procedures are used in the lower Grades, and even in the X<sup>o</sup> in the one case of absolute emergency; but once appointed and following his or her predecessor, or once elected, the Outer Head (as the printed excerpt plainly states, Equinox III 1, p. 244, #6) is an absolute ruler. His or her power stems directly from the Inner Head of the Order, not from any one member. The provision that he or she may be deposed by the unanimous vote of the National Kings or Queens is meant to protect the O.T.O. in the one case, unlikely but always possible, that the burdens of the office may unbalance the O.H.O.'s mind.*

*In his "epistles to the faithful" Gradu*

*tried to pretend that Mr. Germer had never been formally appointed by Crowley; also that, even if he had been formally appointed, he would still have had to be elected! (Metzger before him tried a variation of the same trick: pretended that Mr. Germer had died without leaving an appointee, and had himself "elected" by members of his own Swiss group.)*

*The correspondence with Crowley, Germer, and others that he has been forced to produce under threat of a court order shows not only that he was quite aware that Mr. Germer was the chosen successor, but in several letters he even admits, in explicit terms, more than once, that Mr. Germer was the new Outer Head. McMurtry has lied repeatedly*

*"proclamations,"  
for reasons that  
are probably  
becoming clearer  
to the intelligent  
reader as we  
continue.*

**Being suddenly  
initiated in the  
O.T.O. — and in  
its highest non—  
administrative  
degree bar one!  
— was very  
confusing to  
Motta, who could  
not fully  
understand why  
Mr. Germer had  
done this. He  
knew at once the  
profound import  
of the IX<sup>o</sup>, and  
was able to  
perceive the  
principles and  
aims of the  
O.T.O.; but he  
was totally  
unable to use in  
practice the  
knowledge that  
had been  
entrusted to him  
It was years  
before this  
situation  
changed.**

**As if the young  
man's confusion  
was not enough**

him on  
relentless, giving  
him Crowley's  
confidential  
diaries in Cefalu  
and elsewhere to  
read, and making  
the Thelemic  
Library free to  
him. Further,  
Mr. Germer  
personally took  
Motta to visit all  
the brethren  
besides the  
Sivohnens still  
living in  
California, and  
introduced him  
to them as a new  
member of the  
IX°. They were  
Dr. Montenegro,  
the Burlingames,  
Wilfred and  
Helen Smith,  
Phyllis (then)  
Wade, Louis  
Culling and his  
mistress Meeka,  
and Grady  
McMurtry.

*McMurtry has tried  
to pretend to his  
correspondents  
and to Weiser and  
Wasserman that  
Motta, having  
been originally  
chartered by Mr.  
Germer to work a  
Lodge only up to*

right to any O.T.O.  
Degree higher than  
that and was lying  
when he declared  
himself a member  
of the IX<sup>o</sup> and the  
XI<sup>o</sup> in the  
"Manifesto"  
published in  
Equinox V, 1.  
However,  
McMurtry has  
since been forced  
to admit in court  
that Motta holds  
the IX<sup>o</sup>. McMurtry  
had also objected  
to Motta's  
authority on the  
grounds that  
Motta did not have  
regular training in  
the O.T.O.; that is,  
did not come up  
through the  
Grades in the  
regular manner.  
But again, the  
testimony of the  
documents he was  
forced to produce  
shows that  
McMurtry was  
inducted into the  
O.T.O. in precisely  
the same way  
Motta was: he had  
never had previous  
training in the  
lower Grades. This  
is clearly stated in  
one of the letters

*famous 'Caliphate' letters, of which more later) that he never produced before being threatened with a court order.*

*To be a member of the IX<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. and to have permission to operate an O.T.O. Camp, or Lodge, are absolutely not the same thing. McMurtry never had permission from Mr. Germer to operate anything whatsoever; his conditional patents from Crowley were never sanctioned. In a period of ten years Motta gave him every possible chance to present evidence of Mr. Germer's confirmation. He was unable to do so to Motta directly: this might have been due to his obvious hostility towards Motta personally, and therefore Motta chose to wait. But he was also unable to do so in his deposition*

California to  
Motta's lawyer,  
and finally unable  
to do so in court in  
Maine in March of  
this year. In fact,  
he contradicted  
himself constantly  
during cross—  
examination.

McMurtry has also  
on one hand  
protested in public  
that Motta  
assumed the XI<sup>o</sup>  
O.T.O. on his own,  
without Mr.  
Germer's sanction;  
and on the other  
that, by assuming  
the XI<sup>o</sup>, Motta was  
publicly declaring  
that Motta is gay  
(a very disgraceful  
thing in  
McMurtry's book  
— no greater 'male'  
chauvinist pig has  
walked the earth,  
not even their  
Oinknesses Reagan  
and Falwell), and  
therefore  
unworthy (!) of  
being the Outer  
Head. But (as he  
volunteered in  
court) McMurtry  
has been in illegal  
possession of  
Motta's private  
correspondence



*compelled to furnish copies of it (we will get the originals out of him yet, or out of whatever 'fence' he may have surreptitiously sold them to). The correspondence proves conclusively that Mr. Germer knew Motta had assumed the XI<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. more than one year before he died, and never objected to it. It is not, of course, any more believable that McMurtry did not realize this than it is believable that he did not know that Motta holds the IX<sup>o</sup>.*

**In the last days of his stay in Barstow, Motta had a peculiar experience that failed to impress him as much as it should have. (But in those days Motta was not yet paranoid. In fact, it might be fair to say that within his limits**

—eyed, bushy—  
tailed and wet  
behind the ears  
as the average  
Hindu chela.)  
Mr. Germer  
came to him and  
asked if he  
remembered  
what had  
happened to a  
letter Mrs.  
Germer had sent  
her estranged  
husband a  
fortnight before.  
Motta had no  
recollection of it.

Mr. Germer,  
whose glance  
could be very  
piercing,  
insisted. Motta  
began to suspect  
that he had been  
accused of  
intercepting Mr.  
Germer's  
correspondence,  
an act totally  
foreign to his  
nature. He also  
suspected that  
the accuser was  
the wife of Ero  
Sivohnen, Jean  
Sivohnen, who  
had been acting  
very hostilely  
towards Motta  
for some time.

*Motta had been*

*to state at table that he agreed in most points with Crowley's comments on America in The Commentaries of AL, and Mrs. Sivohnen had taken the position of 'my country, right or wrong,' upon which Motta had abandoned the unequal contest; but, as she could sense, had not abandoned his opinion. On a more personal level, he had rejected some sexual advances on the lady's part, she being too thin, too sour—tempered, and too old for his tastes.*

**After ten minutes of questioning, Mr. Germer had succeeded in hurting Motta's feelings to the extent that the young man was beginning to get angry. (We must repeat that Motta took interference in other people's affairs, reading**

other people's private papers without the person's permission very seriously indeed. In his early adolescence he had been a victim of this kind of spying in his own home, from his own parents, and abhorred it.) Mr. Germer seemed finally satisfied that Motta had not intercepted the letter, and said:

"Don't worry, Marcelo. When Sascha gets to know you better, she won't suspect you in this way."

Motta's jaw dropped. "Sascha?!" he exclaimed in outrage. It had never occurred to him that the accusation could have come from Mrs. Germer. True, she had been visiting there a week before, and had shown him total

**knew she did not like him; but it had never occurred to him that she could suspect him of such a deed.**

*Many years later Motta finally reconstructed what had happened. A letter had arrived from Mr. Germer along with other mail while both Mr. Germer and the Sivohnens were absent. Motta had received the correspondence and when Jean Sivohnen came home from work two hours later he gave her the letter addressed to Mr. Germer to deliver, since he was then going out himself.*

*It seems clear that Jean Sivohnen either intercepted the letter deliberately or put it away some place and completely forgot about it. The possibility that Mrs. Germer was lying about sending the letter,*

*Mr. Germer and Motta, also existed, of course; but since in later years non-arriving correspondence became as familiar to Motta as it had been to the Germers, he inclines to the first hypothesis.*

*At any rate, if Mrs. Germer was sincere in her suspicions (and Motta believes she was), this was the first instance of the problems in communication that, in later years, would come between Motta and Sascha Germer by the malice of third parties and increase their suspicion of each other. As we continue, this will become very clear.*

*Five years later, when Motta was already back in Brasil, Mr. Germer wrote him communicating the dead of Ero Sivohen (who had failed the Ordeal of*

*and stating that Jean Sivohen was a vampire. She had before, he said, killed another worthy brother (Schneider); had tried to sink her claws in Mr. Germer next; and failing, had settled for Sivohnen. After his death she had tried again to get Mr. Germer, to no avail.*

*Jean Sivohnen was one of the people Oskar Schlag later made contact with to get data on Motta, as we shall see.*

**Leaving Barstow, Motta returned to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where he then resided; and his personal ordeals intensified. He had been living, against his will, with a woman towards whom he foolishly felt personal responsibilities (she was the mother of his two children); circumstances**

compulsion to seek Initiation finally brought about a permanent separation.

*Since Motta's personal adventures are irrelevant to this account, we will not go at length into this.*

Motta rented a room in a boarding house owned by a local police sergeant (an Irish-American); he also rented a small office downtown. On normal weekdays he babysitted for his ex—mistress, so she could work to support herself (something she had been reluctant to do while he lived with her, insisting that he do it instead of 'wasting his time trying to be a writer. Why not be an insurance salesman? Your first duty is to



family. You are selfish and immature.' Etc., etc. Upon her arriving home in the evenings he would go to his office, where he was trying to write commercial fiction and where he performed his practices. He went to the boardinghouse usually after ten at night. Weekends he spent writing. He slept an average of five hours a night.

*The initiatic secret communicated to him in Barstow had made a deep impression on his psychosoma, although he was not at the time aware how deep (it was slowly expanding and growing in every byway of his being.) Also, it posed a problem. Very important knowledge had been entrusted to*

*felt incapable of using. He thought about this constantly. It would be many years before he reached the necessary level of magical maturity to apply that knowledge.*

*This is why McMurtry's boast of being "a fully paid member of the IX<sup>o</sup> O.T.O." is ludicrous except in the narrow and utterly shallow definition of the fee that covers the expenses of the ceremony. (In fact, Mr. Germer charged Motta absolutely nothing for this Initiation.) The idiotic boast proves, in fact, that McMurtry has not the slightest understanding of the IX<sup>o</sup>. Being conferred the Grade does not make you automatically capable of performing at that level; the difference is precisely defined in*

***Tears, "Power  
and Authority."***

After one year and a half of intensive practices, Motta reached the central Neophyte Initiation and was passed to Neophyte.

Suddenly, the police made an appearance at the boarding-house. They had (they said) received an anonymous letter accusing Motta of being a homosexual and a drug-dealer. A crushed marijuana cigarette butt was "found" in his room, under a wardrobe.

Motta was not formally charged; yet, after being questioned without benefit of counsel and signing a statement, he was sent to the local county prison and there

convicted felon and incarcerated. (Remember, this was the Hoover—McCarthy era, a decade before the Miranda decision. Such a thing would be unlikely today; but if Reagan is re-elected it may become routine once more.) Twenty four hours later he was released: examination of his room and his office had failed to provide any evidence whatsoever that he dealt in drugs. Apparently no evidence of homosexuality was found either, which is not surprising, since Motta was at the time a celibate, and had never practiced homosexuality in the United States. The anonymous letter was never traced, of course...

Upon his release

reported in the local press), Motta wrote Mr. Germer an account of his experience. Mr. Germer replied that the sooner Motta lost his blessed innocence and realized that this had been a deliberate plan to compromise a Thelemite the sooner he would learn to protect himself against this kind of thing. But Motta, who was not yet paranoid, was unable to understand what Mr. Germer meant, or why anybody should be so negatively interested in Θελημα as to try this — after all, Crowley was so completely unknown that they had trouble publishing his books...!

Motta's initiatic ordeals intensified even more after this

depressing for him. (He had never been arrested for anything in his life, and the occurrence left in him a feeling of being soiled and dishonored that took him a long time to overcome.) A few months later he received a telegram from Brasil: his mother had died, and his relatives wanted him to go down and settle the matter of her will.

*We will, for the reasons already mentioned, not go into Motta's misadventures with his relatives except to say that they had done away with his mother's will and tried to cheat him from his part in the inheritance. It was eventually necessary for him to sue them to get his full share. This — to him — painfully shocking*

*conduct after Mr.  
Germer's death.*

**Back in Brasil,  
finally in  
possession of  
some money  
(albeit to his  
chagrin not  
made from his  
writing), Motta  
wrote Mr.  
Germer  
professing  
himself ready to  
help with the  
publication of  
Thelemic  
material. Mr.  
Germer chose  
Liber Aleph to be  
the next  
publication, and  
wrote Motta that,  
due to the  
situation in the  
United States, it  
would be better  
to have it printed  
in Brasil. At the  
same time, he  
requested that  
Motta write a  
letter to the  
Swiss King of the  
O.T.O., who was  
printing  
sentences from  
Liber AL with  
deliberate  
changes in the  
style of the  
letters. "Write as**

**Mr. Germer  
urged,  
"expressing  
outrage for these  
atrocities against  
Θελημα." Motta  
obeyed and  
wrote the Swiss a  
letter, signing  
himself "The Sun  
in the South"  
and, for the first  
time, using the  
XI° O.T.O.**

*We cannot go at  
length into this  
here, since the  
matter is very holy  
and very secret,  
except to say that  
some time before  
Motta had been  
appointed  
Brazilian Head of  
the Order of  
Θελημα.", under  
the International  
Head, who was  
Mr. Germer. The  
position entitled  
him to the XI°  
O.T.O. This should  
not be confused  
with either  
'homosexual  
magic' (whatever  
this may mean) or  
with normal O.T.O.  
work.*

**Two weeks later,  
Motta received a**



Swiss man has written me for the first time in more than a year," the letter stated. "He signs himself The Child. I did not answer; if I did, I would address him: 'Dear child No. 17 and a half...!' His letter is half crazy. But he has a few things to say about you! He says you wrote him calling yourself 'The Sun in the South' and 'Priest of the Princes.' What is all this?"

It should be remarked that in those days Motta was even sloppier in his ways than he is now. Incredibly, he kept no carbons of his letters; and of this particular letter he should, of course, have sent a copy to Mr. Germer. Not having done so, and not having a copy of the letter

**files! — he had very little recollection of the text of the letter. He did remember signing himself 'The Sun in the South' and 'Priest of the Princes.' He wrote Mr. Germer in reply to this effect.**

*A copy of this letter (or of several others) was not produced by Grady McMurry.*

*McMurry was carefully selective in his choice of letters from Motta to Mr. Germer and vice versa, presenting only the letters he thought might compromise Motta in the court's eyes, and none that showed that Mr. Germer trusted him, or that mentioned the work he was doing for Mr. Germer. What follows is a paraphrase from memory.*

**"I merely did what you told me to do. I signed**

the South' because the Sun is important in my horoscope, I have Leo as my rising sign; and because, after all, I am from the South. I felt it would sound mysterious and impress him. As for 'priest of the princes,' that of course just means that I am a priest ministering to the needs of Minor Adepts..."

*Motta was at the time under the delusion that he was an Adeptus Minor, precisely as Phyllis (then) Wade was, and for precisely the same reasons. Cf. **Liber LXV** v 48-51 and the commentaries thereon. He had Mr. Germer very worried about him.*

**Motta ended the letter with what we think was a justifiable complaint:**

**"...But I really don't understand what these people**

whole year  
without writing  
to you and then  
write you only to  
complain about  
me! After all, I  
just asked them  
to stop  
misquoting  
**Liber AL,**  
something they  
should have been  
willing and able  
to do of their  
own selves."

*Mr. Germer had asked the Swiss to send Motta a copy of their edition of **Liber XV**, as an example of the kind of layout he liked. The book had been sent along with a printed circular that opened with 'Tun was DU willst soll sin das ganze Gesetz' or, in English, 'Do what THOU wilt shall be the whole of the Law.'*

*The emphasis is misleading to the profane and enlightening to the experienced Initiate. The Swiss was, of course, stressing the fact*

*else's that you should do; but he was forgetting*

*1) that this is perfectly clear from the text itself and*

*2) that it might be a person's Will to do the Will of someone else, at least for a while ("the slaves shall serve" is but an instance of this.)*

*His 'benevolent' worry in other people's behalf — that they should not be led into doing someone else's Will — was but psychological transference on his part; not even compassion, but 'pity.' An instance, in fact, of the 'Savior Complex' that so affects beginning students who are not careful. What the Swiss was **really** expressing was his revolt against hierarchic obedience. He did not want to do what the Outer Head told him to do, and took it out on others.*

**this exchange  
Motta received a  
telephone call  
from a local Rio  
de Janeiro  
business firm  
requesting  
contact with him.  
He went, and met  
an individual  
called Kempter  
who said he had  
received a  
request from  
Europe for  
information on  
Motta and that,  
none being  
available, he  
wondered if  
Motta would be  
kind enough to  
furnish it.**

*Kempter was, of course, a Jew, although Motta was not aware of this at the time; nor would he have cared one way or the other had he known. The man ran a successful international business credit bureau that doubled, of course, as an Israeli intelligence cell. But, again, at the time Motta not only would have*

*would not even have been able to profit from the perception. He liked Kempter on sight; unhappily for him later, Motta has always had a tendency to like Jews as persons; even those who do him dirt. This last was not, of course, the case with Kempter, who was merely a tool, as we will see.*

**Motta took it for granted that the Swiss O.T.O. branch had requested information on him, and freely answered all questions asked.**

*As you can see, Motta's paranoia is a recent acquisition.*

**Two weeks later he received a phone call in English. It was from an individual who gave his name as Oskar Schlag, stated he had gotten Motta's**

address from  
Kempton, and  
invited Motta to  
have dinner with  
him at his hotel  
in Copacabana  
where he would  
be staying for a  
few days.

Oskar Schlag...  
Motta was sure  
he had heard  
that name  
before; and he  
thought he had  
heard it from Mr.  
Germer. He  
jotted out a letter  
to his instructor  
asking about it,  
and made a date  
to dine with  
Schlag,  
absolutely  
convinced that  
the man had  
been sent by the  
Swiss O.T.O. to  
feel him out.

*Schlag had not, of course, been sent by the Swiss O.T.O. at all. Motta had published a book about Θελημα, the A.:A.: and the O.T.O. in Portuguese, and by now the first copies of Liber Aleph were ready to come off the*



*under surveillance  
for years, but  
despite Mr.  
Germer's  
insistently  
pointing out this  
fact, he was still  
unwilling to  
believe it.*

**Schlag was a  
short, stocky,  
middle-aged  
individual with  
the facial  
expression you  
see today in the  
faces of Reagan  
appointees: well  
—fed, cynical,  
and self—  
consciously  
'clever.' His  
conversation  
with Motta was  
highly  
informative to  
him, for up to a  
point Motta  
bared his  
thoughts  
guilelessly,  
answering  
whatever  
questions were  
asked of him; but  
Schlag made  
some mistakes  
which gradually  
put Motta on his  
guard. The first  
one was  
undoubtedly a**

briefing — no one but the C.I.A. has ever thought that the C.I.A. is perfect. He had requested that Motta meet him before dinner not in the hotel lounge or the hotel restaurant, but in his room, where he introduced himself affably and then requested permission to make a telephone call. This he did in German, and his first words were "Das Knabe ist heir," which mean, approximately, "The boy is here." We say approximately because German is a very precise language with three genders: male, female and neuter. "Knabe" means a male youth, but it is a neuter word in German: it carries the implication of immaturity. If

not a man yet.

Schlag's mistake consisted in that he had obviously not been briefed that Motta had studied German. Motta listened closely to his telephone talk without appearing to do so: being called a "Knabe" at thirty not only irked him but made him curious about what was being said. Although Schlag kept his end of the conversation as short and to the point as he could, Motta was able to learn that some sort of meeting was being arranged which had something to do with him. He did not worry unduly about this: he thought the Swiss O.T.O. branch had decided to put him to a test. But later, at table, Schlag scornfully denied that he

- - -

Swiss. His scorn, not faked, was his second and fatal mistake, entirely due to his imperfect self—control and his underestimation of Motta's intelligence: it was very revealing to Motta. Schlag disliked the Swiss O.T.O. intensely.

*Actually, Motta did not understand the situation perfectly. It was not the Swiss O.T.O. that Schlag disliked, but the O.T.O. itself.*

So, who was he, what did he want with Motta, and how had he learned of Motta's existence? Motta, who had been babbling freely about all kinds of confidential or personal things, sure he was talking to an O.T.O. emissary, was taken aback and immediately became wary;

**too much.**

*Schlag, albeit Motta would have been totally unable to perceive this at the time, was a triple agent: he worked for the Israelis, the C.I.A. and the Vatican; but primarily for the Israelis, as do all Jews who are in this line of business. The Israelis have always sought to associate Crowley with Hitler and Nazism, but this is not the true reason for their hostility towards us, merely a convenient pretext: the true reason is that, being absolutely uninterested in Palestine, we are not of any help to them or to (it may surprise the naive or unintelligent reader that this should concern the Zionists) Christism; should we grow in numbers, our material success will inevitably weaken the*

*Tel Aviv, who have reached an unholy alliance at present around two common grounds: Palestine and international business cartels.*

**Schlag's dinner with Motta elicited three results that were particularly important for the agent: first, to his surprise and perhaps chagrin, he found out that Motta liked the United States.**

*He had obviously been informed otherwise, very likely by Jean Sivohnen, whose intellectual capacity — like his — was insufficient to distinguish between constructive criticism and dislike. But we repeat that at the time Motta had no idea of how well—briefed about him Schlag really was — albeit, fortunately for Motta, not well—*

such briefings labor under one handicap that in intelligence work can be fatal: data evaluators can only evaluate in terms of their intellectual and moral capacity. The ethical ambiguity inherent in intelligence work makes it hard to find evaluators who are morally honest, open-minded, and sensitive to ethical or social nuances. What is worse, such skilled evaluators are often ignored, or even punished, when they give a stark and honest appraisal. Witness, among others, the Bay of Pigs fiasco: some data evaluators stated clearly at the time that the operation would be a failure. Not only were they overruled by their 'betters,' they also became subjects of an intelligence probe, to make sure that they were not double

*loyalties. True patriotism, as defined by Fernando Pessoa, is extremely rare and worth its weight in not gold, which is relatively common, but in plutonium, which is relatively rare; and it is more feared than appreciated by demagogues.*

**Second, he found out that Mrs. Germer disliked Motta intensely, for Motta was foolish enough to tell him so. His technique in extracting this fact was purely routine: he commented to Motta, laughing as if at a joke, that "the people in California" had said that Mr. Germer used Mrs. Germer as a sort of oracle; that when she "became inspired and spoke languages" in his presence he listened carefully and**



This, of course, showed that Schlag not only had been in contact with the ex-Agape Lodge members in California, but that they had gossiped to him about Mr. and Mrs. Germer. Motta was not surprised, for he knew them to be malicious blabbermouths, and he thought that Schlag had come to him from the Swiss O.T.O., and before had Thelemic connections. He commented, merely: "She doesn't like me at all," and refrained from saying anything against the lady. But the information was precious for Schlag's purposes.

*Motta still remembers the sly smile in the agent's face when being told of Mrs.*

*put to excellent use  
by Schlag's bosses,  
as the reader will  
presently see.*

Finally, he elicited the information that Motta had printed Liber Aleph for Mr. Germer, and immediately requested to buy a copy. Motta promised him one as soon as he had some available from the printers.

On his turn, Schlag unwittingly made one very revealing admission to Motta: he confessed that he not only considers himself the reincarnation of the "Count of St. Germain," but also an avatar of the "Master Racoczy" of the Toshosophists. This placed him among false initiates under the influence of the Olinboth

**Motta's wariness sharply.**

**Once during dinner Schlag excused himself, saying he must go to his room. Motta timed his return. He took fifteen minutes.**

*Schlag was setting up the details of what follows and changing the tape of his recording machine.*

**After dinner, Schlag insisted in escorting Motta down to the sidewalk and into a taxi. They took the elevator, the restaurant being on an upper floor of the hotel. There were three young people in the elevator, together. As Schlag conversed with Motta one of the three, a beautiful dark-haired girl, handed Schlag a blood-red rose with a silent smile. Schlag expressed great**

**gratification. The three young people left the elevator on the next floor while Schlag discussed "messages of the Hidden Masters" with Motta.**

*The three young people were, of course, Zionist Jews recruited to work for the Israelis, who prefer to use young people, as near adolescence as possible, for morally dishonest or violent assignments. (Intelligence network studies have proved young people are psychologically more flexible to distortions of ethics. Most active terrorists, as most professional assassins, are under thirty.*

**On the steps outside the hotel entrance, still talking of "messages" and "messengers," Schlag**

unexpected they can be, and suddenly bent down and picked up a piece of paper that a man walking in front of them had let drop. The piece of paper was a purchase slip, and the amount was 365 cruzeiros.

"You see?" Schlag said triumphantly. "The number of Abraxas!"

Unfortunately for him, the shot misfired. Motta simply thought, "It is my number, and the message is for me, not for you. And when the girl in the elevator gave you that rose, that was a present from me to you, which I am not sure you deserve." But aloud he merely expressed polite admiration for Schlag's winning his little lottery;

**surprising as  
this may sound  
to some, is a very  
polite person.**

*The irony of the whole thing is that if Motta had not been under the obsession that he was an Adeptus Minor (rather than just a full Neophyte full of himself, therefore not full enough, if you know what we mean!) he would have realized at once that the whole thing was a trap with the aim of making him believe that Schlag was a high initiate and deserved to be treated as such. What saved him on this occasion was his pure—fool presumption that he, himself, was a higher initiate than he then was. His angel was protecting him and guiding him through it all.*

*It was only years later that he realized the mechanism of the trap, after he had*

*after similar tricks had been tried on him repeatedly by other intelligence agents.*

**Motta had promised to meet Schlag again to give the man his copy of Liber Aleph. A few days later he got a letter from Mr. Germer that said, among other things:**

**"...It seems to me that you are wanted to get initiated into the Netherworld of enemies, spies, and that type quickly, at an earlier period of life than I, anyway... As soon as anyone contacts Θελημα, and especially if he does actual work for it, he or she gets the kindest attention; not only attacks. What they prefer is to win him over back into their fold, and subtly work against the while**

an exponent for it... This, I am afraid, is the case of the Swiss group."

"Yes, I warned you years ago against Schlag. He is a Jew, High Grade Mason, hates the O.T.O., is a political trouble maker, psychologist, seems to have plenty of money, travels all over the globe, is in touch with such things as C.I.A, F.B.I., and what not. He has possibly the greatest occult library extant, has every scrap that A.C. ever issued, has things Thelemic that I do not have myself. The last time I ever saw him was in New York in a hotel; he boasted that he had the only handwritten copy of The Book of the Law in A.C.'s hand. When challenged, he

---



**spotted at once  
the origin — to  
his great chagrin  
..."**

*At table, Schlag **had** boasted to Motta that he owned the original of **AL**; but although Motta was naive enough to believe he might be telling the truth, the boast had failed to impress Motta with Schlag's importance. Motta did not think that physical possession of the MSS was necessarily a sign of spiritual development or Thelemic authority — unless it were in his hands. Once more, saved by his Angel in spite of himself!*

**"... He is often in South America; what he is doing there I don't know ..."**

*Motta was eventually able to build the scattered pieces of information on Schlag into a*

*and thus to discover the nature and purpose of the agent's activity; but we will let the facts speak for themselves before we draw a conclusion for the reader.*

**"...I believe I wrote you at the time ..."**

*He had not. His reference had been in passing, but Motta's memory is particularly retentive of names, which was why he remembered Schlag's. After receiving this letter he looked through the others and found the previous reference.*

**"... that he had contacted the so-called "Thelemites" in Los Angeles, Ray, Mildred, Jane, Phyllis, etc. They all fell for him. They considered him as an emissary of the White Lodge, as a Secret Chief, especially Jane**

**alone, got from  
him a very great  
secret, and that  
she was chosen!!  
..."**

*Obviously, Schlag had set them a trap similar to the one he had set for Motta. Perhaps his carelessness in setting the "meeting" in front of Motta was due to the ease with which he had duped the California "Agape" members. Jane (Wolfe) went insane soon after being "chosen" by him. Manipulation of the religious symbols of any cultural group is a much older intelligence technique than the average person thinks. Indeed, it is now a whole specialized field of mind control, classified as such in intelligence work curricula, taught as such, and considered very useful, especially at war time. It was already in use by*

*Elizabethan  
England; it was  
the means by  
which the Roman  
Catholics almost  
succeeded in  
eradicating  
Christianity and  
exterminating the  
Jews; it was the  
means through  
which European  
countries  
"colonized" the  
rest of the world.  
Schlag knew that  
we accept incidents  
in daily life as  
"particular  
dealings between  
God and our soul."  
What he did not  
perhaps  
understand was  
that those who  
have had genuine  
initiatic  
experiences cannot  
be deceived by a  
fake "miracle." The  
initiate goes on  
even better than  
the stage  
magician, as a  
matter of fact: we  
cannot be deceived  
even by a genuine  
"miracle," when  
such occur...*

**One week after  
receiving Mr.  
Germer's letter**

promised, taking a brand new copy of Liber Aleph, along with him. Schlag received him very politely, asked the price of the book, paid, and requested a dedication on the flyleaf.

Motta immediately went on his guard: "It is not my book," he said, "and it is not a gift."

"I don't mind," said Schlag warmly. "I wish to have a memento of you. Please write something." He proffered the book and a ready pen.

Motta took the book and the pen and pretended to be thinking. He saw Schlag fidget with ill-concealed anxiety, open his mouth to make a suggestion, shut it again and force himself to look

wrote  
"To Oskar  
Schlag, with  
sympathy and  
admiration,  
Marcelo Ramos  
Motta" and gave  
the book and pen  
back to the  
owner. Schlag  
took the book  
avidly, opened it  
quickly and read  
the dedication.  
His expression  
changed. He  
looked up at  
Motta and said,  
surprise and  
irritation in his  
voice:  
"You don't think  
much of me!"

"I thought the  
dedication  
implied  
otherwise," said  
Motta politely;  
inside he was  
laughing.

*What Schlag had  
been hoping for, of  
course, was  
something along  
the lines of "To 365  
from 666" or some  
such enormity.  
This would be  
useful to him on  
the material plane  
in two ways: It*

*that he had managed to achieve psychological domination over Motta through his tricks; and could be shown to other Thelemites in the future as proof of how worthy Schlag was of respect and admiration. On the magickal plane, it would simply mean that Motta had gone totally insane and fallen irretrievably under the control of the Qliphoth, which was precisely what the sinister forces of which Schlag was the tool were hoping for.*

**This was not the last time Motta saw Schlag physically. Some days later the agent requested that Motta take him to see the Sugar Loaf and there asked to take a picture of Motta "to remember him by." Motta consented.**

**"D----- 1-11"**

up so I can focus  
the camera,"  
Schlag pleaded.

Motta dutifully  
held his finger  
up and was  
photographed in  
this attitude. He  
saw Schlag smile  
again as he took  
the picture, and  
realized he had  
fallen into a trap  
once more. But  
what about this  
time?

*He realized what  
about much later,  
remembering the  
doctored  
photographs of  
Crowley and other  
serious initiates  
that circulate in  
sham "occult"  
orders. His finger  
pointing up is a  
classic posture of  
"Jesus" and other  
Christist "saints"  
pointing to  
"Heaven" in  
Roman Catholic  
paintings. (Cf. AL I,  
8-9 and the  
commentaries  
thereon for this  
very important  
point.) Motta, in  
consequence, did  
not permit a*



*for twenty years; he did not want Schlag and his accomplices to be able to implicate him in any false "order." He understood, at least, why Mr. Germer had refused to visit the headquarters of "AMORC" with him in California. The photograph of Motta in this issue of The Oriflamme is the first ever. It was taken in 1980 e.v., and age has made a difference: it would be impossible to connect this with the Schlag photograph of a much younger and beardless Motta.*

**In possession of what he thought was his "consolation prize" (and possible his revenge), Schlag stopped inflicting his company on Motta at last. Two weeks later Motta received a telegram from**

*Schlag's domicile is in Zurich, and Swiss intelligence have a thick dossier on his activities.*

**... It said that Motta could rest assured that Schlag would not attempt to interfere with his True Will.**

**"That's fine," thought Motta, "but who's to define my True Will? He, or I?"**

**One month later, Motta passed through the Zelator initiation and realized what a fool he had been in dreaming himself an Adeptus Minor. He wrote at once to Mr. Germer renewing his oath of obedience to the A.·A.·, and sent his signed Oath and Task of the Zelator along with this letter.**

**Three months later Mr. Germer**

hospital. It was supposed to be fairly simple surgery, prostate gland removal. Mr. Germer himself sounded cheerfully confident about the operation in his previous letters, so Motta did not worry.

From hospital Mr. Germer sent him a letter, written in Mrs. Germer's hand, dated October 12 (Crowley's birthday) 1962 e.v., saying:

A.C.'s birthday

93

Dear Marcelo, you were right. I was in the hospital for 3 weeks and instead of a simple operation, the prostate fluid had to be taken out because a tumor had been discovered. I am now very weak, and have to remain in bed for 3 or 4 weeks and have great pain.

my horoscope you would find the most extraordinary aspects on my Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and Uranus, which will not pass before February or March.

The second long letter which you had written ...

*Motta had mailed two long letters with a few days interval, detailing certain experiences, certain insights, and asking for advice on some practical matters.*

...has given me more pleasure than any in the last years. It is clear that you are guided by the **Supreme Hierophant** and if you follow him loyally and persistently to the appointed goal, he will lead you provided some of the Illuminations given you do not influence your Ego again, as did your Beast.

*Mr. Germer had for some time believed*

*incarnation of 666. Motta had not thought this, but it is a very common obsession of lazy aspirants. We cannot go too deeply into this matter, which is secret. They had slugged it out between themselves (as Crowley might say) and Mr. Germer had finally satisfied himself that Motta, although certainly Ego-inflated, had not gone insane. This preceded Motta's Zelator initiation by several months.*

Good luck to you! I want to write infinitely more but space forbids.

*The letter was handwritten on a post office aerogram sheet, probably purchased in the hospital itself for him and by Mrs. Germer.*

As to your question re writing or taking a job, at this moment I cannot

passage in Liber  
418, about the Bee  
and the Ox. The  
M.T. can, and often  
has to take the  
lowest jobs or  
serve rascally  
masters for a time.  
Keep in mind NU  
"Let there be no  
difference made...!"  
The same applies  
to writing.

93 93/93

Fraternally,

Karl

*It was the last letter  
Motta was to  
receive from him.*